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April 22, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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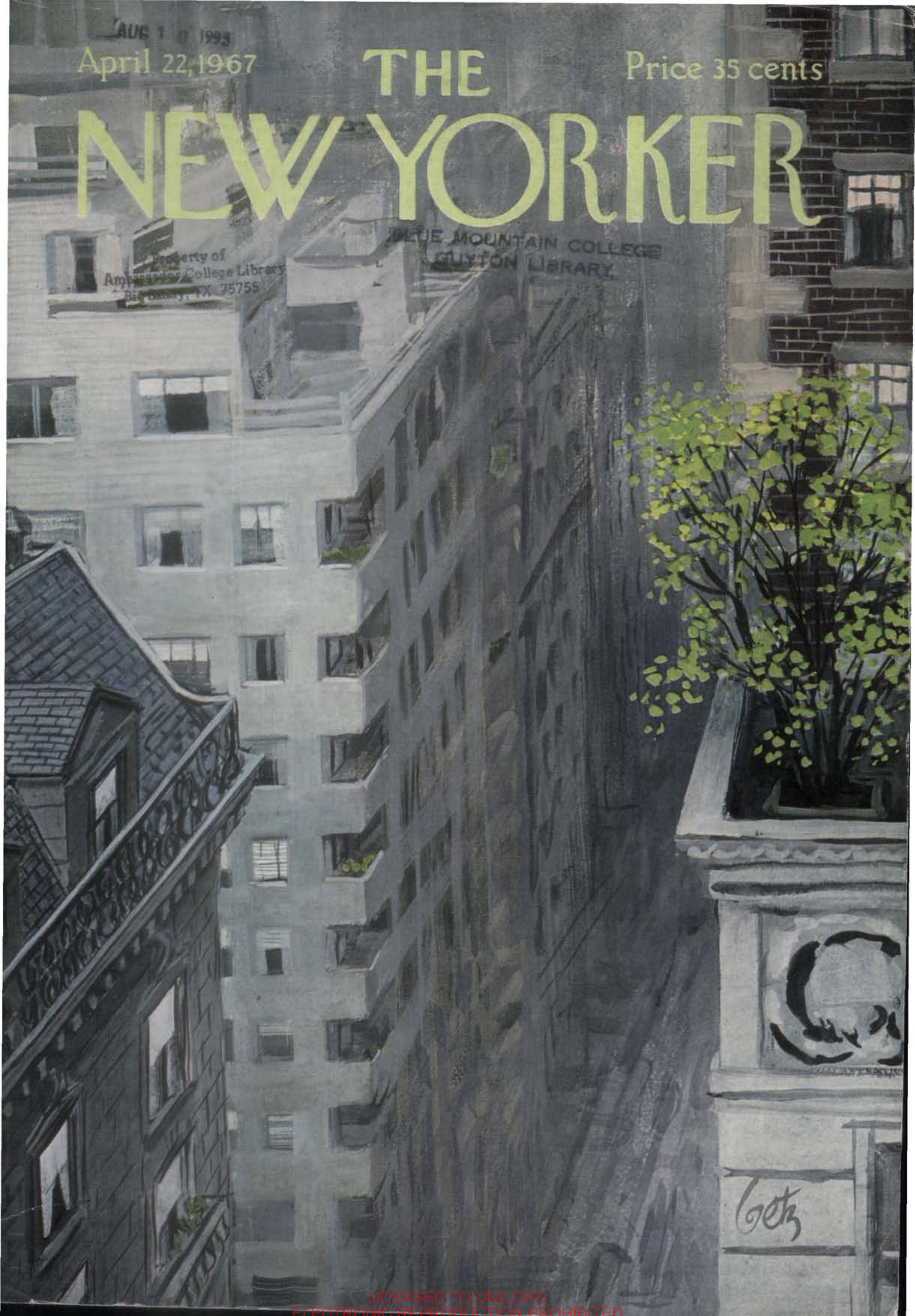

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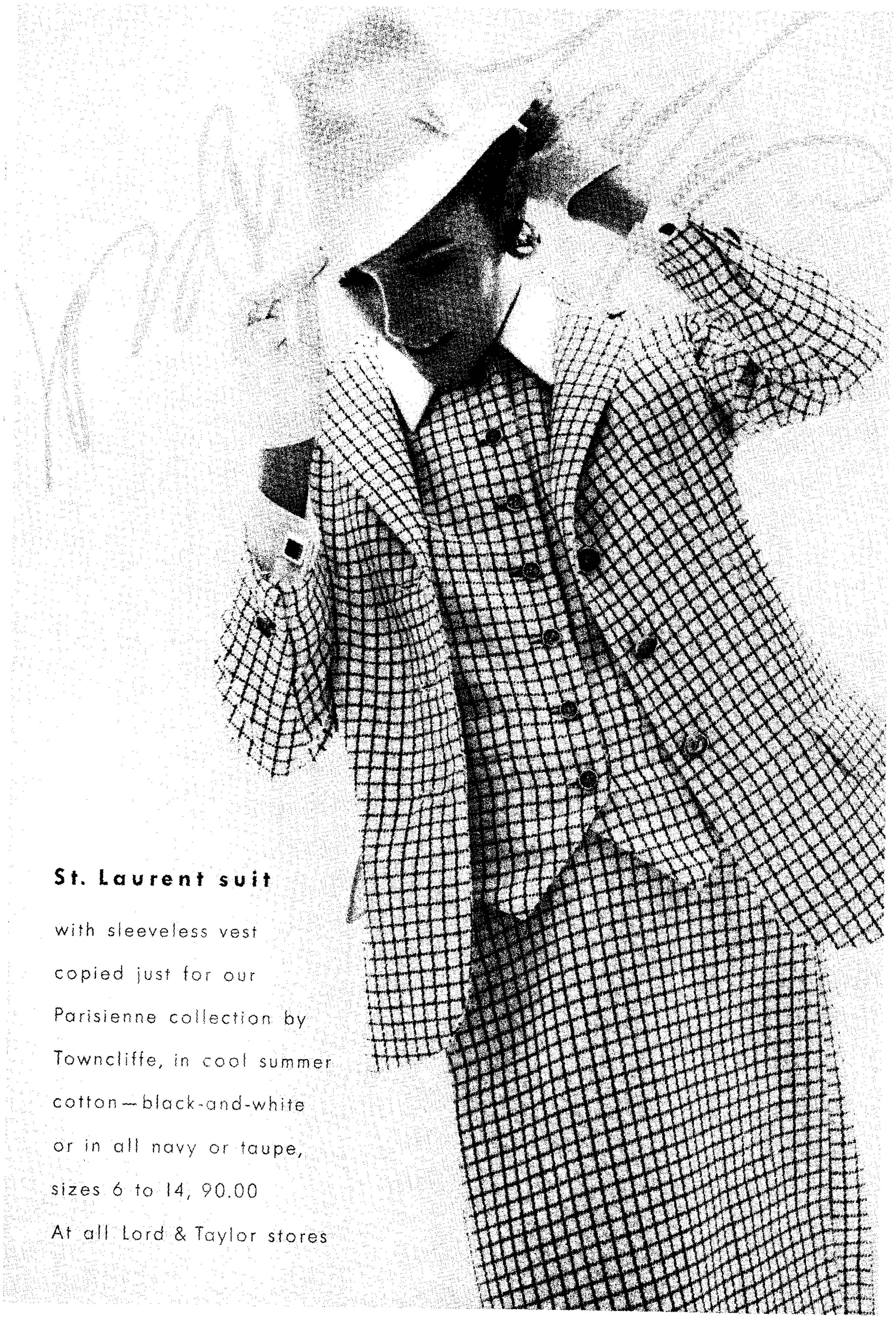

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

APA-Phoenix—Ibsen's **THE WILD DUCK:** Thursday and Friday, April 20-21, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 22, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . **WAR AND PEACE:** Monday, April 24, at 8:30; Wednesday, April 26, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday, April 27, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 29, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Sheridan's **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL:** Tuesday, April 25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Pirandello's **RIGHT YOU ARE:** Friday, April 28, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

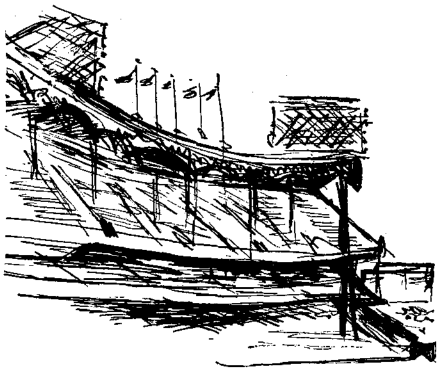
Black Comedy—A droll business created by Peter Shaffer and having to do with some difficulties that occur in a South Kensington apartment when the lights go out. John Dexter has manipulated the worthy cast very cleverly, but Mr. Shaffer's "White Lies," which serves as a curtain-raiser to "Black Comedy" is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are among those pleasantly employed in this farce by Woody Allen. It concerns a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain and gets into trouble there. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's description of homelife in a North London ménage run by an eccentric widower who unexpectedly finds himself playing host to his eldest son and the son's wife, a girl of vast accessibility. The play is a rickety affair, but the members of the Royal Shakespeare Company, who perform in it, are uniformly admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens are all young and enthusiastic in this comedy by Neil Simon about a protest publisher, a writing genius, and a folk singer in San Francisco, but the end result is pretty dreary. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, and Robert Moore are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene plays a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer provide the basis for the three sketches that make up this musical, and they have resulted—particularly in the case of Mark Twain—in an entertaining show. The book, music, and lyrics were provided by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the enterprise was directed by Mike Nichols. Barbara Harris is delightful as the principal performer, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden support her valiantly. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—An adaptation, by Joe Masteroff, of the John van Druten play "I Am a Camera," which, in turn, was based on Christopher Isherwood's stories about Germany just before the Nazis took control. Never as effective as its source material, but the production numbers are spectacular. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Tom Jones' book and lyrics for this version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter" are something less than scintillating, and Harvey Schmidt's music is very simple, but the production is glossy, and the performances of Mary Martin and Robert Preston, who make up the entire cast, are superb. The direction, by Gower Champion, is laudable indeed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sherry!—A musical rerun of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and not a very stimulating one. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Martha Raye now has the role of Kathleen ni Houlihan. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SWEET CHARITY:** A tale about a dancehall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Gwen Verdon is the girl with lots and lots of heart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Little Murders—Barbara Cook, Elliott Gould, and Ruth White in a comedy by Jules Feiffer. George L. Sherman is the director. Previews through Monday, April 24. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 25. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—A musical with a book by Arthur Laurents, music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and a cast that includes Leslie Uggams, Robert Hooks, and Allen Case. Directed by Burt Shevelove. Previews through Tuesday, April 25. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 26. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Nancy Dussault and Frank McHugh in **FINIAN'S RAINBOW,** which will play through Sunday, April 23. . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC,** with Constance Towers, Bob Wright, Eleanor Steber, and Christopher Hewett, will be the second in a series of three musicals by the company. Preview Tuesday, April 25. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 26, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, May 14. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO,** with Anthony

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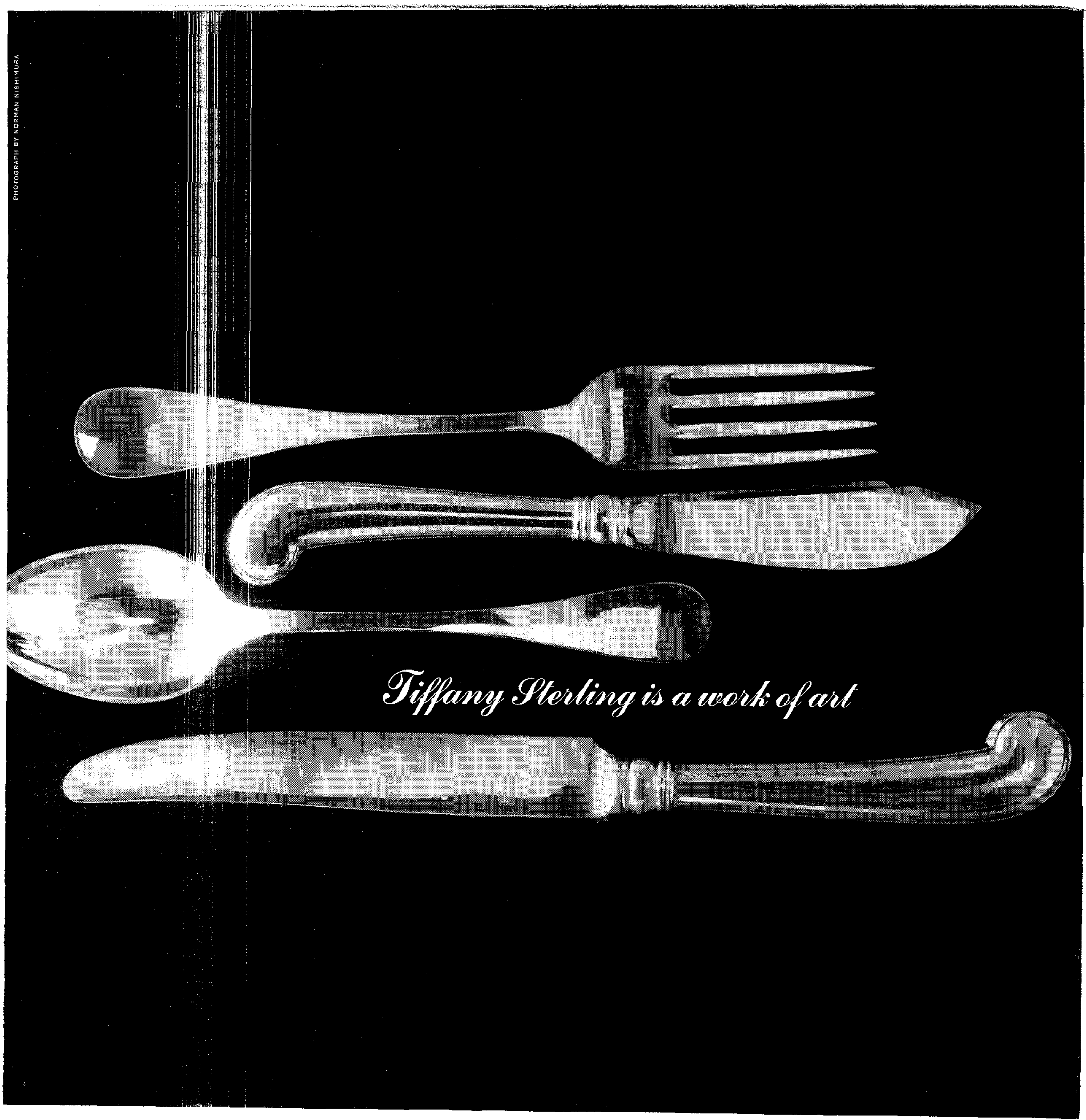
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Tiffany Sterling is a work of art

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **fledermaus**, in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

By Jupiter—A bright and sprightly revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical about a skirmish in the war between the sexes, when Hippolyta commanded the Amazons and Theseus commanded the Greeks. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 765-5580. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

The Deer Park—Norman Mailer's long-winded rundown on the sexual mores of a Hollywood that is now obsolete gets awfully tiresome after a while, but it has its comic moments. Most of these occur in scenes that involve Will Lee, as the head of a studio, and Mickey Knox, as his bumptious son-in-law. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh? and **Drums in the Night**—"Eh?," a British comedy by Henry Livings, is being joined in repertory with Bertolt Brecht's "Drums in the Night," translated by Frank Jones. "Eh?": Fridays and Thursday, April 20, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "Drums in the Night": Previews Sunday through Wednesday, April 23-26, at 8:40. Opens officially on Thursday, April 27, at 7. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778.)

The Fantasticks—And if I get there first, I'll cross it out. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamp—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. José Ferrer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30 and 4:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, April 20, at 8:15: "Ebony Concerto," "Illuminations," and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8:15: "Prologue" and "The Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 2:15: "Prologue," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8:15: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 23, at 1:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Meditation," and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 23, at 7:15: "Illuminations" and "The Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, April 26-28, at 8:15, and Saturday, April 29, at 2:15 and 8:15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 7.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday, April 20, at 8:30: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8, and Saturday, April 22, at 2:30 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 23, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 25, at 8:30: "The Song of the Earth" (American première) and "The Dream." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 27, at 8:30: "The Song of the Earth" and "The Dream." . . . ¶ Friday, April 28, at 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Cinderella." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Through Sunday, May 28.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A benefit program of works by Martha Graham, Anna Sokolow, José Limón, and Antony Tudor, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by Jorge Mester. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday through Saturday, April 20-22, at 8. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Ann Halprin and her San Francisco Dance Workshop—The first appearances here by this company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 8:30.)

José Molina Bailes Españoles—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, April 23, at 2:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Cantabile," "Giselle Peasant Pas de Deux," "Dark Psalters," and "Rondo for Seven." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Merle Marsicano—With her company, in a program of modern dance. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, April 24, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Whatever happened to Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy? (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 14. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Hello, Solly!—A Yiddish musical revue, much of it in English. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The legends that Myron Cohen narrates at dinner and supper in the Royal Box have to do with such unmythical scenes as Broadway and the Bronx, but they lose nothing in his translation; his co-partner, Felicia Sanders, deals with becoming fervor, and in lyric after lyric, with the nearly mythical quantity called love. The orchestra of Lee Evans carries on through the whole evening. Closed Sundays.

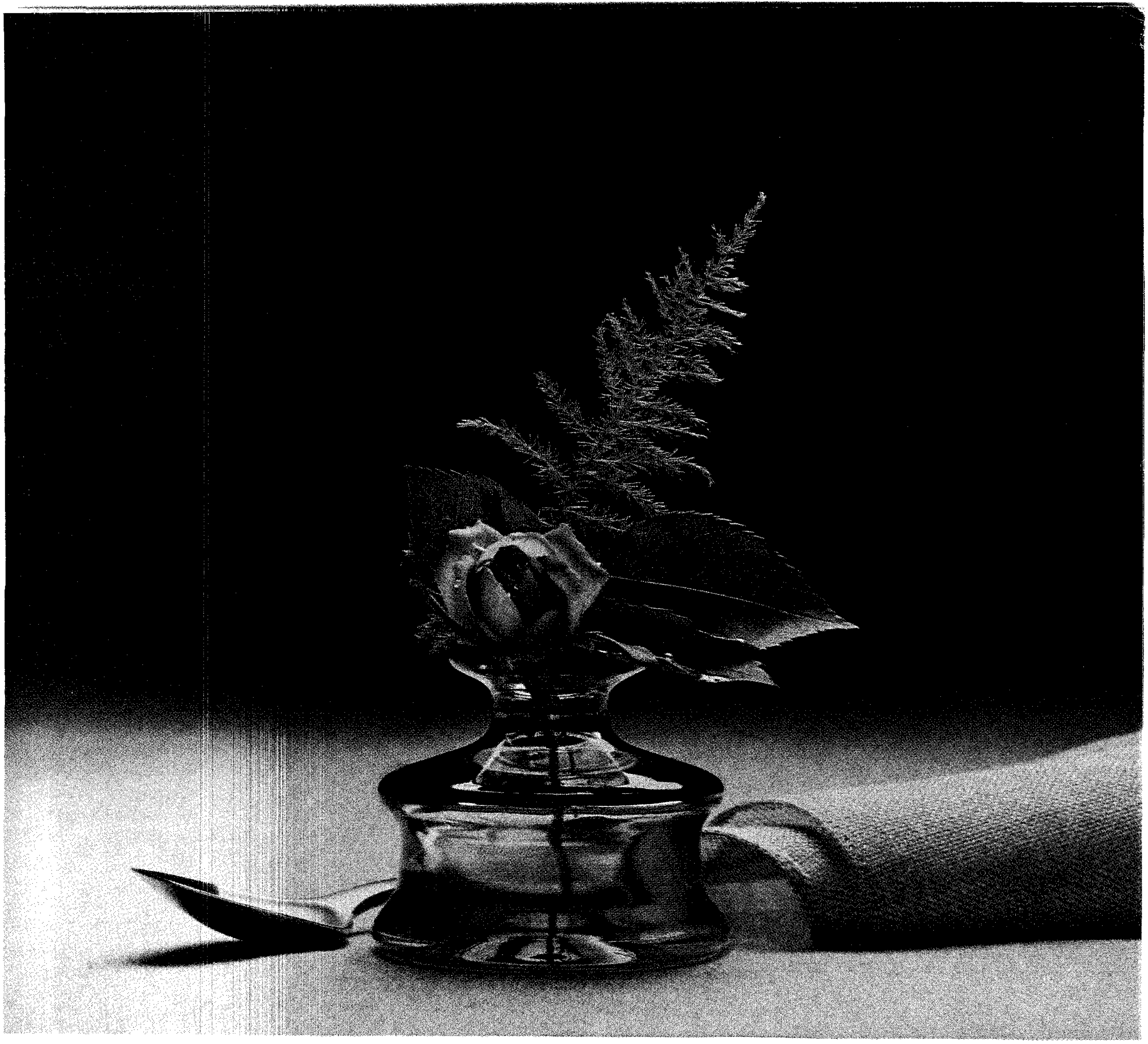
Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The old, familiar cityscape of which old, familiar Billy Reed is *padrone*. The dance tunes run from nine until two, except Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—It's generally the night before Christmas in the restaurant, where the only things that stir, aside from George Anaya's clutch of bandsmen, are dignified couples gliding along the parquet. The music happens Mondays through Fridays from seven to one, and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—For those who wish to be seen and wish to be heard. Two unending bands play music to look and listen to. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The table talk in the Café Pierre, a small lap of luxury, is more hum than dinger; so is the deportment on the dance floor; so are the ministrations of Ben Cutler's cheery little orchestra, which is supplemented, between sets, by a guitar whose spiritual home is Sevilla. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lainie Kazan, who sings in the Persian Room during dinner and supper, usually keeps a civil tongue in her head, but occasionally she



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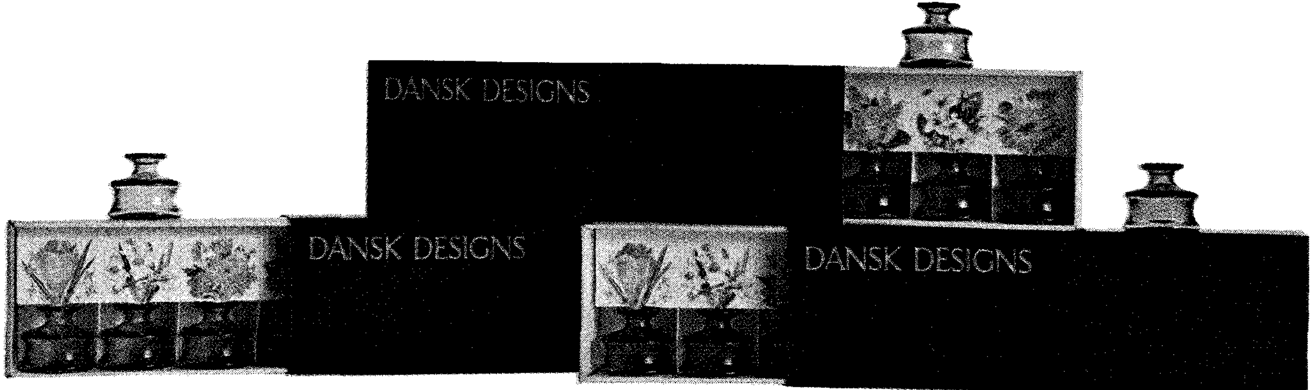

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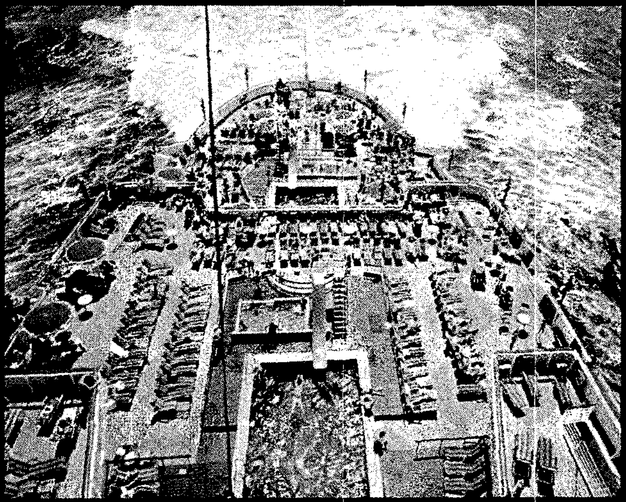

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sounds like those night-life sopranos who might all be called Gail Force. The rest of the time, Burt Farber's big band and Mark Monte's outriders turn out music by the ton. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, then seven to nine (all but Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin goes even farther, transforming (from eight to one) the Palm Court into a marbled palace (with bar privileges) in Xanadu. His holidays are Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Heaven's above! The sound that issues from these clouds is not wholly celestial, being compounded partly of the horn blown by mighty Jonah Jones, but it *is* gleeful. It commences as early as seven, and goes on until almost two. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—It is time to clear the decks of the paddle-wheeler when Count Basie's band takes the stand, for the dance steps it induces can certainly be termed widespread. Eight until two every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette (a fine state of affairs, and a fine affair of state), the quick-fire band of George Cort and the waltz-king band run by Quintero pause only for a half hour during dinner and supper, so that Milva, a *dolce-vita* sort of soprano from Rome, can burn with a bright-blue flame. On Monday, April 24, she will be replaced by Patricia Marand, who likewise carries a noticeable torch. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a quiet glade next door, has Walter Kay at the piano and Janì Sarkozi on the violin from six until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room reopens on Friday, April 21, and Gordon MacRae, as lyric as he was when he rode the range in far-off "Oklahoma!," will be on the podium. He appears at dinner and supper during the week, only at dinner on Sundays. He, the vigorous orchestra of Charles Turecamo, and the Empire Room have their time-outs on Mondays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Ray Hartley's skillfully carved piano works out from four to ten Monday through Friday every week. Sonny Kendis's small group plays for dancing Tuesday through Thursday every week from eight to one, and on Friday and Saturday from eight-thirty to one-thirty.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 230 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—There's always room for one million more on the floor, and no harm can come to anyone, for the Killer-Diller and related exercises are barred. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): "I Happen to Like New York" is the theme song, and the people who feel that way arrive for dinner and stay for supper. So do the combinations and permutations of Goldie Hawkins, Wayne Sanders, and Sam Hamilton, who keep one or another piano (or both of them) in a state of euphoria that is just about constant. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): At times, everybody who knows the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis gets to his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Ram Ramirez's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the world's a stage when your waiter suddenly decides that he is a reincarnation of Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It's-all-in-the-family is how Rita Dimitri looks upon the song recital she does in the middle of her well-upholstered kitchen, and 'tis folly to judge her otherwise. She chants at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays. The dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): In this restoration of the Hungarian monarchy, the zimbalon is king. Violin, soprano, band music (this from Béla Babai's men), and tenor (the gallant Tibor Rakossy) are court favorites. Every night but Monday. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Himalayan landscape, but from eight to one you can hear the dance music quite clearly. It's worth your while on Mondays, when Billy Rubenstein's superlative trio is at work during the evening, and throughout the six-to-eight session, Monday through Friday, when a crew involving Allan Haig and Phil Leshin is at work. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee let it be one of these: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No-room-at-the-inn is a standing problem, so make known your coming. Brace yourself, too, against the music (whether it comes from a speaking tube or from the Wild Ones), for it has the fury of a March wind and the Ides of the same month. The reward: a look at the fashions (in clothes and in conduct) of our gilded lilies and their consorts. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is constructed by strange devices untouched by human hands, and strange devices construct a large portion of the costumery worn by the participants in the ritual dances. The food provided by the management is mostly for thought. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which little girls who will be goddesses if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The piano in this greenroom is kept trigger-happy by its tuner (and that's a novelty in this town), and kept even happier by its owner, Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Horatio at the drawbridge of the comfortable old castle is Norbert Faconi, who has been kissing hands and fiddling to the King's taste since the early days of our republic. He goes into retreat on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every *night*. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the best of its townhouse days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo slings a lusty guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does his homework, though, on Mondays and Wednesdays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the desultory piano of George Feyer, whose urban base of action this place is from eight-thirty until maybe two. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The august Herman Honigsberg has his violin and his violinists in slow but blithe motion around this industrious Roman piazza. Closed Sundays. ... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy staffs the soothing corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel. No music Sundays and Mondays.... **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with the man from U.N.C.L.E. who dwells, appropriately, at UN 1-9494): The piano music in the innermost of the sanctuaries in this aerie should be devoted to "Constantinople" and "Dardanella" in tribute to the owlish décor. Closed Sundays.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the courtly Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner's piano discourses with authority and clarity, though without ever raising its voice, from six-thirty until midnight. He stays away Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Edie Adams goes great guns as a persuasive calliope except when she is overcome by the wish to be all things to every conceivable audience; Bob Melvin is one of the these-are-the-jokes-folks humorists. The garnishing is a set of eager Copa ballerinas. On Thursday, April 27, a change of pace: Dionne Warwick, just about the best thing that could happen to the new country music. Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): No clothes for the little empresses—that is the sad story of the regal and pretty young ladies who bravely cavort in the long and heartening extravaganza. Their leader is Susan Clemm, a sort of climax of American girlhood; the visiting eminence is Dominique, a member of the light-fingered gentry, who will completely pick the pockets of *all* who volunteer to face him (no fear, though, for many are the happy returns of his pickings). On Tuesday, April 25, he will be replaced by the Barry Sisters, whose song-and-patter act is a sort of endurance test. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing. ... **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): All rites, including the Scandinavian, belong to the Great God Pan, none of whose subjects can be out of their twenties, though possibly out of their minds. Two incoherent bands keep pushing panic buttons for the dancers; the clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. Silence on Mondays. No dining.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The dizzy spells on the stage of Julius Monk's *premier-cru* pavilion happen to Fredricka Weber, a with-honors graduate of the Monk school of the theatre and a girl with a mind of her own. Alongside her are Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra, a classic pair of Cantabrigians, who apply the *reductio-ad-absurdum* treatment to all political thinking, and Jamie Ross, another Monk graduate, with a winning way of speaking and singing. Mr. Monk presides; Robert Colston and Otis Clements supply the very best double piano. Nine-thirty and onward. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles and his covey of balletomanes are fun-loving Rover Boys and Girls as they swarm over the stage in the back room; the effervescent tenor of the occasion is Andy Russell, back from a thirteen-year sojourn in Latin America and Spain, and very bilingual he is. They show up at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers tread the floor in measures light and fantastic. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The manner, the milieu, even the materials of which "Mixed Doubles" is constructed sometimes recall the antics of several earlier miniature revues, but there is enough good (and sometimes original) humor to satisfy any mid-evening thirst. Judy Graubart, an innocent minx from the late Second City troupe, leads the ring. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The conversation here, always at a high pitch, is by Joan Rivers, who is really speaking not for herself but for her analyst. No earlier than ten, ever, and never on Sundays.... **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The definite news is that Freddie Hubbard's quintet and Cecil Taylor, now a solo pianist (and a more coördinated one), will be here through Sunday, April 23, and that, Monday through Saturday, April 24-29, the big, brash band of Mel Lewis and Thad Jones will be the wind machine.... **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Only a smattering of gift wrapping covers the good gray hardware of the armament offered by the quartet of Earl Hines, whose aides are Bill Pemberton, Budd Johnson, and Oliver Jackson. It is better listening than the glittery discothèque recordings that go along with it. A menu of some note is also afforded. Closed Sundays.... **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): On this saints-and-sinners boulevard, little is worth noting aside from this bar-and-grill. Charles De Forest sings the moment-of-truth songs that are the rightful due of everyone who is willing to make the effort to stay up all night; the trio of Marian McPartland plays jazz that is comprehensible and cheering. The trio goes off duty Sundays, Mr. De Forest goes off duty Mondays.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Fortune's child, Fortune's cookie, Fortune's kookie—this is Blossom Dearie, whose heat-lightning piano and deadpan sonatas put her in the sparsely populated category of Funny Girl. Her home is the ground-floor level of this duplex, and her assistants are Ron Carter and Al Harewood. Also present: Tete Montoliu, a Catalan classicist turned American-occidented jazz pianist, and neatly turned at that. These characters remain at home Mondays, though, when Daphne Hellman and harp, a picturesque pairing, commune with her two sidemen in the interests of a gentle music that is in My Lady's Chamber. Dining of sorts.... ¶ For the lower deck, these are the current claims: Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, the confectioner's triad of Ahmad Jamal and the deep-breathing exercises of Gloria Lynne's soprano; every Monday, a vivid band that represents the Deep South (below the equator).... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Farmer, whose music always gives good, honest measures, is working with a foursome that includes Jimmy Heath. On Tuesday, April 25, another contingent is due. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The fastest guns in the East—that is, Mr. Condon and the likes of Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Ross Thompkins. Dining and dancing as well as just listening. Closed Sundays. ... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays.... **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): On Tuesday, April 25,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Carmen McRae's cries from the heart (and heart of gold it is) will be installed for the education of all. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) and the clatter know no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band puts the establishment in an uproar; then the washboarders take over. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): Plain as an old board fence, but the Think music is more intricate. It comes now from Jackie McLean's quartet; as of Tuesday, April 25, it will come from Yusef Lateef's quartet. Mondays, instead, Sun Ra's ten-man squadron goes New Thought. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the singing (Ruth Crews) is hit-them-again, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): A bunch of the boys in the charge of Betty Carter make the music, beginning around half past nine; Sundays, whoever the Jazz Interactions happen to be at the time start warming the place up for the Carters at five; Monday nights, drop-in crews do all the work.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Paintings, lithographs, and drawings containing Expressionist imagery by an outstanding Belgian member of the Cobra group; through May 14. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDNA ANDRADE—Double-image geometrical Op; through Saturday, April 29. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

MORDECAI ARDON—The first exhibition here in fifteen years of paintings by an Israeli mystic-craftsman; through Saturday, April 29. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALTHUS—Paintings and drawings by the celebrated French psychological-realist; through Saturday, April 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Nudes in interiors; through Saturday, April 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT BIDNER—Geometrical patterns based on industrial objects; through Friday, April 21. (Sachs, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ISABEL BISHOP—Paintings of veiled figures poised in everyday activities, also drawings; through Saturday, April 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOE BRAINARD—Paintings and collages featuring flowers and madonnas; through Saturday, April 29. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

GANDY BRODIE—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a familiar New York Expressionist; through May 6. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronzes of elongated female nudes; through Saturday, April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

MARC CHAGALL—A benefit show of paintings and graphics; through May 6. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

EDWARD CORBETT—Abstract paintings; through May 6. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT CRONBACH—Abstract copper sculptures, some with figurative elements; through Saturday, April 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Assemblages, gouaches, drawings, and oils, 1947 to the present; through Saturday, April 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

WOJCIECH FANGOR—Paintings and architectural models that exploit out-of-focus images and blurring; through Saturday, April 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

TULLY FILMUS—Paintings of genre subjects and folk scenes; through Saturday, April 29. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Landscapes, still-lifes, and nudes by a painter outstanding for her freshness; through Thursday, April 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GERALD GARSTON—Paintings of Indians, Thanksgiving, and other American themes; through Saturday, April 22. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

KARL GERSTNER—Color effects through motion; through Saturday, April 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

EVA GOALWIN—Abstract Expressionist paintings with some identifiable motifs; through Saturday, April 22. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

JOSEPH GOTO—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, April 29. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

AL HELD—Huge abstract paintings built of a few simple shapes; through May 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.—closed Mondays; and also at the artist's studio, 182 Fifth Ave., at 22nd St.—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

JOHN HELIKER—Maine landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through May 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JEAN HÉLION—A group of oils from this French artist's early abstract period; through Saturday, April 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ADOLF HOFFMEISTER—Caricatures of famous people, by this Czechoslovakian diplomat; through Saturday, April 29. (Grosvenor, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BUDD HOPKINS—Abstract Expressionist paintings with hard-edge intrusions; through Saturday, April 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILL INSLEY—Liquitex constructions on Masonite; through May 11. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT KALLEM—Sculptures of bird images contrived from industrial parts and found objects; through Wednesday, April 26. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

CONSTANTINE KERMES—Primitive paintings featuring American rural religious groups; through Saturday, April 29. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GUITOU KNOOP—Abstract sculptures in stone and bronze, as well as abstract jewelry; through Saturday, April 29. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

AARON KURILOFF—Images based on photographs reworked through various processes; through May 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GABRIEL LADERMAN—Landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

FRANCES LAMONT—Sculptures of birds, plants, and animals in simplified forms; through Saturday, April 29. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHELDON MACHLIN—Kinetic sculptures made of springs; through Saturday, April 22. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

CÉSAR MANRIQUE—Heavily painted, volcanic abstractions; through May 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GERHARD MARCKS—A huge show of Expressionist bronzes by this German contemporary of Klee and Kandinsky; through May 31. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

JOHN MCCRACKEN—A show of ten leaning planks of plywood, fibre glass, and lacquer; through May 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—New abstract marbles by the veteran Japanese-American sculptor; through Saturday, April 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID NOVROS—Two exhibitions of monochromatic paintings. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Wednesday, April 26. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Park Place Gallery, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St. Through Friday, April 28. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.)

I. Pailes—Paintings by a School of Paris painter now in his seventies; through Thursday, April 27. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Betty Parsons—Abstractions with random fragmentary shapes on nearly solid backgrounds; through Saturday, April 29. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Irving Petlin—Figures and landscapes; through Friday, April 28. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Pollaro—Still-lifes, figures, and abstractions making use of inserted materials; through Saturday, April 22. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Odilon Redon—An exhibition of over a hundred and eighty items by the famous colorist, including oils, pastels, lithographs, engravings, and drawings; through May 6. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Landscape paintings, many of Italy; through Saturday, April 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Bridget Riley—Paintings by the well-publicized Op artist; through May 11. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Martin Schreiber—Op paintings stressing luminosity; through Saturday, April 29. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Plaster casts of figures in scenes from daily life; through Saturday, April 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Walter R. Sickert—Paintings and drawings by this leading British artist, who died in 1942; through May 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Sills—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 29. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings, drawings, and woodcuts from the thirties, by a veteran American artist; through May 13. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Vassilakis Takis—Magnetic sculptures by a prominent kineticist; through Saturday, April 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Incised forms on man-made stone-like surfaces by this first-rank Spanish artist; through Saturday, April 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.

George Tooker—Paintings of figures with strong emotional overtones; through Saturday, April 22. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Paul von Ringelheim—Cast metal sculptures of abstract directional emblems; through Saturday, April 22. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Paintings and drawings by the well-known American Paris School modernist presented by his family to the Israel Museum in Jerusalem; through May 4. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

David Weinrib—Abstract see-through sculptures in softly colored plastic, most of them a pale lavender; through Saturday, April 22. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St.)

Mario Yrisarry—Paintings with prismatic radiations; through Saturday, April 22. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Masters of the Loaded Brush—A benefit exhibit of seventy-nine *bozzetti* (oil sketches) by British and European painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Rubens and Tiepolo among them, on loan from public and private collections here and abroad; through Saturday, April 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundredth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 23. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures; Group Show—Animals and birds in bronze by nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through May 31. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as James Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Roy Lichtenstein; through Saturday, April 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: A survey of drawings and paintings by Copley, Vanderlyn, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through Friday, April 28.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by Calder, Léger, Picasso, and other leading moderns; through Saturday, April 29. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **adria art gallery**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by contemporary artists make up the opening exhibition of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through May 29. . . . **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Monet, Picasso, Chagall, and other French painters; through Saturday, April 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **selected artists**, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: German Expressionist painters and sculptors, among them Jawlensky, Kolbe, and Schiele; through Saturday, April 29.

Japanese; Group Show—Views of "the floating world" by representative eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists; through May 10. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and decorative art acquired by the Museum during the past six years; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Babylon to Queen Victoria; through June 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition of William Blake's method of printmaking, including illuminated books and plates and materials of facsimile making; through May 30. . . . ¶ Reni, Rosa, and Castiglione are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of seventeenth-century Italian prints; through Sunday, April 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by Jackson Pollock; through June 4. . . . ¶ Paintings and constructions from the Museum's collection of Latin-American art; through June 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of nearly two hundred oils, watercolors, gouaches, mixed mediums, drawings, prints, and works on glass by Paul Klee; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The first retrospective (1933 to the present) of sculptures and assemblages by Louise Nevelson, also drawings and prints; through April 30. . . . ¶ Life-size drawings with themes based on Nazi brutality and the suffering it caused, by Mauricio Lasansky, well-known printmaker; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through June 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—"Land and Sea," a show of etchings, drawings, and paintings from the Academy's collection, by

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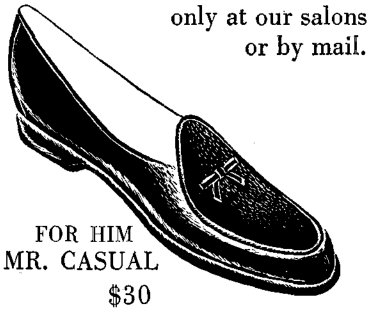

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☐ Brown Trim White
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☐ All Navy
☐ All White
☐ All Yellow
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(for instance) Winslow Homer, Eugene Speicher, and Ernest Lawson; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Fantastics and Eccentrics in Chinese Painting," a loan exhibition of hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves by "Individualist" and "Eccentric" artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Art Styles of Ancient Shang;" through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—French masters of the seventeenth century, Vouet to Rigaud; through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred paintings, from Jan Bruegel the Elder and Rembrandt to Hans Hofmann and Sam Francis, lent by the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts; through April 30. . . . ¶ "Aubrey Beardsley and His Era," consisting mainly of his illustrations for books and magazines; through Saturday, April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; through July 2. . . . ¶ A Purim exhibit of ceremonial objects, including Megilloth (parchment scrolls), their decorated containers, silver and wooden noisemakers, ornamental plates, and prints and posters by contemporary artists; through April 30. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Will be closed from Monday, April 24, at 3, through Wednesday, April 26.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Six centuries of prints (all on the theme of music-makers) from many different countries; through Saturday, April 29. . . . ¶ An audio-visual presentation tracing the opera "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" from the initial collaboration between Strauss and the librettist von Hofmannsthal through its refinement in further productions and on to its culmination as revealed in a scale model of the backstage facilities of the Metropolitan Opera House. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Seventeenth Century in Italy" composed of drawings (by such artists as Annibale Carracci, Guercino, and Bernini), illustrated books, correspondence of popes, letters of artists, book bindings, and an envelope on which Galileo made astronomical doodles; through Saturday, April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A survey of four hundred years of North American Indian art, comprising paintings on wood and on copper from the Northwest coast, buffalo-hide robes and shields from the Plains, renderings of murals of prehistoric Pueblo dwellers, and a reproduction of a Navajo sand painting; through May 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Sculpture: New York Scene," including "Walk-Through-Dance-Through" by Ruth Vodicka, a kinetic by the USCO group, and works by George Rickey, Marisol, and James Wines, among others; through June 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, April 22, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 8:30: "The Barber of Seville." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Friends of French Opera—Robert Lawrence directing the French Opera Orchestra in two performances of Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," with Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; Sean Barker, baritone; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and the Choir of St. George's Church. (St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Sq. at 16th St. Wednesday and Thursday, April 26-27, at 8. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call CO 5-5194.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg directing performances of Britten's "War Requiem" on Thursday, April 20, at 8:30; Friday, April 21, at 2:15; Saturday, April 22, at 8:30; and Monday, April 24, at 7:30 (all with Ella Lee, soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; Gérard Souzay, baritone; the Juilliard Chorus; and the St. Kilian Boychoir). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting a Foss-Mahler program on Thursday, April 27, at 8:30; Friday, April 28, at 2:15; Saturday, April 29, at 8:30; and Monday, May 1, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—Bernard Haitink conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Estela Bringuer conducting a benefit program of her own works, with Gary Towlen, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Colgate University Glee Club—Gilbert Brungardt directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with Crail Conner, soprano; Corinne Curry, alto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; and Richard Anderson and Thomas Palmer, basses. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 8.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus—David Randolph directing an Orff-Vaughan Williams program, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Contemporary Music Society—A program of microtonal music by Charles Ives, Calvin Hampton, Donald Lybbert, and Teo Macero, performed by George Pappastavrou and Stuart Lanning, piano; Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; and others. The final concert of the season. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, April 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-1250.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, April 21, at 5:30.)

Virgil Fox—Organ. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 3.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-67—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Morton Feldman and Harold Seletsky. (Town Hall. Monday, April 24, at 8:30.)

George London—Bass-baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—The last in a series of chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Raquel Adonaylo, soprano; Lee Luvisi, piano; Felix Galimir and Isidore Cohen, violins; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and Bonnie Hampton, cello. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Eileen Farrell—Soprano, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call 201 539-1600, Ext. 321.)

Olewsky Trio—The second of two programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Chicago, Thursday, April 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Phil-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

adelphia, Friday, April 21, at 2; Saturday, April 22, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 23, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25-26, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Friday, April 28, at 8, and Saturday, April 29, at 2.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 29.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 22-23.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 29.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 22; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Tuesday, April 25; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 29. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:45, from Saturday, April 22, through Tuesday, May 30.

Soccer—National Professional Soccer League: Generals vs. Chicago Spurs. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, April 22, at 2:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, April 22, at 12:30.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 28-29.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, May 24. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE: "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 3:45. Children under five not admitted.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS: "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Canterville Ghost." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.) . . . TORONTO CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "The Tinderbox." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 838-5959. Saturday, April 29, at 11:30, 1:30, and 4, and Sunday, April 30, at 1 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Moon and Its Shadow." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays

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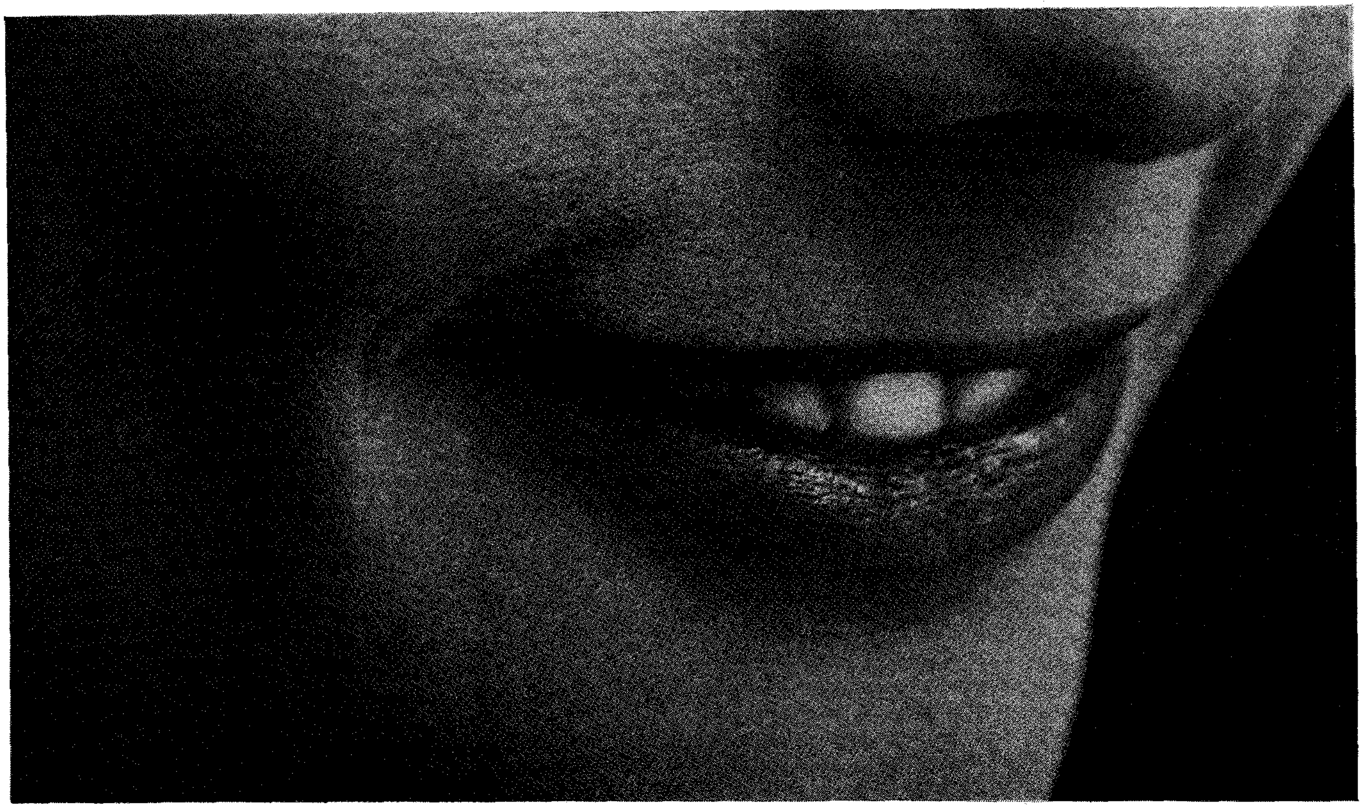

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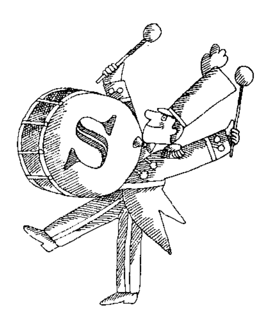

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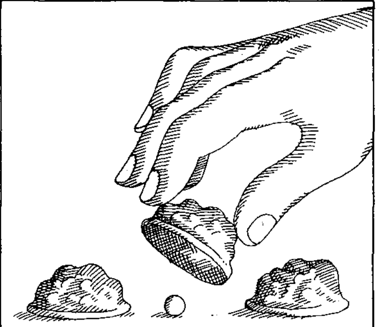

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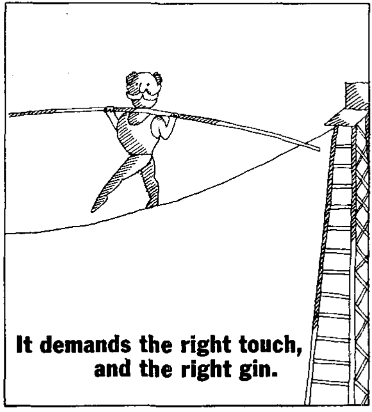

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In CENTRAL PARK: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, kids, mice, and prairie dogs. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the General Assembly (which is scheduled to reconvene on Friday, April 21), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

EXPO 67—The Universal and International Exhibition of 1967, in Montreal, opens Friday, April 28, and will continue through Friday, Oct. 27.

POETRY READINGS—Kathleen Fraser reading from her own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, April 21, at 8:10.)... ¶ John Berryman reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, April 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YOUSUF KARSH—More than a hundred examples by the Canadian portrait photographer. Among the subjects shown are President Johnson, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, Pope Paul VI, Winston Churchill, and Ernest Hemingway. Through May 6. (Union Carbide Building, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 2.)

FLOWER SHOW—The April Garden Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 26, from 12:30 to 4.)

AMATEUR NEEDLEWORK OF TODAY—The fifteenth national benefit exhibition will include ecclesiastical pieces, rugs, chair seats, purses, bedspreads, and pictures, in petit point, gros point, embroidery, and crewelwork. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25-26, from 10 to 5; Thursday, April 27, from 10 to 7:30; and Friday, April 28, and Monday through Wednesday, May 1-3, from 10 to 5.)

WALKING TOURS—"The Town House and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, April 23, at 2:30. Meets at 86th St. and 5th Ave. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 20, at 1:45 and 8: Part II of the Thomas Winthrop Streeter collection of Americana, comprising books describing the earliest settlements and the growth of the area east of the Appalachians, from 1586 until the early nineteenth century....¶ Friday, April 21, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, from various owners....¶ Saturday, April 22, at 11: African sculptures, from the collection of Jay C. Leff....¶ Saturday, April 22, at 2:30: English and other furniture and decorations, together with a collection of silver by Paul Storr; from the estate of Billy Rose....¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 1:45: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, April 21....¶ Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, at 1:45: Jades and other Oriental art, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 22.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant, in a distinguished melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—A beautiful, lyrical, but disappointing melodrama about contemporary London, written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A Countess from Hong Kong—Charlie Chaplin has made a sad mess of what was not a very bright comic notion to begin with. The wretched stars are Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—The Broadway musical, directed with characteristic hypomania by Richard Lester and starring Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 26.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling in an excellent English tragicomedy. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through April 25. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting April 26.)

Grand Prix—John Frankenheimer's virtuoso account of what it feels like to be the driver of a tiny car that goes a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Fantastically adroit camerawork and sound recordings, and among the cast are Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, and Eva Marie Saint. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is the superb star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Hawaii—In which a deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, history, and the director, George Roy Hill. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—A successful adaptation of the Broadway musical, with Robert Morse, Rudy Vallée, and Michele Lee. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade—Peter Weiss's play, transferred to the screen by Peter Brook, and more a director's field day than ever. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through April 23.)

My Sister, My Love—A gifted Swedish director, Vilgot Sjöman, and a cast that includes Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle make this tale of family woe well worth seeing. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Persona—Ingmar Bergman's latest, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. A beautiful, difficult study of how little we are whom we seem to be. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Le Petit Soldat—A melodrama written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Terrorists and counter-terrorists trying to outwit each other in the calm setting of Geneva. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 26.)

She and He—A charming, rueful story about a young Japanese wife and her patient husband. Written and directed by Susumu Hani, and starring a delightful creature named Sachiko Hidari. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Taming of the Shrew—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Vie de Château—Jean-Paul Rappeneau is the gifted young director of this beguiling comedy, which stars Catherine Deneuve, Philippe Noiret, and Pierre Brasseur. In French. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The War Game—A powerful tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. On the same bill is a French movie, "Chickamauga," which is a tract against all wars, past, present, and future. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

You're a Big Boy Now—Francis Ford Coppola's love letter to New York. With Peter Kastner, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, Julie Harris, and Elizabeth Hartman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

Le Bonheur (1966)—Agnès Varda has written a story about how to have happiness and lose it. She also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his family. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 26.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; through April 23. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 25.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Italiano Brava Gente (1966)—An account of the Russian-Italian sector during the Second World War. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 21-24.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 25. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 20.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; through April 23.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 25.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 26.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 25.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 25.)

The Train (1965)—How the Nazis attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 25.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting April 24.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal, and directed by Mike Nichols. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; starting April 26.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 25.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 25.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—April 20 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Tower of Lilies" (1953), in Japanese; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 21 at 2: "Chandraleka" (1948), an Indian film; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 22 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Carmen" (1915), with Geraldine Farrar. . . . ¶ April 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Why Change Your Wife?" (1920), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ April 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Carmen" (1915), with Geraldine Farrar. . . . ¶ April 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Why Change Your Wife?" (1920), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ April 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Miss Julie" (1952), in Swedish, with Anita Björk. . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salome" (1922), with Nazimova; and a Marx Brothers film. (The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone LT 1-2311.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through April 25: "Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.
From April 26: "Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through April 25: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From April 26: "Casino Royale," Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through April 23: "Africa Addio," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
From April 24: Theatre closed.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 25: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
From April 26: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
MORGAN!, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 25: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **THE KNACK**, revival.
From April 26: **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 25: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
From April 26: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Oklahoma!," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Naked Among the Wolves" (in German and Polish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through April 23: **MARAT/SADE.**
From April 24: "The Hunt" (in Spanish).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 25: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Carry On Cabby," Sidney James.
From April 26: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival; and "The Oscar," revival, Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through April 23: "Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.
From April 24: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU (in French).

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through April 25: **THE TRAIN**, revival; and **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival.
From April 26: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 25: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Carry On Cabby," Sidney James.
From April 26: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival; and "The Oscar," revival, Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 25: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From April 26: "Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 25: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
From April 26: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival; and **LE BONHEUR** (in French), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SHE AND HE (in Japanese).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 25: "In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb; and "Fate Is the Hunter," revival, Glenn Ford, Nancy Kwan.
From April 26: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 25: **THE TRAIN**, revival; and **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival.
From April 26: "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 25: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Carry On Cabby," Sidney James.
From April 26: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival; and "The Oscar," revival, Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
PERSONA (in Swedish).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through April 23: **MORGAN!**, revival; and **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival.
From April 24: "The Sailor from Gibraltar," Jeanne Moreau, Ian Bannen.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE WAR GAME.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through April 25: "Born Free," revival, Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
From April 26: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival.

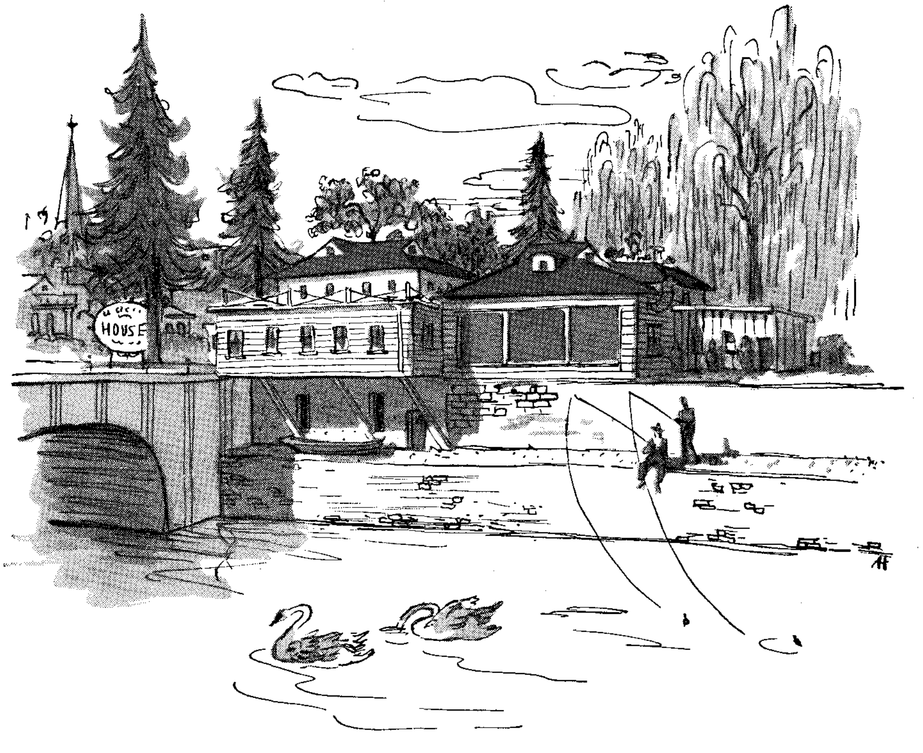
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 26: **LE PETIT SOLDAT** (in French); and "Le Plaisir" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 25: **THE WRONG BOX**, revival; and **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival.
From April 26: **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**; and "After the Fox," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 20: **THE KNACK**, revival; and "The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.
April 21-24: **ITALIANO BRAVA GENTE** (in Italian), revival.
From April 25: **THIS STRANGE PASSION** and **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** (both in Spanish and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 25: "Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.
From April 26: "The Game Is Over," Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery.



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mad bad London

ARISTOCRATIC RESTAURANTS

Tiberio, 22 Queen St. Lavish Italian. Lunch and dinner.
The Empress, 15 Berkeley St. Grand in the style of the Twenties. Lunch and dinner.
Caprice, Arlington House, Arlington St. Showy and theatrical. Lunch and dinner.
White Tower, 1 Percy St. The best Greek restaurant in London (and possibly the world). Lunch and dinner.
Etoile, 30 Charlotte St. Perhaps the most superb French food in London. Lunch and dinner.

MORE PLACES TO DINE

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place. Quiet distinction and some English reserve. Lunch and dinner.
Ritz, Piccadilly. The prettiest dining room in London. Lunch and dinner.
Fung Tse Yuan, 133 Wembley Park Drive. Authentic. A very Chinese experience. Lunch and dinner.
Wilton's, 27 Bury St. Very good food, wine and service. And especially nice for taking a pretty girl. Lunch and dinner.
The Garden, 9 Henrietta St., near Covent Garden. Black bricks, wood and very good food. Lunch and dinner.
La Parra, 163b Draycott Ave. Spanish food with original twists. Dinner only.
Trattoria Terrazza, Romilly St. Still chic, despite fickle swinging London. Lunch and dinner.

DINING AND DANCING

Poor Millionaire, 158 Bishopsgate. The food is good; the show can vary. Dinner from 7:30 pm, cabaret at 9:30 pm.
The Society, 40 Jermyn St. Robin Douglas-Home plays the piano tunefully every night from 8 pm until midnight. And there's a cabaret at midnight. 5:30 pm to 3:30 am.
The Beachcomber, The May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Square. Worth a visit if only to see the real alligators. Lots of rum drinks. Open 6:30 pm to 1:30 am. The thunder starts at about 9:30 pm.

PUBS

Black Friar, Queen Victoria Street. Its history goes back to 1278. Bizarre furnishings. Tiny private bar for two.
George and Vulture, Castle Court, Lombard Street. Pick your own chop or steak. Beer in silver tankards.
George, Borough High Street, Southwark. Split level bars. Actors, taxi drivers and bright young things come here.
Grapes, Narrow Street, Limehouse. 16th Century pub with balcony above the Thames.
Chelsea Potter, King's Road. A bright mixture of artists and would-be bohemians. The landlord boasts the largest range of drinks in London.

PUBS BY THE RIVER

The Ship, Thames Bank, Mortlake is right on the river and where the boat race finishes.
London Apprentice, Isleworth, Middlesex is at least 500 years old.
Walpole House, Chiswick Mall a favorite of Thackeray.
City Barge, Strand-on-the-Green, Chiswick. Part of the pub is Elizabethan.

DISCOTHEQUES

Annabel's, 44 Berkeley Square. For rich tourists and beautiful girls. Quality food. Open 6:30 pm to 3 am.
Sibylla's, 9 Swallow St. Five months open and hasn't stopped spinning yet. Beatle George Harrison owns a part of this. You must book. Unfussy food. Open 10:30 pm to 5 am.
Blaise's, 121 Queens Gate. Live groups, records, visiting artists and roulette and blackjack in another room. Open from 9 pm to 2:30 am.

LE JAZZ HOT

Ronnie Scott's, 27 Frith St. One of the best jazz clubs in the world. Just the right amounts of music, good food, comfort and gloom. Open 8:30 pm to 3 am.
Marquee, 90 Wardour St. Young, crowded and swinging. Open 7:30 pm to 11 pm.

CABARETS

Raymond's Revuebar, Brewer St. Typically English.
Whisky à Gogo, 33 Wardour St. Tues. nights are the undressy nights.

CLOTHES

Henry Poole and Company. Historic, aristocratic, secretive and traditionally Edwardian. $250 and up for a suit.
H. Huntsman and Sons. The most expensive tailor in London. $1,000 for a vicuna coat.
Hawes and Curtis. Prince Philip shops here.
Anthony Sinclair. Who dresses James Bond alias Sean Connery.
Dougie Millings. Makes clothes that hug the body. The Beatles' for instance. $250 for a suit.
Hung On You. A trailblazer. Combination of Edwardian elegance with the sensuality of the thirties.

UMBRELLAS, WALKING STICKS, HUNTING WHIPS.

Swaine, Adeney, Brigg and Sons Ltd.

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Biba. Top Gear. Maxine Leighton. The Carrot on Wheels.

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Granny Takes A Trip. The visually exotic. Tatty, swish or imaginative.

SECOND HAND STUFF

Christie's. Sotheby's. For valuable furniture and art.
Portobello Road. For Victorian hand-me-down fashions.

MODS AND BIRDS

Pubs, coffee houses, boutiques and miniskirted Mods and birds in full flight in the King's Road, Chelsea.

BOATS AND GIRLS

Best place for watching boats is at locks: Richmond toward Kew; Teddington Lock. Lower Ham Road, Kingston-on-Thames is a good place to watch sailing.

THE ZOO

At Regent St. north end of Regent's Park. Look for aviary designed by Lord Snowdon.

WALLACE COLLECTION

In between going, this enchanting mansion in Manchester Square has seats for sitting down. And Fragonards and Bouchers to look at.

WAXWORKS

Madame Tussaud's. Madame measures a famous figure for an effigy while he is still alive. Afterward, retreat next door to the placid Planetarium.

THEATRES

Lots to choose from. See any London newspaper. Don't miss the National Theatre Company which used to be the Old Vic. Now a repertory company for Olivier and his talented group.

COMPLEAT MONTHLY THEATRE GUIDE FROM AIR-INDIA

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For a selection of events of the day in and around London, pronounced in English, French, German or Spanish, ring ASK 9211, ASK 9311, ASK 9411 or ASK 9511, respectively.

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Ring WEA 2211. And off you go.

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And that includes round trip jet economy on Air-India from New York to London, and flights to Edinburgh and Dublin. Carefully selected budget accommodations with breakfast. Sightseeing on clean, modern busses. And plenty of time to explore the charms of these cities on your own.

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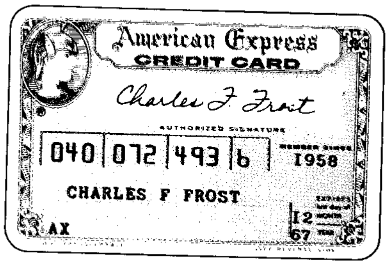
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needs is a good
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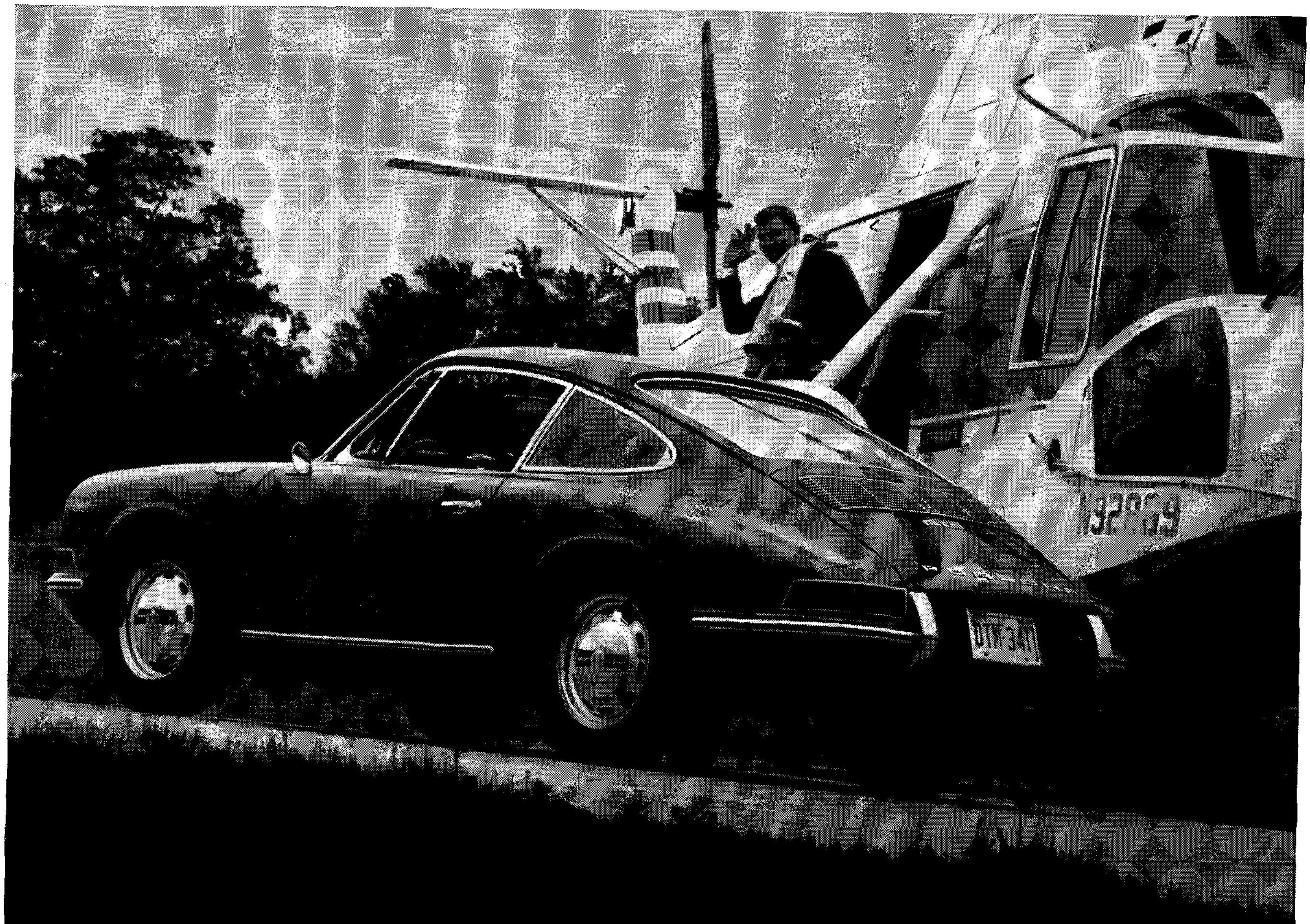

"All the engineers and professional men who are Gran Turismo buffs seem to wind up owning a Porsche." *CAR & DRIVER reporting on the Porsche 911*

"It's kind of a club, an in-group of people who think they're special because they've had the good taste to buy something special. They pass on legends like the days when each Porsche mechanic stamped his personal mark on each engine he built and was forever thereafter responsible for it.

"Of course, the car itself has something to do with its own success . . . the overhead-cam, air-cooled flat 6-cylinder engine, the 5-speed all-synchro transmission, and the 4-wheel disc brakes are irresistible to anybody who ever felt a flicker of desire for any Porsche in the past."

Three versions for gran turismo connoisseurs: Porsche 912 with 4-cylinder, 102-hp engine, about $4790. Porsche 911 with new 6-cylinder, 148-hp engine, 4- or 5-speed gearbox, about $5990. Porsche 911S with 5-speed gearbox and Carrera 6-inspired 180-hp engine, about $6990. All prices East Coast POE. For name of dealer, brochure or overseas delivery data, write Porsche of America Corporation, 107 Tryon Avenue West, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666, Dept. 904.

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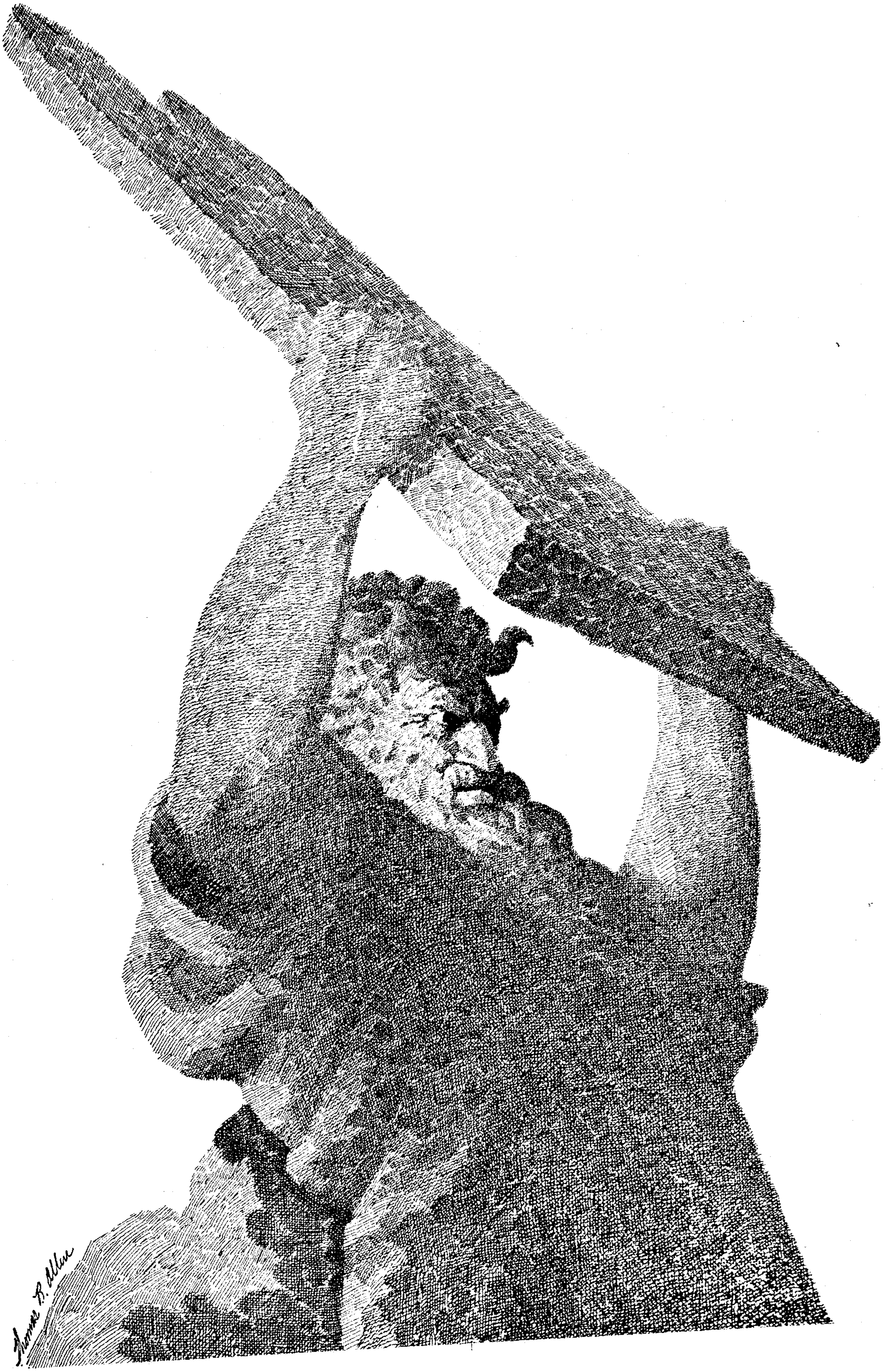
Thomas B. Allen

The Word Endures.

Of all things in the world, nothing, literally, nothing, endures like the written word. It outlasts all other evidence of what man has done and what man can do.

In the history of the world, man has incised his words in clay, carved them in stone, hammered them into metal, written them on paper.

And the strange thing is that what seemed like the most perishable of all the things man chose to preserve his words–paper–has turned out to be the most lasting of them all.

When man wants to know something he looks it up in a book.

Olin's contribution to this is small in the history of the world, but very important in today's world of printing: an entirely new kind of paper called Waylite.® It's very light, very white, and so bright that type seems to spring from the page. It won't crack or yellow for generations to come.

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It's our way of making sure that the word endures.

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Over dinner for two,
We'll discuss the view.
On the 65th floor
I'll whisper je t'adore.
Would you think
me too bold,
If your hand
I should hold?

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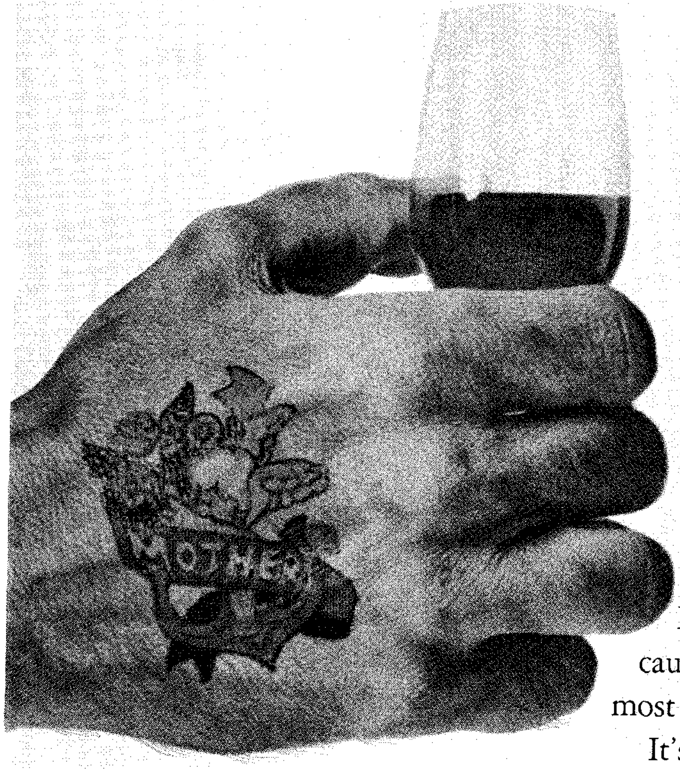
THE RAINBOW ROOM

Cocktails. Dinner every evening. Brunch Saturdays and Sundays.
Rockefeller Center, 65th Floor, PLaza 7-9090.

All those nice, sweet things you've heard about Cherry Heering are untrue.



"It has a delicious, sweet taste…a wonderful thick cherry flavor…the best fruity liqueur in the world."

We suspect the people who are spreading these rumors about Cherry Heering have never really tasted it. Because Cherry Heering is different from most after-dinner liqueurs.

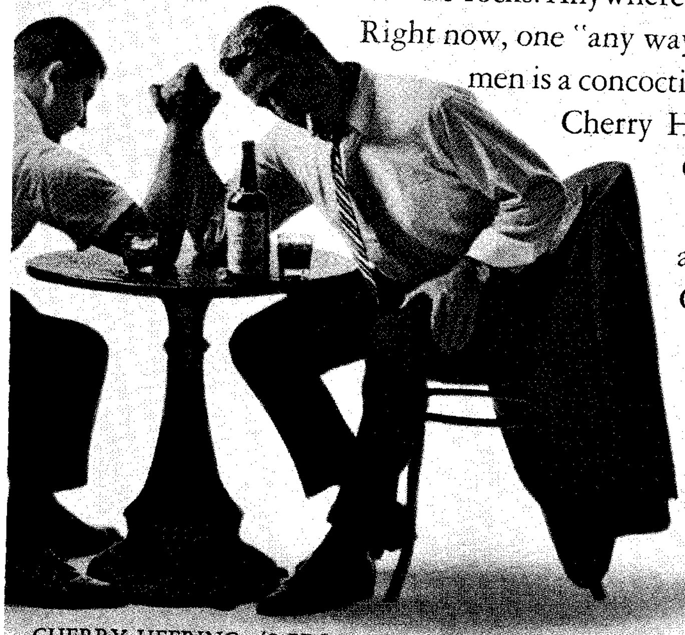
It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish.

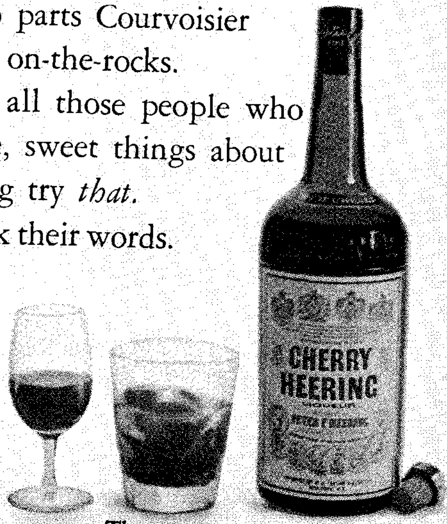
Cherry Heering is light and almost dry. In fact, it's one of the few liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.

Right now, one "any way" that's becoming popular with some men is a concoction called a *Redhead,* which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

Just wait'll all those people who are saying nice, sweet things about Cherry Heering try *that.*

They'll drink their words.





The most misunderstood drink in the world

CHERRY HEERING. 49 PROOF. COURVOISIER COGNAC. 80 PROOF.
BOTH IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Roger Piaget
Le Pavillon, Peru

Chef Piaget, originally a native of Switzerland, now owns one of the famous restaurants in South America. From his kitchen comes CONCHITAS DE ABANICO, *scallops delicately flavored with garlic, butter and cheese broiled in shells.*

Alex Cardini
Cardini's, Mexico City

Chef Cardini is famous not only for his restaurant but also is credited with developing the original Caesar salad (named after his brother) in 1926. He introduces a new SALAD INTERNATIONAL *for Braniff in 1967.*

Willie Rossel
Executive Chef
Braniff International

Before joining Braniff Chef Rossel won two Olympic medals for his food. Of the dishes he has prepared for us his favorite is CEVICHE DE CORVINA, *fish marinated in lemon juice, garnished with cold sweet potatoes, slices of corn, onions, lettuce, peppers and parsley.*

Federico Buecker
The German Club,
Buenos Aires

Head Chef of one of the most famous restaurants in a city of famous restaurants, Chef Buecker's favorite part of the meal is dessert. You will understand why when you sample his MONTANA DE SANTOS, *a mousse, flavored with chocolate and brandy, and topped with a mountain of mocha cream, laced with Kahlúa.*

Felix Meier:
Manager,
La Fonda del Sol,
New York

Chef Meier was trained in Europe and is now responsible for the food served at one of New York's outstanding restaurants. His pet dish is RICE COLONIAL, *beef tenderloin, veal, filet of sole, apples, bananas arranged on a bed of white rice and topped with curry sauce, coconut and almonds.*

Our battle for men's stomachs.

Five world famous chefs are enlisted in a glorious cause in behalf of Braniff passengers everywhere.

They have declared unlimited War on Soggy Toast.

Also on overdone steak, and cold hors d'oeuvres. (These are a few of the problems that have plagued airline chefs for years.)

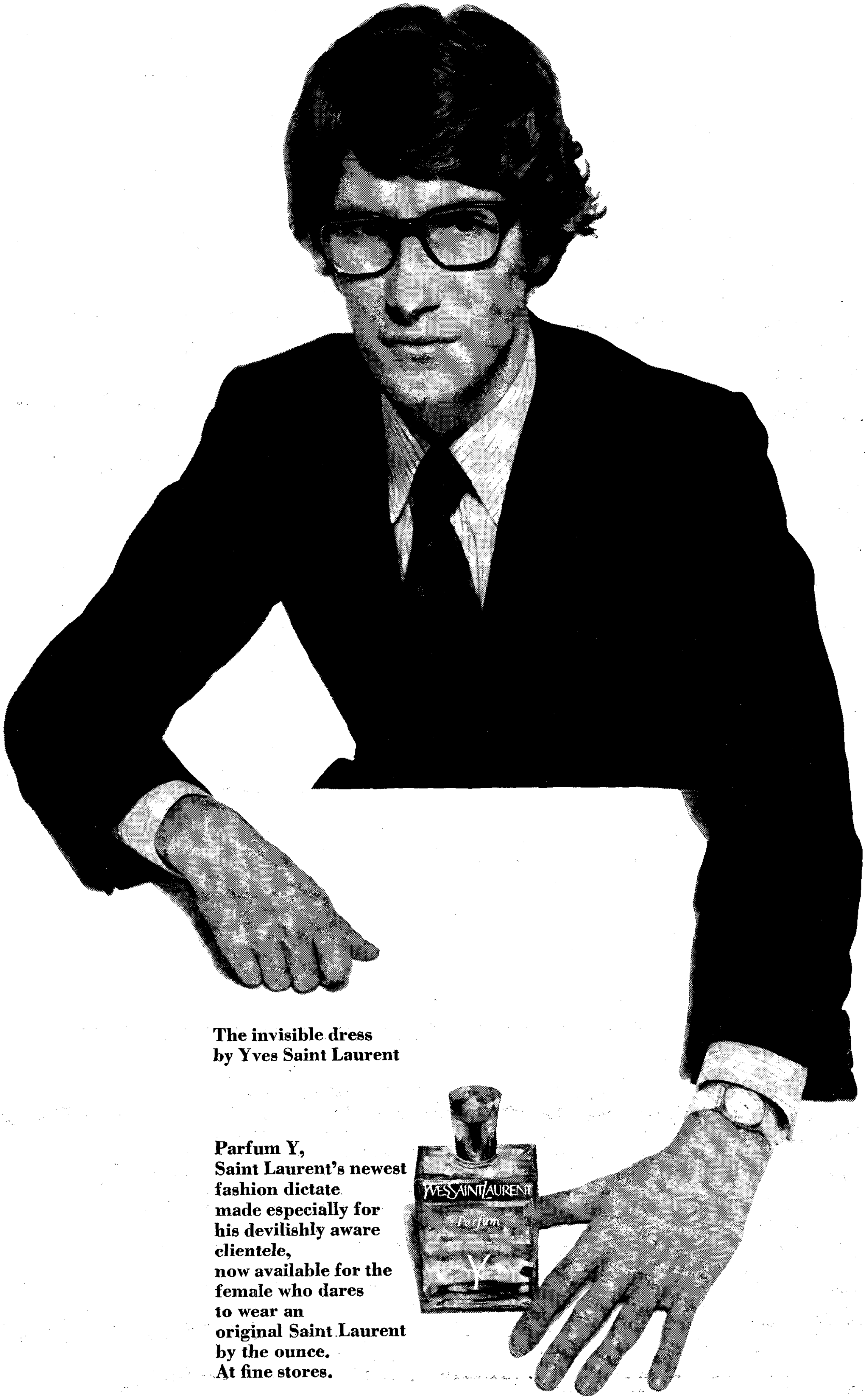
Months ago we put their pots and pans to the ultimate test.

"Prepare airline food," we said, "that will taste as good as the food you serve in your own celebrated restaurants."

Not being airline chefs, they didn't know that it couldn't be done.

So, of course, they did.

The Braniff Board of International Chefs.



**The invisible dress
by Yves Saint Laurent**

**Parfum Y,
Saint Laurent's newest
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made especially for
his devilishly aware
clientele,
now available for the
female who dares
to wear an
original Saint Laurent
by the ounce.
At fine stores.**

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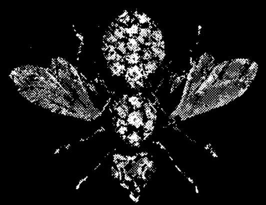
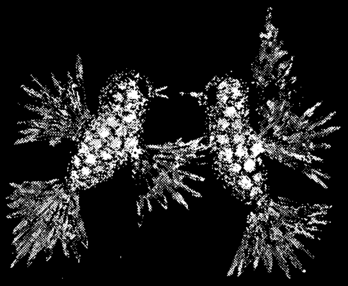
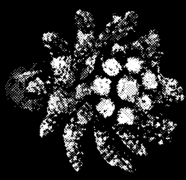
You'll never weary of the diamond's magic, for its beauty doesn't change with passing fashion.

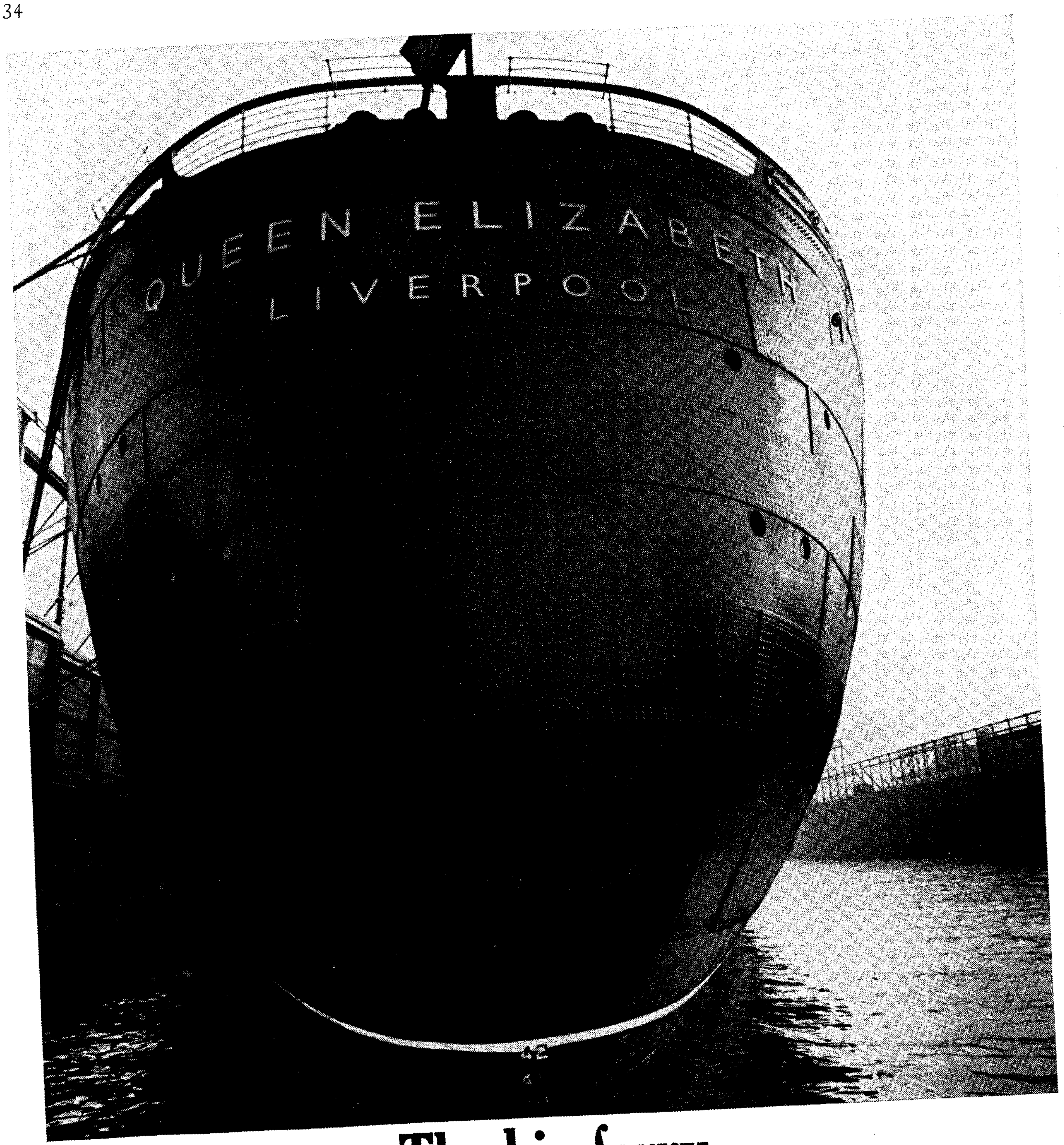






Butterfly pin, about $2600; bee pin, about $580; lovebirds pin, about $2400; ring, about $400; leaf pin, about $17,000; bracelet, about $5400. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



The big ferry

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Southampton-Cherbourg-New York.
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And every week another leaves Europe for America.
No one else offers a weekly service like ours.
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our Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth.
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the good life we give you aboard.
That's why more people prefer to sail with us
than with anyone else.
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it's easy.
Hop on the ferry.
It sails every week from Pier 92, New York.

The big ferry

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Thunderbird
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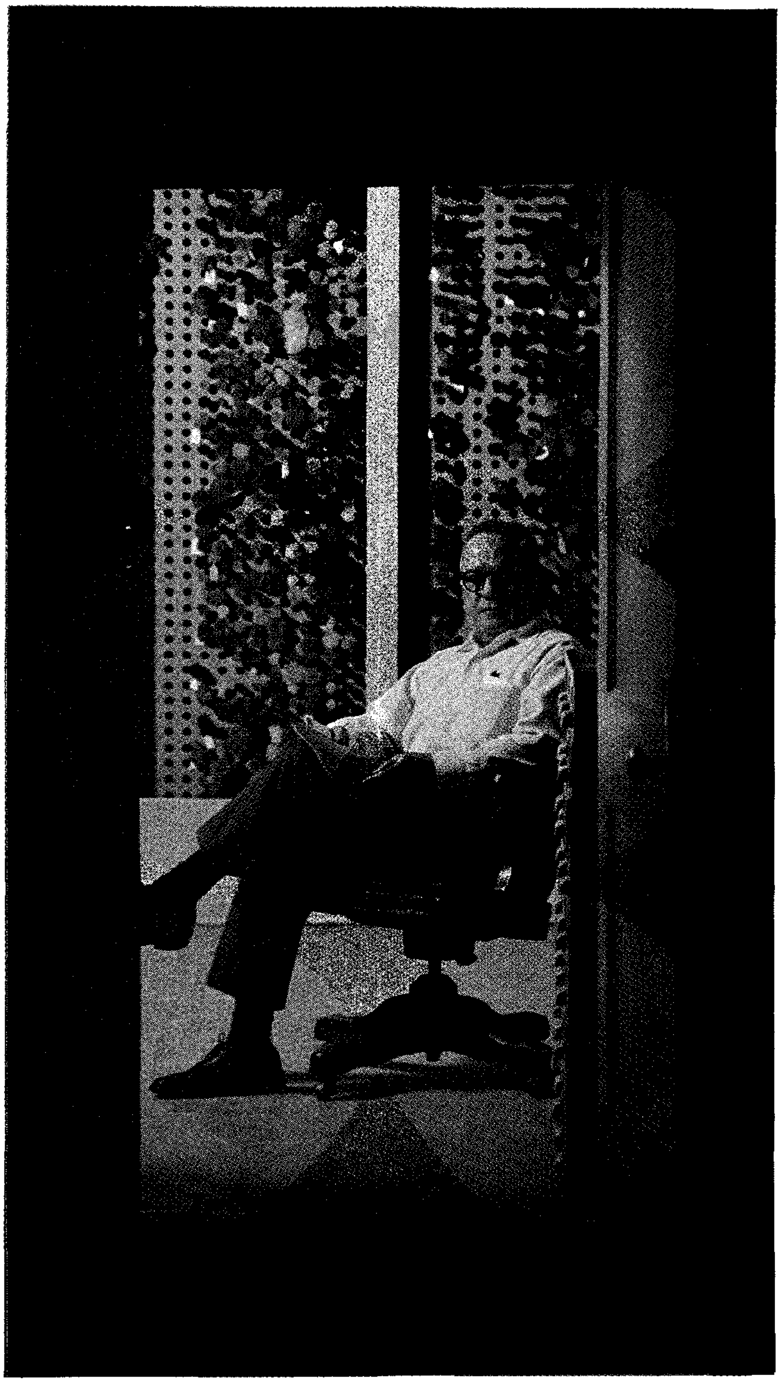
THE MICHELANGELO OF BLOOMSBURG, PA.



THE MAGEE CARPET COMPANY, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

How come everything that's the same color isn't the same color? For example, every carpet maker makes an olive carpet. And you know what? They're all different. That's what makes our master dye-master a master.

He knows that every carpet has to look as great in your home as it does in the store. (There it has to look great.)

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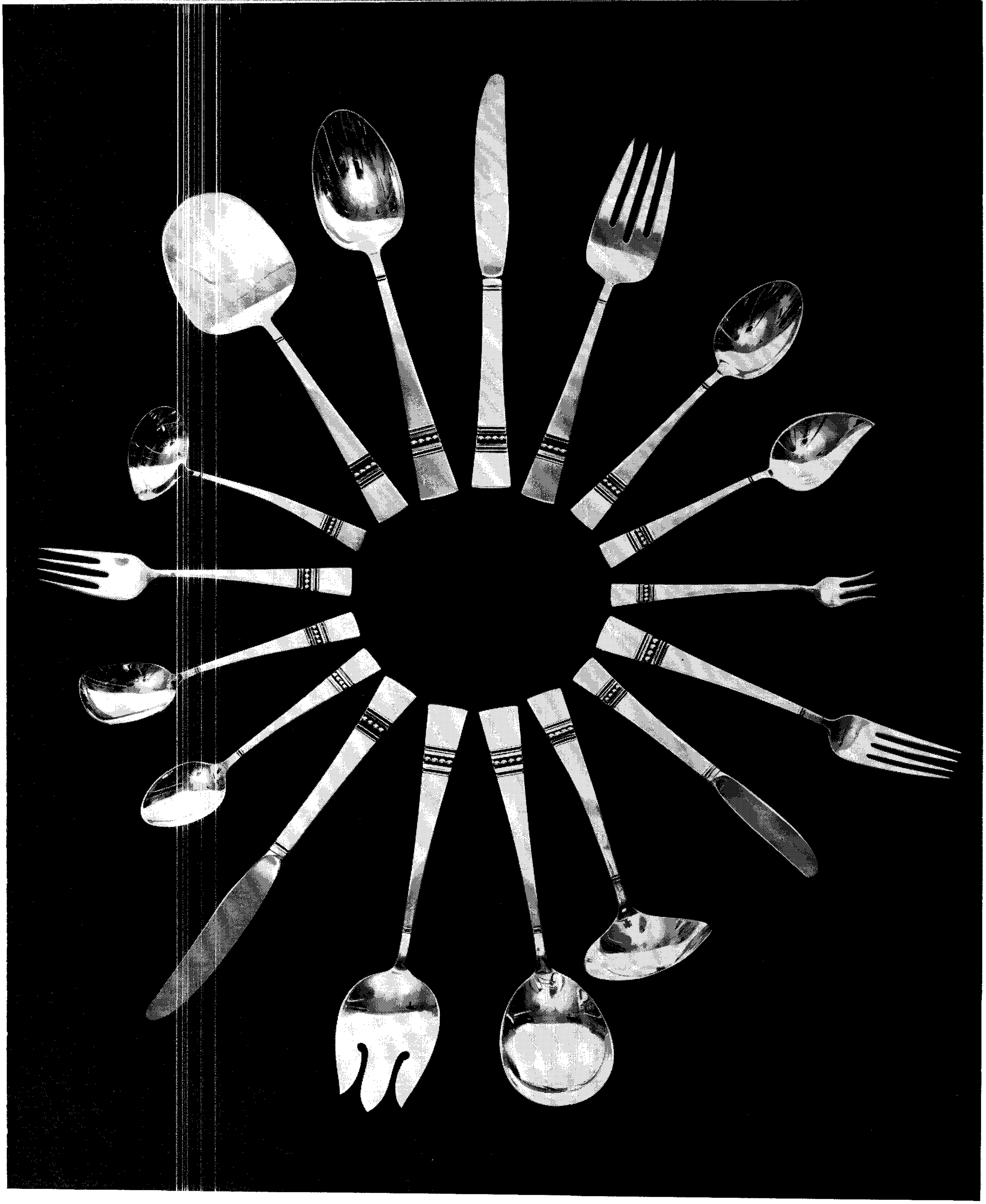

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Diadem 4-piece place setting $37.75. For store nearest you and booklet on Diadem and other solid silver patterns, write Reed & Barton, Dept. NY47, Taunton, Massachusetts

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your body a scented column of silken smoothness
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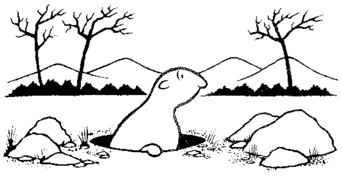
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

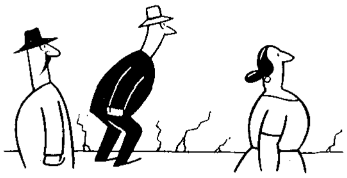
Notes and Comment

We are in receipt of sundry country intelligence suggesting that the season has not quite been routine. The forsythia-bloom belt has retreated southward, close to Mamaroneck, this year, because of the bud-killing below-freezing temperatures of February and March. Pasture ponds have been lively with out-of-season half-matured polliwogs, apparently born during the thaws of January. Real Groundhog Day, when the woodchuck came out of hibernation to stay, was not February 2nd but April 2nd. Spring peepers once operated in tight loyalty to the thermometer, beginning their vocal activity at 51 degrees Fahrenheit, but this year they waited for an almost tropical 67. Red-winged blackbirds, which normally make their first March appearance perching and singing at the highest possible level, then descending as temperatures rise, reversed their procedure. The first geese observed this spring were heading due west. Because of the unusual March and April weather, snow tires have been seen around much later than usual. In addition to such reports from our correspondents, we have noticed in the public prints that the rainy season came late this year in Tanzania, flooding poisonous snakes out of their holes; that the heavy winter snow in the Northeast cut factory wages; and that the eastern section of the St. Lawrence Seaway opened (on April 7th) seven days behind last year's opening but eight days ahead of this year's expected date, which is a way of being simultaneously behind and ahead of schedule, and is possibly intended to make everybody happy, like Romney's Hartford speech on Vietnam.



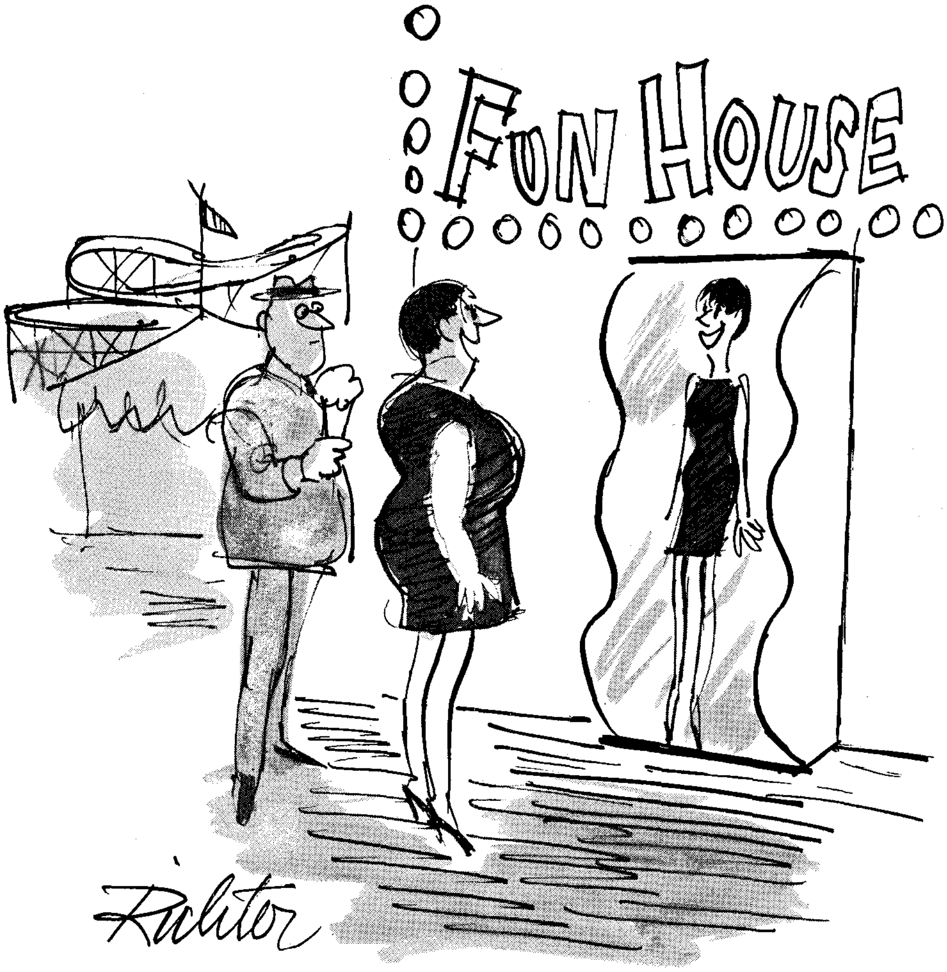
Mayor of Florence

Piero Bargellini, the Mayor of Florence, who is sixty-nine, has embarked on a three-week trip across the United States, with his wife, Lelia, and one of their daughters, Antonina, to report on the remarkable recovery of his flood-damaged city and to thank some two hundred American organizations for their contributions to the rescue operation. We arranged to meet the Bargellinis at the offices, here, of the Florentine Relief Fund shortly before they set off on this odyssey, and we found the entire family bubbling over with anticipatory enthusiasm. "I am here to thank everybody in the United States who has taken part in the rescue of my city," said Mayor Bargellini, a short, gray-haired man with aristocratic Tuscan features, shrewd brown-green eyes, and quick-witted Florentine charm. "Americans have sent more than two and a half million dollars to restore our art, our libraries, and our economic life, and it is my task to explain how the money was used and what miracles it has accomplished. A stranger who arrives in Florence these days would not even realize that there had been a disaster unless he looked very carefully for high-water marks on walls or noticed the boarded-up ground-floor shops and apartments in certain quarters. Our hotels and our restaurants are restored and reopened, our museums are filled with tourists, and nearly all the shops in the center of the town are back in business."



The Mayor, who is an authority on the art and history of his city, regards himself as a writer by profession and a politician by accident. (His official biography mentions seventy-eight books.) "When, by some strange conjunction of planets, I was elected Mayor of Florence last July, my reaction was pure astonishment," he said. "Three months later, when my city was overwhelmed by the most terrible flood in its recorded history, my astonishment changed to shock. The Arno has overflowed its banks before—in 1333, for example—but everyone forgets that during the Middle Ages Florence was protected by high walls. Those walls let the water in but kept the mud out, and it was mud, impregnated with gasoline and crude oil, that did most of the damage this time. When the river swept through Florence on November 4th, water collected in the lowest areas, which were, by an unhappy coincidence, both the poorest and the most historic sections of the city. The lowest quarter of all lies between the back of the Palazzo Vecchio, where I have my office, and the Piazza Santa Croce, near which my house stands. It is the fifteenth-century palazzo of Giovanni da Verrazano—the navigator for whom your bridge is named. I bought it in 1948, and I have been restoring it ever since. Much of the work will have to be done again, because the flood waters rose to a height of fifteen feet on the ground floor."

Assessing the damage to his city, the Mayor told us that four thousand families had been left destitute and eleven thousand other families had suffered major economic losses. "The immediate problems were shelter and fresh water," he said. "The most difficult task was the clearing of six hundred city streets, which were clogged with anywhere from three to nine feet of mud, and with trees, branches, furniture, and hundreds of ruined automobiles as well. To clean the streets with our normal staff would have taken four



"Look! Twiggy!"

• •

years. With soldiers and additional help, it still took more than two months. Florentines never like to throw anything away, and it was several weeks before people realized that their oil-damaged possessions were completely useless. And so, a month after the original catastrophe, we had a second flood—of damaged furniture and oil-soaked clothing, along with mud from the cellars. We would clean a street in the morning and find it piled high with debris by nightfall. The flood made us realize how many precious things we had stored underground: a million books in the National Library; the Archives of State, extending back to the thirteen-hundreds; the technical shops of the Uffizi Gallery, containing manuscripts and paintings that were being restored; even the new press of the *Nazione*, our principal newspaper. We had put these things underground because the last time Florence suffered destruction it came from above—from guns and bombs during the war."

We asked the Mayor if he would give us an account of his own experiences during the flood.

"On the afternoon of November 3rd, it rained very hard," he said. "We later discovered that in one fourteen-hour period—from 1 P.M. on November 3rd to 3 A.M. on November 4th—Florence received a hundred and ninety millimetres of water, or one-fourth of our annual rainfall. A congress of lady lawyers was meeting at the Palazzo Vecchio, and when I stopped by to greet the ladies, I said jokingly, 'When women jurists talk, it always rains.' That evening, I attended a dinner for industrial workers at the Grand Hotel Villa Medici, and made another speech that I look back upon with mixed emotions. After dinner, we saw a film about the Mississippi River, and when it was finished I got up and said, 'The Mississippi is a great river, but if our Arno continues to rise it will become an even greater one.' Everybody thought this was very funny. What none of us knew was that the Arno *was* rising at an unprecedented rate. Between the hours of 9 P.M. and 3 A.M., the level of the river jumped eighteen feet."

At five-thirty on the morning of November 4th, Mayor Bargellini was awakened by a telephone call from the Chief of Police. "He was worried about the Ponte Vecchio, and he asked me for engineers to stabilize it," the Mayor said. "I sent all the men I could find, and drove down to the bridge myself. The river was flowing very fast just under the arches, but the bridge seemed to be holding firm. Then I drove to the National Library, and saw water sliding very fast down the street toward Santa Croce. By eight o'clock, the river had isolated the entire Santa Croce quarter, but the Piazza della Signoria, which is on higher ground, was still dry. At 9 A.M., I crossed the piazza and drove to the offices of R.A.I.—Radio Audizioni Italiane—near the Duomo, where I spoke over the radio to the citizens of Florence. I told them to abandon the houses in the low quarters and take refuge on higher ground. I asked them not to create confusion in the streets. And I asked anyone who had a boat to bring it to the Palazzo Vecchio. As I finished, my driver came running in and said, 'Mr. Mayor, let's get out of here before we are trapped. The water has risen almost to the motor.' We drove back through streets that were filled with rushing water, and as we arrived at the Palazzo Vecchio a policeman carried my wife across the piazza in his arms. She was worried about me and had tried to walk to my office through the flood."

From 9:30 A.M. that day until 2 A.M. on November 5th, the Mayor, his wife, and his staff were trapped on the upper floors of the Palazzo Vecchio. "We had no lights, no gas, and no telephones," he told us. "The heavy rain continued, and the roar of the river grew louder. We prowled through the building, wondering what had happened to our children and our grandchildren. Toward noon, we looked out and saw a torrent of water sweeping across the piazza, carrying trees, automobiles, and pieces of furniture on its surface." By nightfall on November 4th, Florence was once again a medieval city, isolated from the world. At five that evening, the Mayor and his wife focussed flashlights on the Loggia del Grano, at the back of the Palazzo. "The water level was stationary around the top of the columns, and we realized that the river had stopped rising," the Mayor said. "After that, the flood receded rather quickly. By two o'clock the following morning, I was able to cross the Piazza della Signoria to leave my wife with relatives; by seven o'clock I could wade through the mud to confer with the Prefect at the Palazzo Medici."

Turning to Signora Bargellini, a handsome woman with dark hair and deep-set brown eyes, we asked her what she remembered most vividly about the flood.

"At a certain point, just after the water had stopped rising, there was a period of terror and agony throughout the city," she said. "There was great fear that some of the small old houses would crumble and fall, and the people in them would die. The blackness of the city was almost as frightening as the sound of the water rushing through the narrow streets. And then, about seven in the evening, we began to see a few candles and to hear voices in the night, passing messages from house to house. 'Pass the word,' someone would say. 'There is a house settling dangerously on the Via Ghibellina.' 'Pass the word,' another voice would call. 'A woman is sick in the Borgo Allegri.' During the night, those anonymous voices formed a chain of communication that stretched across the city; you could get a message from Santa Croce to the Palazzo Medici in a few hours. When the water went down, and rescue workers could move through the streets, they knew exactly where to go first. I returned to my house on November 5th, and I found thirty-two people there—children, grandchildren, and a good many visitors. One couple had been hauled up from the street by sheets when the flood was at its height; another husband and wife had crawled across the rooftops like cats, to reach the safety of our building. The wife was hysterical, but her husband was very practical. He had been hunting in the country the day before, and he brought with him a large sack filled with pheasants, truffles, and fresh cheese. We had an old stove that worked on bottled gas, and, as I recall, our dinner that night was quite remarkable. We had no bread, but we ate roast pheasant and fresh truffles by candlelight."

Four days after the flood, Signora Bargellini summoned enough courage to go out and look at the remains of her garden. "My rosebushes had vanished under three feet of mud, but a single red rose had somehow managed to push its way up through the black slime," she told us. "People came from all over Florence to see my rose. In the Quattrocento, it would have been regarded as a miracle. For us, it was certainly a symbol."

Loophole

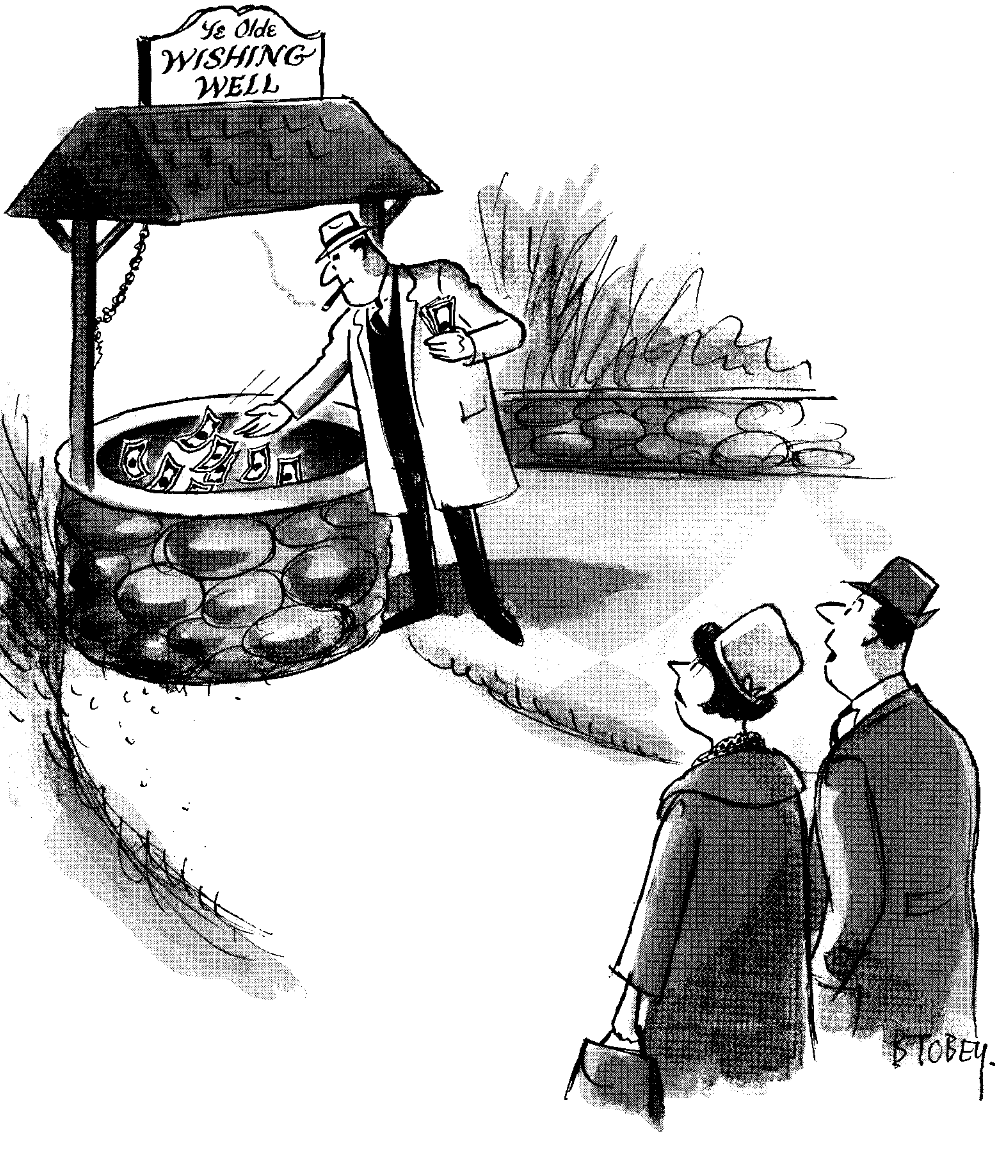
A MAN we know who spends as much time as he can in Riverside Park recently saw another park regular strewing bread on the grass a few yards away from a "Pigeon Feeding Prohibited" sign and a scowling policeman. About a dozen pigeons and a couple of sparrows quickly arrived on the spot. "Don't you see that sign, pal?" the officer asked the bird-lover, pulling out his summons book.

"Sure I see it," said the man, still strewing. "Only it says don't feed the pigeons. I'm feeding the sparrows. Is it my fault the pigeons steal the sparrows' food? *You* tell the pigeons not to eat."

At that, the policeman pocketed his summons book and walked on. As he passed our friend, he muttered, "Everybody's a lawyer nowadays."

Long-Winded Lady

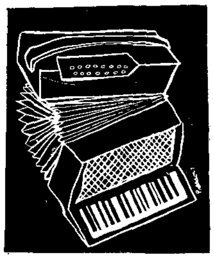
WE'VE received a wintry spring communication from our friend the long-winded lady. She writes: "Late this afternoon, in the Longchamps at Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue, I watched a young man persuade a girl to join him for dinner by reading the menu to her over the telephone. He stood in the glass telephone booth by the huge street window and read here and there from the menu, suggesting things to eat, and from time to time he fell silent and listened to whatever the voice at the other end of the phone was saying. The voice seemed to have a good deal more to say than he had, and each time, after he had listened to it for a while, he stopped staring and lifted the menu in front of himself as though it were a hook that would drag her back



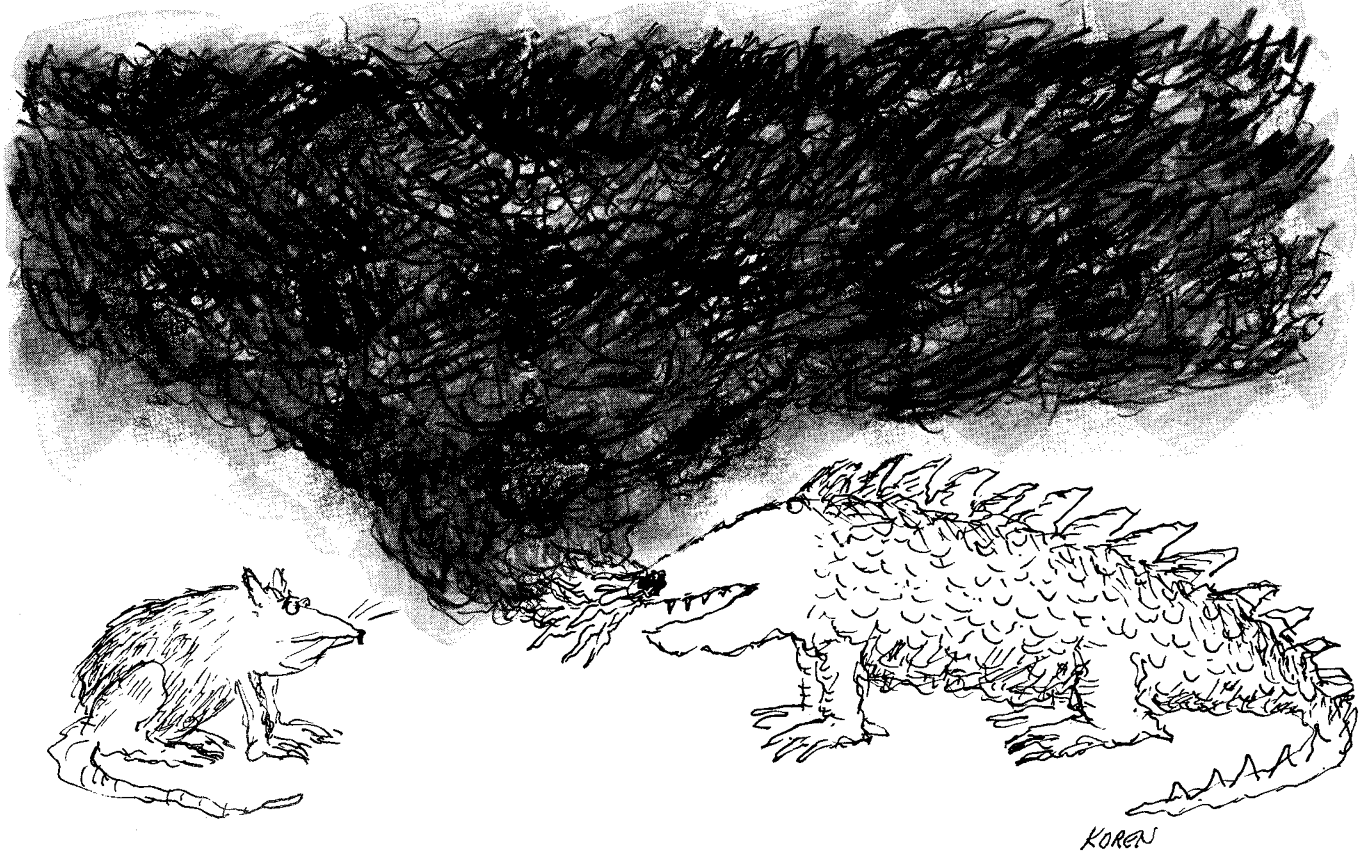
"One thing's for sure—it's not money he's wishing for."

to the point he wanted to make. He wanted her to have dinner with him. There was snow falling outside—a steady fluttering of modest little flakes that turned into gray fluff as soon as they touched the sidewalk. Every once in a while, a fierce gale tore down the Avenue from the north, sending the snowflakes streaming away toward Washington Square, and then the whole view seemed to blow up, and looked white and dangerous. It was getting dark. Across the street, the heavy stone of the massive building where the Macmillan Company used to be made a sombre background for the pandemonium, and the bookshop next door, Dauber & Pine, had all its lights on but still managed to suggest a shadowy and mysterious interior, making it the very picture of an old bookshop seen through the dusk of a wintry day—a wintry day in spring, as it is now. The great sheet of glass that allows this theatrical view of Fifth Avenue is really a movable wall that rolls back in the good weather to open the restaurant to the sidewalk café. It is an arrangement that turns the whole Fifth Avenue front of the restaurant into a stage set.

"Tonight, shut in from all the wildness and clamor outside, Longchamps was very quiet and warm, and almost deserted. The young man who read the menu over the phone had not yet made his appearance when I arrived. There was hardly anyone at the long, long bar, which looked lonely; only a few people were having drinks or dinner; there were mostly empty tables in the big, comfortable room; and the back room, which is even bigger, was just as quiet. Some years ago, they lowered the ceilings in this branch of Longchamps and made a great many other alterations that banished every trace of the awkward, cavernous, romantic atmosphere the place used to have, but the front room is saved from being completely conventional by the arrangement of the sidewalk café. The café is carpeted in green and has a low marbled wall of faded pink coral with a miniature hedge of green box along the top of it, so that in summer people sitting out there are half hidden from the passersby, and, all year round, all we in the restaurant can see of the passersby is what shows of them above the hedge—the upper parts of their bodies, their shoulders and heads. The café awning, printed on the inside with pink apple blossoms, extends down to within a couple of feet of the top of the little hedge, so that the view of the Avenue, wild and snowy tonight, is sliced off at the top by apple blossoms and from below by the spiky green box, making the setting even more theatrical. Tonight, with darkness coming on and everything tossing about out there, it seemed as though that scrap of Fifth Avenue had been set up as the starting point of a very interesting movie. Any minute now, the star of the movie would come into view, walking past the hedge with the rest of the people who were struggling along out there, but he would turn away from the crowd and walk through the opening in the hedge and push his way through the revolving door. We would get only glimpses of him across the top of the hedge and then see him vaguely through the glass panels of the door, but after that he would step into the restaurant and look decisively about him, registering his personality, before he walked straight to the bar, or straight to a certain table. He would be wearing a raincoat. It would be a spy movie, with perhaps a murder and certainly a chase. All these empty tables would make good hurdling, and there were just about enough customers to register fear, horror, glee, and so on. And all the waiters and waitresses were at their stations, in full fig. Full fig for the waitresses at this Longchamps means a blue-and-gray-striped dress—a very unfair garb, unbecoming to the girls and depressing for the customers, but one that might lend itself to all kinds of sinister effects in the eye of an imaginative cameraman, though it takes only a little imagination to connect those stripes with crime and punishment. Almost any restaurant provides a good opening scene for a movie about spies, but the Longchamps at Twelfth and Fifth is ready-made for episodes of intrigue and pursuit, because, in spite of all the remodelling that has been done there, the back of the restaurant—the far end of the back room—still seems to stretch off into infinity. And across the Avenue there is the haunted-looking bookshop, the dour gray front of the publishers' building, and the old Presbyterian church, with its gardens and its railings. The noseless architecture we are all growing accustomed to has dulled our view and will soon cure us of our habit of gazing at the city we live in, but this part of lower Fifth Avenue still allows us to dream that there is room for life to go here and there in human ways, off the mechanical paths.



"The little hedge out there had gathered quite a lot of snow when the young man who was to spend so much time in the glass phone booth came into view, exactly as the star of that movie might have made his entrance, head and shoulders first across the hedge, and then full length but blurred through the glass panels of the revolving door, and then he was inside—still standing up, which was lucky, because he was one of those who fumble and paw at revolving doors instead of pressing themselves firmly against them. He wore a big, crumpled raincoat, which hung open so that the tartan lining showed. He was tubby and not very tall, and he had straight, fine sandy hair that was plentiful except on top of his head, where it was very thin—nearly all gone, in fact. He was about twenty-five, or perhaps twenty-seven, with blue eyes and neat features—a straight, tiny nose and a serious mouth. His expression as he entered the restaurant said that he was intent on something—one thing—and indifferent to everything else. He couldn't have walked very far; there was very little snow on him. Under his arm he clutched a bundle of London *Observers*, which had been opened and folded back carelessly, so they looked half inflated, and as though they might start to rise, like a soufflé, at any minute. He didn't look about him, or hesitate, but spoke anxiously to the first face he saw, which belonged to the coatroom girl, who was watching him across the half door of her little cubicle, where she had a background of empty wall tonight—no customers, no coats. The girl answered him by nodding toward the glass phone booth, and he went quickly over and got into it and shut the door. He had his dime ready, and he dialled at once and started talking, holding the phone with the same air of anxiety he had shown when he spoke to the coatroom girl. He never smiled. Even later, when he had won his suit on the telephone, he did not smile. He was serious in all his ways, and methodical—not as though he were naturally methodical but as though he had made up his mind that tonight he was going to make no false move. The occasion was so important to him that he was not himself. He was buried in the importance of that phone call. He spoke on the phone for a minute, and then he opened the door and stepped out of the booth, and when he stepped back in he had the big Longchamps menu in his left hand, and he took the phone in his right hand. The restless *Observers* were pinned down by his right elbow. And



"I've got to install an anti-pollution device or get out of town."

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he had coins to manage and maneuver. He used up three more before the conversation ended. The young man was taking no chances, and he wasn't going to tempt the Fates by letting go of any of his encumbrances—he would hold on to all of them, like a man standing up in the subway at the rush hour. He read from all sections of the menu. I had a menu of my own, so I could tell just about where he was—in Seafood, and in Desserts, and in Curries and Specialties, and in Salads, and so on. He read straight down the Sizzling Platters column, and something there may have decided her, and shut her up, because it all ended very suddenly. He hung up the phone and got himself out and went to the bar, which is on the north side of the room and looks about a mile long—more than a mile tonight, in its deserted state.

"The young man put his *Observers* on one of the stools near the window end, and then he turned and politely laid his menu on the nearest unoccupied table, and took off his raincoat and made it into a bundle to anchor the newspapers. And at last he stood still and looked around him, tightening the knot of his tie, which was much too tight and small already. Once he had taken the raincoat off, you could see that he was not tubby but sloppy. His navy-blue suit was loose and almost as crumpled as his raincoat, and he wore a white shirt with a buttoned-down collar, which went up quite far on his neck. The tie let itself go under the tiny knot and flowed in bright stripes of red and orange down to below the waistband of his trousers. His expression as he surveyed the restaurant was calm, and when he sat down he turned the stool sidewise to the bar and went on gazing benignly at the room. Most people sitting alone at that bar turn sidewise, because there is nothing facing them across the bar but a blank wall, with, at its center, a towering cupboard of evangelical extraction that looks as though it might be musical. The young man put his hands on his thighs and sat there resting. He was not relaxing. What he was doing was much more old-fashioned—he was simply resting. The bartender brought him a bottle of beer and a tall glass, and after the young man had tasted the beer he picked up a little bowl of peanuts that was there on the bar and emptied some of the peanuts into his right hand. Then he went on resting, taking peanuts from his right hand with his left hand and looking around the restaurant.

"It was time for me to leave, and as I collected my umbrella from the coatroom girl somebody came through the revolving door, and I turned to look. She wore a red coat with a red hood attached, and she didn't throw the hood back, so I didn't see even the color of her hair. The young man had stood up and was looking at her, and his face wore the same expression it had had when he came in—he looked intent on something and indifferent to everything else. I went out. The sidewalk was positively dangerous, sliding away from me and from everybody else, and the tall new apartment buildings that dwarf the Washington Arch seemed to shiver in their glittering skins. Those buildings give off a magnificent slaty light on wet nights. It is their only moment of beauty. The wind had turned bitter, perhaps because the snow had stopped falling, and it took me nearly fifteen minutes longer to walk home than it usually does."

Eh?

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that he has been somewhat slow in recovering from a chance conversation he overheard on a weekend visit to Amherst. A middle-aged couple approached a young man on the campus, and the husband said diffidently, "You aren't John Barkel, by any chance, are you?" To which the young man replied, "No. Are you his parents?"

THE FIPPLE FLUTE

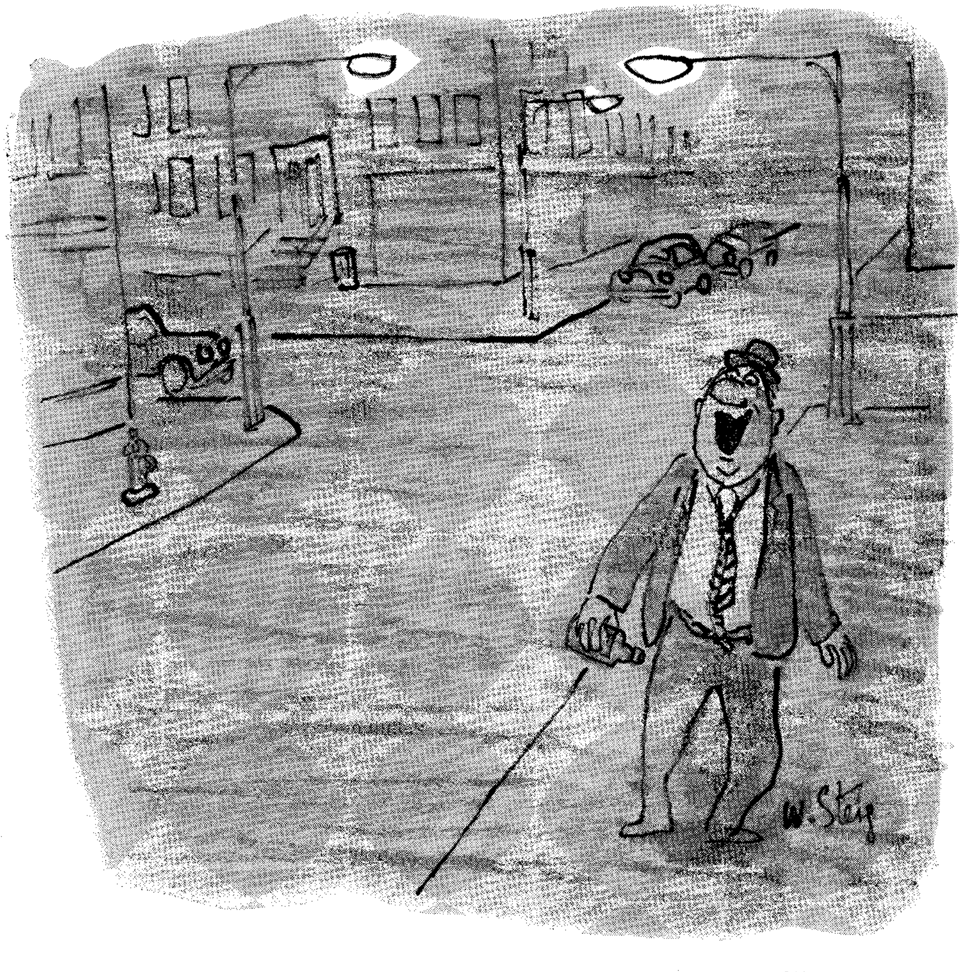
THERE he sits again, on his upturned galvanized bucket—my Uncle Miles, my mother's younger brother. He doesn't begin to recognize me, I'm gratefully certain, though he does sneak a doubtful look at me now and then. He's seedy and old. He always used to be dapper—too dapper. He was on the shady side when he found it convenient to be, or so I was often told. Always cutting across lots to fame and fortune. I was fond of him, I guess, but by the time I was twelve or so the family contrived to keep us apart, and I more or less forgot him for thirty years. He sits there beside the broom closet in the little hall that juts off this one, smoking a cigarette and staring at his hands, and glancing up when I pass, as if he both wants and doesn't want to know me. I knew *him* at once when I saw him—the instant I got here, a week ago tonight, and I'm only glad that I didn't rush into a fond reunion. We've nothing in common. Still, you can't help wondering. I wonder what he's been up to all these years. He must be seventy-five. He can't have been here very long; he seems as bewildered as I am, but more patient. I wonder how he died. And I also wonder why I puzzle about him when I have so much else to sort out. It's hard enough even to think, with that lank-haired girl in the flat downstairs trying to play Saint-Saëns on a flageolet. My God—for twenty years I run after some of the best recording artists extant, coddle them and lie to them and engage them to perform, and now I'm listening to an off-key fipple flute on Waverly Place. For all I know, it's a judgment.

Things happen too fast. You dine with a soprano in a restaurant in Milan, you develop a case of galloping ptomaine during the night (*she* ate the same dishes I did and had no trouble at all, but then she had a performance the next day), and suddenly you're over in this sphere and back home in the Village. Everything is strange; nothing can be explained, nothing makes sense. It is incredible that I should find myself plunked down in a converted brownstone—*this* converted brownstone—along with assorted Villagers, carnate and otherwise, plus Uncle Miles. *I want to find out where I stand and what goes on.* Am I expected simply to pace up and down this dim and grimy storage corridor, with daytimes off? Is that my "assignment"?

Now Miles gets up and goes to the end of his hall, where moonlight has begun to stream through a high window. He stands in the beam until it moves on—that is all—and then he sits again. I suppose that is *his* assignment, but what is the point? He's taken for an optical illusion by the draggle-haired girl and all the other corporeal adults inhabiting this building. (The children, of course, know perfectly well that he is discarnate but real.) And it is a building, as I realized only last night, that both he and I once knew extremely well. It took me six nights to recognize the garret floor of the house my grandparents lived in while my mother and I lived with them. We came when my father died. I was four. But we left when my mother married again, eight years later. Why am I sent here?

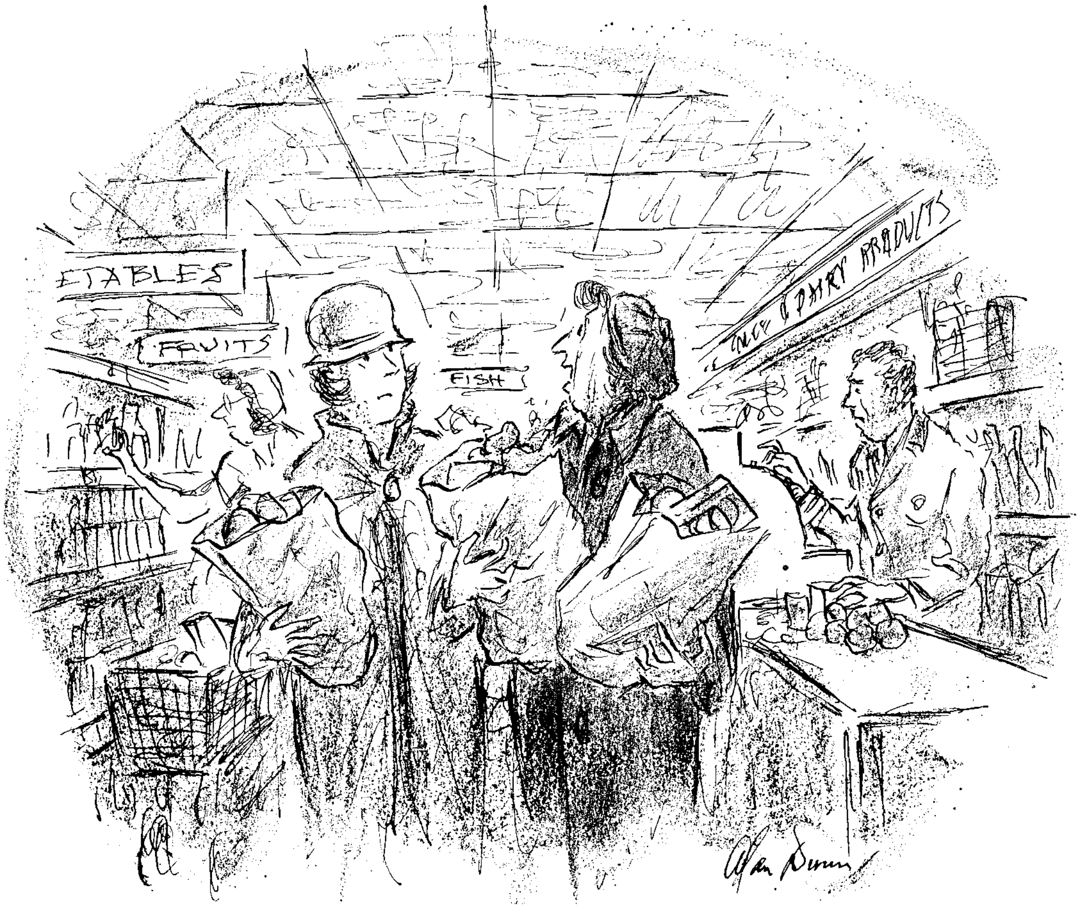
To and fro, to and fro in the gritty dust. I understand I am only a banal sound to the carnate tenants—those who so much as deign even to hear me. I am the creaking footsteps of Chester A. Arthur, and I resent it. He was about as drab as they come, I've always thought. Besides, he thinned out—attenuated—years ago. (You pass to another plane, according to one school of thought here, but that's mere speculation. At least you do dwindle and vanish, ultimately. Escape.) Of course, carnates love to fancy they have a big-name occupant. Hence Arthur. Well, I'm still Carter H. Price, as far as I know, and I do not relish this no doubt chastening experience. There are at least a dozen other discarnates in this building, and, next to Miles, I have the sleaziest assignment of the lot. *Why?* I've been chatting with some of my colleagues, but I'm told it's no use asking questions; you get as poor answers here as you got in the previous manifestation. We must do what we must, and that's that.

Still, I did pick up a few scraps. That Irish tugboat captain with the Mason jar half full of gin and the leprechaun hat is a talker. They're all talkers. The Village. The captain died of the apoplexy on a long-gone St. Patrick's Day, and he still doesn't know why he's here any more than I do. He thinks that, after all, this may turn out to be Purgatory—the best he could expect—but he can't be sure. He says that Miles is one of the waiting ones; they stay in a sort of suspension until they're recognized. Miles has been here a year. He doesn't know how he died. He doesn't know much of anything. He just waits. Well,



"Wondering where I am, aren't you, Kate?"

he can't have been waiting for *me* to recognize him. I knew him on sight—how, I can't guess. It's he who doesn't know me. And yet, he haunts me. This old house haunts me, changed as it is. Today, just wandering through, I went to the lower hall, and suddenly I could see an enormous silvery bicycle that once was allowed to stand there. And then I could see Miles guiding it down the street outside, the day he bought it. He was whistling "Onward, Christian Soldiers," with interpolated trills. *Fioriture.* The bicycle was dripping with all conceivable accessories. A tiny American flag was fluttering on its handlebars. The bike was for me, though only Miles and I in all the world could have believed that I was old enough to ride it. It's a pity an essentially kindhearted man should turn out to be worthless or worse. His ship was forever going to come in tomorrow. When I was a little boy, it was loaded with good things for me. He was generous—lavish when he could be. I really do not want to think about him.



"Forty-seven cents for frozen apple flip! I think Betty Furness is asleep at the switch."

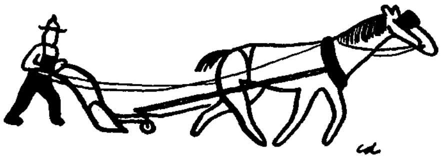
Yes, but the past swims up, as I suppose in this house it is bound to. I trudge to and fro, thinking. Could that be why I must walk here? To puzzle something out? For my mind goes to and fro like the rest of me, picking up fragments, memories, whether I want them or not. Grandma was plump and headlong, with blue eyes. She made Miles lie late in bed when he was home. He was her baby. He was named for a General Miles, a hero of Grandfather's, but Grandma said she had named him for Miles Standish, a good man badly used. Grandfather was small and wore spats and pearl-gray waistcoats. He was the soul of probity. Miles, always full of dubious schemes, was his sorrow. (Second-hand cars. Imitation diamonds. Mysterious absences on what he spoke of as "business." Oil. Beach property.) The family finally lost track of him, more or less with relief—except, I suppose, for Grandma. None of the other discarnates here (the captain, the juggler who always misses one Indian club in his act, the Italian restaurateur who whets a stiletto and weeps, the college boys who, in 1926, drove a Model T out on the Gansevoort Street pier and then straight on ahead)—none of them knows that Miles and I are kin, and I may as well let it lie. Perhaps I shouldn't reject my own flesh and blood, as Grandma would put it—probably even here. But why not? After all, I rejected him once before. . . . *Did* I? How so? And where would *that* remark have come from? It simply slipped out, and I don't know what I mean by it—unless, of course, it has something to do with the streetcar I last saw him on. Thirty years ago. It hardly seems possible. A Broadway streetcar rocking its way uptown through a spring twilight. I was eighteen and in love, as was the rule then. The twilight was violet. Agonizing. Miles was wearing a derby and a new little black mustache, and he was rather unhappy to see me. He was uneasy. Embarrassed, that's what he was. I can see that same violet evening again. I would just as soon not know what I meant a second ago, but I think I am going to find out.

YES, but the streetcar was only the aftermath of a night I am beginning to remember. I was on the upper West Side that time, too, in a Chinese pleasure dome I had somehow heard about. The Mandarin Palace Café—chop suey, deep curtains of red light, dancing. The management wasn't fussy about serving drinks to minors. There were six of us. We were slumming—my roommate and his cousin, and three girls a little older than I—and I was the only certified New Yorker. So we went to the Mandarin Palace, a den that entranced them on sight, and Uncle Miles was there. He was at the bar across the little dance floor from our table. He was with a couple of girls himself. My feet and hands turned cold. I tried to think of excuses to leave, but we had only just arrived and I was newly established as a worldling. The girls with Miles were facing the bar and he was between them with his back to it, his arms linked with theirs. They were all laughing. I thought he was drunk, but now I am sure he wasn't. He was almost always gay. "Onward, Christian Soldiers." He had his hat on. I hated my life. Of course he saw me. We hadn't met each other for some time, so recognition came slowly, but I was staring at him, and he saw me. He straightened up and freed his arms and began to smile. He looked overjoyed, in fact, and, as I see him now, full of excitement and—well—love. Yes, I see him. He comes toward us, and the music begins, and in a panic I hurry my friends out to the floor. "Cartie!" says Uncle Miles. "Why, *Cartie!*" And then I catch one puzzled look that turns rather awfully to comprehension before I nod and swing my girl away, and he goes on by, taking off his hat and trying to pretend that he had been on his way to the washroom all along. The others asked me about him, and I said he was just some nuisance who hung around the place, and we'd better go or he'd latch on to us for the night. We left before he came back.

The streetcar was close to a year later. Miles was on the front platform beside the motorman. I think he must have seen me inside, and stayed there to avoid me. I saw him and went out. I didn't mention the Mandarin Palace and neither did he. I really was happy to see him, and I guess I hoped that a little chat and chaffer—after all, I was his flesh and blood, and entitled to automatic pardons—would make that other evening nonexistent. But now I do not wonder that he was uneasy. Uneasy. He was humble—that's the word. He looked perky and dapper with his new mustache and his tilted derby, and he was predictably bound for what he said was a "business meeting," off in that twilit city, but he acted as if, in spite of himself, he might somehow be going to embarrass me again. I haven't seen him since until a week ago.

TWICE more around the clock, and here we are. Midnight plus moonlight. Optimum conditions. Miles stands patiently in his pale shaft, while I trudge to and fro. The girl with the flageolet went from Saint-Saëns to Debussy today without improvement. I will not speak to Miles. I will not walk over there and say who I am. It would serve no purpose—though all day long I have remembered his face as he crossed the dance floor. We are worlds apart. Mine has been the world of music. God knows what his may have been. Besides, I have no choice but to keep on pacing. I have been told that invisible pacers such as I can get no change of assignment until they hit on whatever they're supposed to figure out. The man with the duelling pistols told me so. I suppose he knows; he's been here a long while. He wears a black cape and a stovepipe hat, and he must search in vain for a fellow he killed by treachery.

Miles comes out of his moonbeam. How ragged he has let his mustache grow! He was always fastidious—pressed, his fingernails immaculate, and his neckties, well, they had flair. Not now. The one he's wearing is a string. But as he goes to his bucket, his step does have a hint of its old spring, and I can see him walking beside me in Central Park. I am ten, and he is extolling at length the value of education. Why, yes. I had forgotten how much we used to do together. We went on boat rides and to ball games, and we played catch in the street outside. Miles wasn't much good, but he tried. Once, he took me into a speakeasy, and a friend of his gave me a handful of pennies. Grandfather called it dirty money, but he let me keep it. Miles also gave me some money once, winking, and I played hooky and spent the day at Coney Island (as he had known I would), occasioning the lecture on education. He was always full of remorse after the fact.



That flute! That eternal flageolet downstairs in what used to be—yes—my bedroom, my hiding place and fort. But there is something besides scooped notes and monotony to its sound. It sticks with me almost as Miles does, and now I begin to remember something else. I remember myself in that

ON D. H. LAWRENCE AND HIS SNAKE

Newborn to brightness, free from his old skin
that rustled near him in the crinkling wind,
a huge bull blacksnake dozed where April's sun
poured warmth into a random cul-de-sac
of stones tipped vaguely from our orchard wall.

A boy in April, filled with April blood,
I saw him there and aped the hunter's crouch,
crept slowly near and slowly near, and then,
in primitive aggression, quick as snakes,
my hand leaped for his throat and grabbed him tight
and grabbed him tighter yet at his wild thresh.

His eyes remained sheer glints of anthracite,
unchanged, impassive, arrogant as bombs.
His tongue flicked out to taste my human voice,
his scutes bit gently at the sudden sweat
that lifted on my hand, and his long flesh
coiled blindly backward round my lower arm.

I had the snake. He was as much possessed
as any snake could ever be. I felt
his cold, dry anger squeeze around my skin,
I felt his muscles slide along their coils,
I looked into his black, slit-irised eyes
and held his head beyond my wincing fist.

I had him purely in my grasp, and then,
with care and by the purest choice, I leaned
and dropped him sideways down and free. He whirled
his hurdled length pell-mell along itself
down into granite chambers while I stood
in the green whelm of April.

And I knew,
come fresh from his long verse three days before,
that Lawrence talked too subtly of the snake
he learned to call a king (too late! too late!)
as it was sipping at the water trough.
He never truly knew that snake as snake;
he never held it in outrageous hands,
forcing its jaws to mouth the empty air,
nor ever, as he thought, gave his dark king
the deepest insult one can offer kings,
letting it go unhurt to its dark earth.

—John Bennett

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room playing a more usual sort of flute. It belonged to Miles. I must say he played it quite sweetly himself, just as he played the piano, casually and with charm. He would talk to me while the light chords wandered on, *and* the melodies that he seldom finished, telling me of the exploits of his youth: of his running off to the Army, and his all but successful pursuit of Pancho Villa; of his brief career as a welterweight ("Boxing is a brutal sport. Keep away from it"); of the concerts he had given on the Chautauqua circuit; and more—none of it true, although I didn't know it. Then he would speak of his newest fine plan without ever quite divulging it. He would tell me only what he "felt at liberty" to tell. And before the end he always conjured up the soaring image of the flautist I was to become, while I revelled in the thought. The world of music. "Don't neglect practice," he would say. "Don't be like me."

He was full of earnest advice and sudden little sermons when I was in the vicinity. Well, they were certainly out of character, to say the least, and rather unbecoming. Perhaps he thought he had a duty to the fatherless boy in the house. He did promise to give me a hundred dollars if I reached the age of twenty-one without smoking ("Don't be like me"), and I did, as a matter of fact, but Miles wasn't there to make good. Perhaps he really cared how I turned out. Come, *come!* He did that sort of thing for the family's benefit, as often as not. To ingratiate himself. To show that he was a good citizen after all. This building is in a fair way to turn me sentimental! But I do suddenly wonder how much he had to do with the fits that came on me later. By the time I was fifteen, there was nothing in life I wanted so much as to play the piano. The Beethoven sonatas. In the concert halls of the world, of course, and on Red Seal records. For a while, I practiced enough to please even Miles, if he had known of it. Later, I took up the violin with equivalent fervor. Onward. To the edge of the world of music—the very edge.

Yes, onward. I think Miles must have had one march or another playing permanently in the back of his head. He must always have seen himself marching as to war and never fighting. His wars were going to be dressy ones, with uniforms, and fifes and drums, and he was a sure winner in advance. And once he won, he would, as part of the treaty, mend his ways. Something like that. I should be able to understand it, I suppose. There's a touch of the same thing in me, or there used to be—things like the flute, and then the piano, and then the violin. My little wars. I might have had some talent—I truly might—but music is hard. I know. I have all but lived my adult life among musicians.

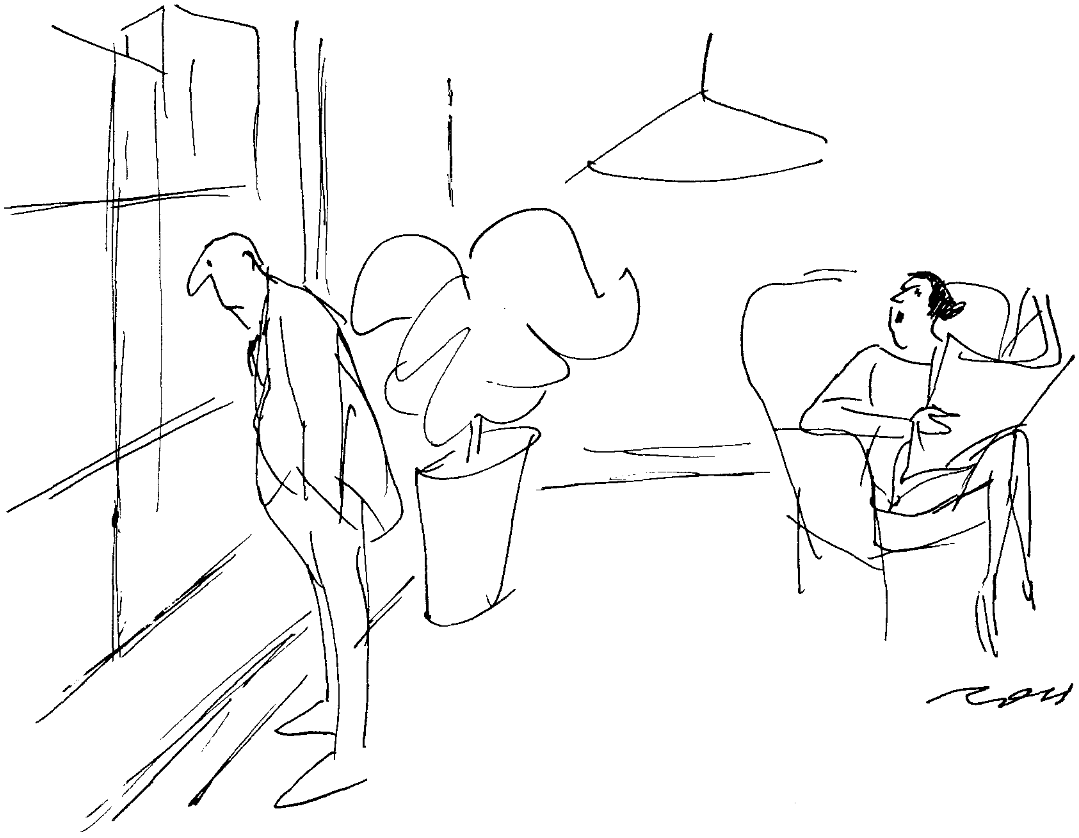
Now, abruptly, Miles is gone. My stint is about to end. Goodbye, Chester A. Arthur. Tomorrow, same time, same footfalls. I think I would like to go through the house quickly, starting with the front hall. I feel as if the trip might help me with my pacing, the end of which I may already have glimpsed. Well—down in the hall so soon. I'd forgotten we could do that. I suppose there do have to be some compensations.

The house is still. The alcove where my bicycle stood embraces a rubber plant. In the dimness, the first-floor rooms seem almost as they once were. A picture of a stag at bay hung on the wall, here. Grandma had a cabinet full of knickknacks in that corner. I wasn't allowed to play with them. Now I seem to be in what was the second parlor, and I think I will just stay in it for a while. I feel compelled to stay, much as I am compelled to pace upstairs. The moon, which moved away a while ago from the aperture over Miles, is edging in. The piano was in this room. I have practiced here a hundred times, but now I hear nothing but an easy tinkling while Miles spins his fancies, fore and aft, for himself and me.

I suppose it would be only decent to tell him who I am when I see him tonight. Perhaps he really did want to bring me up, though now I rather think he may have seen me more as his own second chance. Oh dear! Well, he didn't exactly get it, did he? He went about his business by twilight, and I stayed safely on the fringes of mine. In spite of his admonition, I have been like him. In many ways. We had a good time dreaming, but that is not at all the picture I have had of him or me.

Now there is a little stir against the moonlight. Miles is coming toward me. His step is light. His mustache is trim. His tie is a glory. "Why, *hello*, Cartie," he says. "I haven't seen *you* for a while."

—Robert Henderson



"If your scurrying around makes sense, then maybe their scurrying around makes sense."

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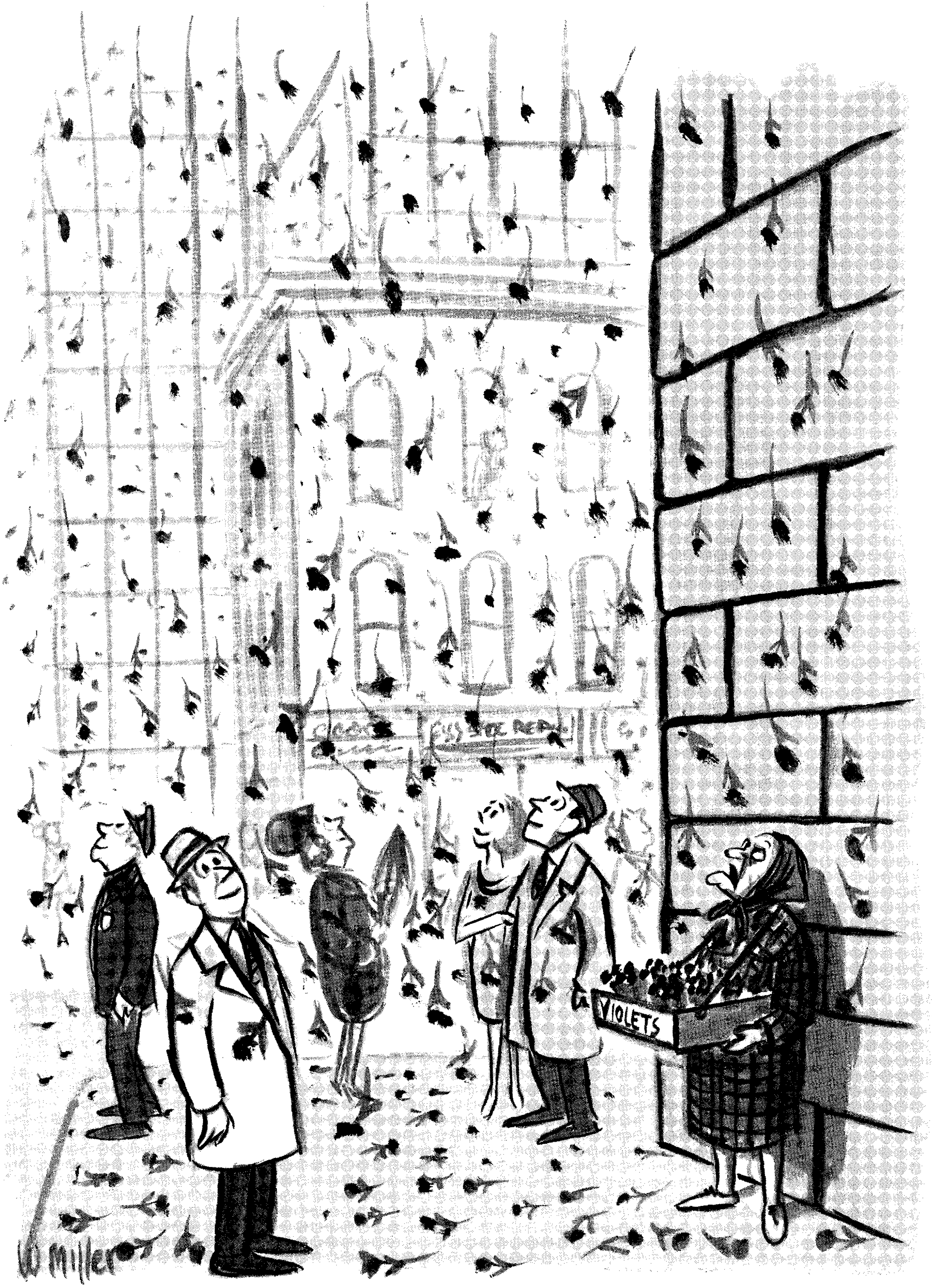
All four of these students speak the English language very good to have been in this country for such a short time.—*Cocoa (Fla.) Tribune.*

Picked it up reading the papers, probably.


VIOLETS
W Miller

"Oh, pshaw! Everything happens to me!"

THE NIGHT FACE UP

HALFWAY down the long hotel vestibule, he thought that probably he was going to be late, and hurried on into the street to get out his motorcycle from the corner where the next-door superintendent let him keep it. On the jewelry store at the corner, he read that it was ten to nine; he had time to spare. The sun filtered through the tall downtown buildings, and he—for himself, for just going along thinking, he did not have a name—he swung onto the machine, savoring the idea of the ride. The motor whirred between his legs, and a cool wind whipped his pants legs.

He let the Ministries zip past (the pink, the white), and a series of stores on the main street, their windows flashing. Now he was beginning the most pleasant part of the run, the real ride: a long street bordered with trees, with spacious villas whose gardens rambled all the way down to the sidewalks, which were barely indicated by low hedges. There was very little traffic. A bit inattentive perhaps, but tooling along on the right side of the street, he allowed himself to be carried away by the freshness, by the weightless contraction of this hardly begun day. This involuntary relaxation, possibly, kept him from preventing the accident. When he saw that the woman standing on the corner had rushed into the crosswalk while he still had the green light, it was already late for a simple solution. He braked hard with foot and hand, wrenching himself to the left; he heard the woman scream, and at the collision his vision went. It was like falling asleep all at once.

He came to abruptly. Four or five young men were getting him out from under the cycle. He felt the taste of salt and blood, one knee hurt, and when they hoisted him up he yelped; he couldn't bear the pressure on his right arm. Voices that did not seem connected to the faces hanging above him encouraged him cheerfully with jokes and assurances. His only comfort was to hear someone confirm that the lights indeed had been in his favor. He asked about the woman, trying to keep down the nausea edging into his throat. While they carried him face up to a shop nearby, he learned that she had got only a few scrapes on the legs. "Nah, you barely got her at all, but when ya hit, the impact made the machine jump and flop on its side. . . ." Opinions, recollections of other smashups, take it easy, work him in shoulders first, there, that's fine, and someone in a dustcoat giving him a swallow of something soothing in the shadowy interior of the small local pharmacy.

Within five minutes, the police ambulance arrived, and they lifted him onto a cushioned stretcher. It was a relief for him to be able to lie out flat. Lucid, but realizing that he was still suffering the effects of shock, he gave his information to the officer riding in the ambulance with him. The arm almost didn't hurt; blood dripped down from a cut over one eyebrow all over his face. He licked his lips once or twice to drink it. He felt pretty good. It had been an accident—tough luck. Stay quiet a few weeks, nothing worse. The guard said that the motorcycle didn't seem badly racked up. "Why should it?" he said. "It all landed on top of me." They both laughed, and when they got to the hospital the guard shook his hand and wished him luck. Now the nausea was coming back a little; meanwhile, hospital attendants were pushing him on a wheeled stretcher toward a pavilion farther back, rolling along under trees full of birds; he shut his eyes and wished he were asleep or chloroformed. But they kept him for a good while in a room with that hospital smell, filling out a form, getting his clothes off, and dressing him in a stiff, grayish smock. They moved his arm carefully—it didn't hurt him. The nurses were making wisecracks the whole time, and if it hadn't been for the stomach contractions he would have felt fine, almost happy.

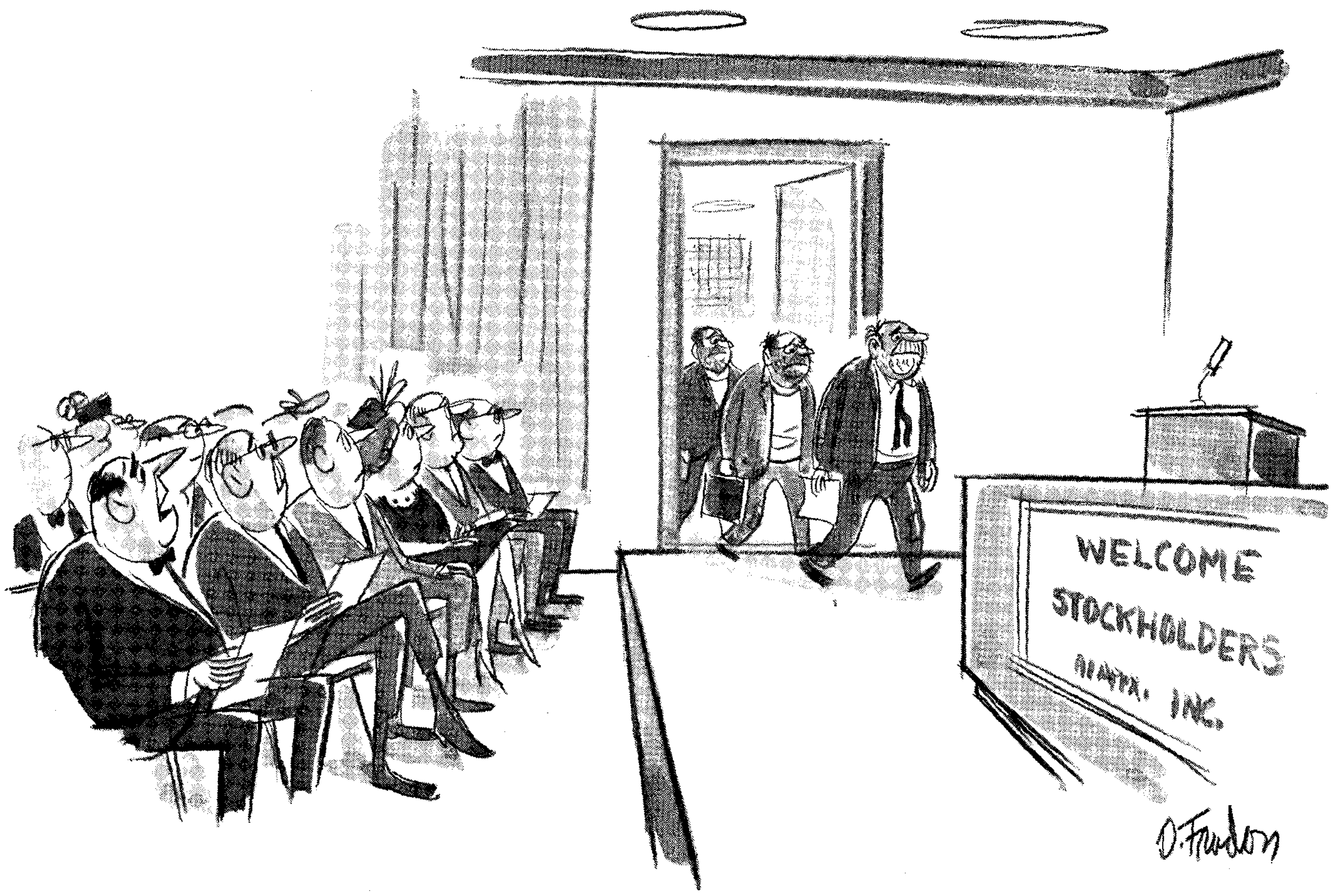
They got him over to X-ray, and twenty minutes later, with the still damp negative lying on his chest like a black tombstone, they wheeled him into surgery. Someone tall and thin in white came over and began to study the X-ray. A woman's hands were arranging his head, he felt himself being moved from one stretcher to another. The man in white came over to him again, smiling; something gleamed in his right hand. He patted his cheek and made a sign to someone stationed behind.

IT was unusual for a dream, because it was full of smells and he never dreamed smells. First a marshy smell—there to the left of the narrow trail where the swamps began, the quaking bogs from which no one ever returned. But the reek lifted, and was replaced by a dark, fresh composite fragrance, like the night under which he moved, in flight from the Aztecs. And it was all so natural. He had to run from the Aztecs, who had set out on their manhunt—the war of the blossom, the ritual war when they took their prisoners—and his sole chance was to find a place to hide in the deepest part of the forest, taking care not to lose the trail that only they, the Motecas, knew.

What tormented him most was the new odor, as though, even in the absolute acceptance of the dream, something in him resisted, something which up to that point had hesitated to enter the game. It smells of war, he thought, his hand going instinctively to the stone knife that was tucked at an angle into his girdle of coarse wool. An unexpected sound made him crouch suddenly stock-still and shaking. To be afraid was nothing strange; there was plenty of fear in his dreams. He waited, covered by the branches of a shrub and the starless night. Far off—probably on the other side of the big lake—they'd be lighting the bivouac fires; that part of the sky had a reddish glare. The sound was not repeated. It had been like a snapped limb. Maybe an animal that, like himself, was escaping from the smell of war. He stood erect slowly, sniffing the air. Not a sound could be heard, but the fear was still following, and so was the smell, that cloying incense of the war of the blossom. He had to press forward, to stay out of the bogs and get to the heart of the forest. Groping uncertainly through the dark, stooping every other moment to touch the packed earth of the trail, he took a few steps. He would have liked to break into a run, but the gurgling fens lapped on either side of him. On the path and in darkness, he took his bearings. Then he caught a blast of the heavy smell he was most afraid of, and leaped forward desperately.

"YOU'RE going to fall off the bed," the patient next to him said. "Stop bouncing around, old buddy."

He opened his eyes and it was after-



"Oh-oh! I don't like the looks of this!"

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noon, the sun already low in the oversized windows of the long ward. While trying to smile at his neighbor, he detached himself almost physically from the scene of the nightmare. His arm, in a plaster cast, hung suspended from an apparatus with weights and pulleys. He felt thirsty, as though he'd been running for miles, but when he asked for water they gave him barely enough to make a mouthful. The fever was edging up slowly and he would have been able to sleep again, but he was enjoying the pleasure of keeping awake, eyes half closed, listening to the other patients' conversation, answering a question from time to time. He saw a little white pushcart come up beside the bed. A blond nurse rubbed the front of his thigh with alcohol and stuck him with a fat needle connected to a tube that ran up to a bottle filled with a milky, opalescent liquid. A young interne arrived with some metal and leather apparatus, which he adjusted to fit onto the good arm to check something or other. Night fell, and the fever gained, dragging him down softly to a state in which things were seen as through opera glasses; they were real and soft, and at the same time vaguely distasteful. It was like sitting in a boring movie and thinking, Well, still, it'd be worse out in the street, and staying.

A wonderful cup of golden broth came, smelling of leeks, celery, and parsley. A small hunk of bread, precious as a whole banquet, grew smaller and disappeared. His arm hardly hurt him at all, and only in the eyebrow where they'd taken stitches a quick, hot pain sizzled occasionally. When the big windows across the way turned to smudges of dark blue, he thought it would not be difficult for him to sleep. Still on his back, so a little uncomfortable, running his tongue out over his hot, dry lips, he tasted the broth still, and with a sigh of content he let himself drift off.

FIRST there was a confusion, as if all his sensations—for that moment, blunted or muddled—were being drawn into himself. He realized that he was running in pitch-darkness, although above, the sky crisscrossed with treetops was less black than the rest. The trail, he thought. I've got off the trail. His feet sank into a bed of leaves and mud, and then he couldn't take a step that the branches of shrubs did not whiplash his ribs and legs. Out of breath, knowing despite the darkness and silence that he was surrounded, he crouched down to listen. Maybe the trail was very near—with the first daylight he would be able to see it again—but for the moment nothing could help him find it. The hand that had unconsciously gripped the haft of the stone knife climbed like a fen scorpion up to his neck where the protecting amulet hung. Barely moving his lips, he mumbled the supplication of the corn, which brings about the beneficent moons, and the prayer to Her Very Highness, to the distributor of all Motecan possessions. At the same time, he felt his ankles sinking deeper into the mud, and the waiting in the darkness of the obscure grove of live oak grew intolerable. The war of the blossom had started at the beginning of the moon and had been going on for three days and three nights now. If he managed to hide in the depths of the forest, getting off the trail farther up past the marsh country, perhaps the warriors wouldn't follow his track. He thought of the many prisoners they'd already taken. But the number didn't count, only the consecrated period. The hunt would continue until the priests gave the sign to return. Everything had its number and its limit, and was still within the sacred period, and he on the other side from the hunters.

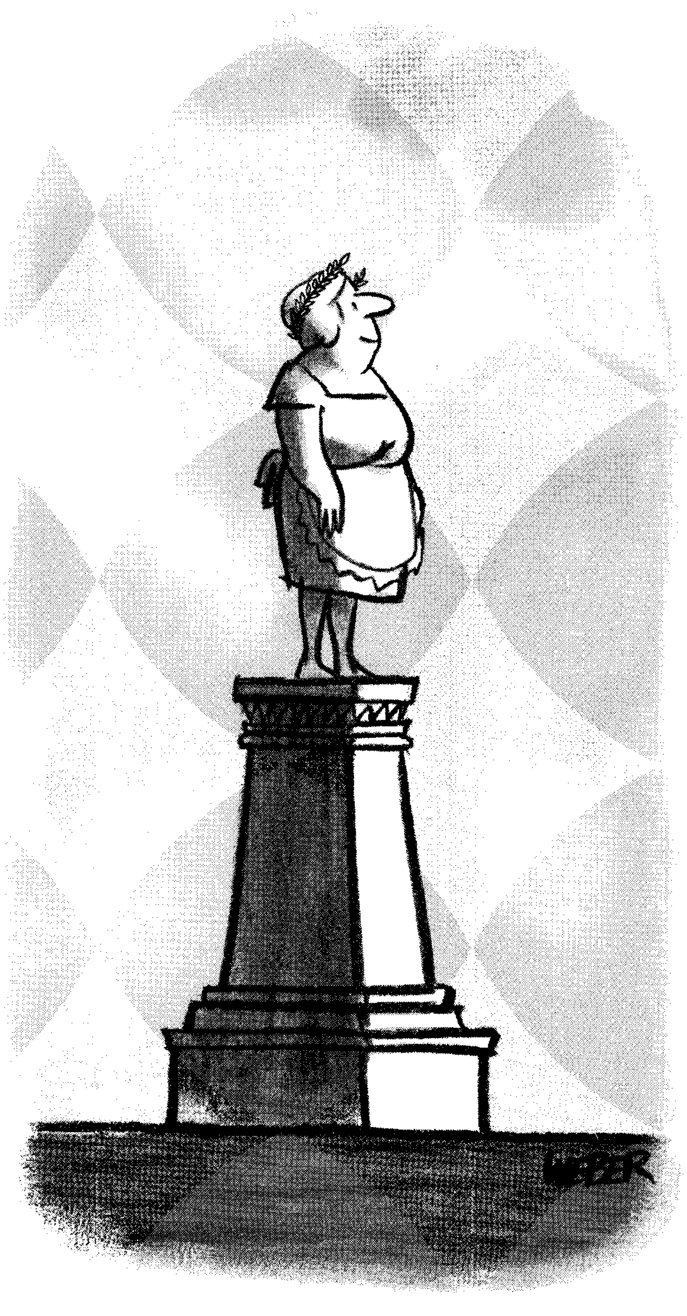
He heard the cries and leaped up, knife in hand. As if the sky were aflame on the horizon, he saw torches moving among the branches, very near him. The smell of war was unbearable, and when the first enemy jumped him, leaped at his throat, he felt an almost pleasure in sinking the stone blade flat to the haft into his chest. The lights were already around him, the happy cries. He managed to cut the air once or twice, then a rope snared him from behind.

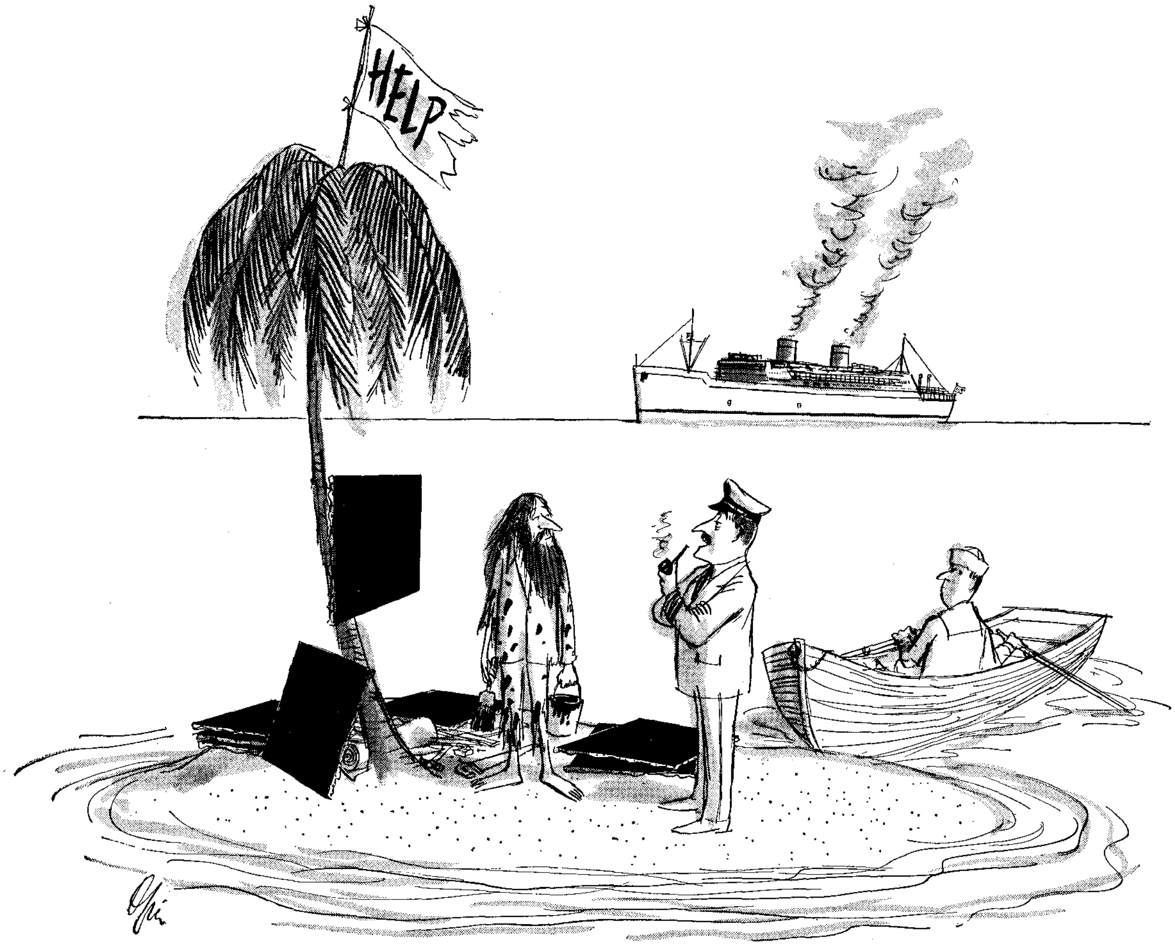
"IT'S the fever," the man in the next bed said. "The same thing happened to me when they operated on my duodenum. Take some water—you'll see, you'll sleep all right."

Laid next to the night from which he came back, the tepid shadow of the ward seemed delicious to him. A violet lamp kept watch high on the far wall like a guardian eye. You could hear coughing, deep breathing, once in a while a conversation in whispers. Everything was pleasant and secure, without the chase, no . . . But he didn't want to go on thinking about the nightmare. There were lots of things to amuse himself with. He began to look at the cast on his arm, and the pulleys that held it so comfortably in the air. They'd left a bottle of mineral water on the night table beside him. He put the neck of the bottle to his mouth and gulped it almost greedily. He could now make out the different shapes in the ward—the thirty beds, the closets with glass doors. He guessed that his fever was down; his face felt cool. The cut over the eyebrow barely hurt at all, no more than a recollection. He saw himself leaving the hotel again, wheeling out the cycle. Who'd have thought that it would end like this? He tried to fix the moment of the accident exactly, and it made him very angry to find a void there, an emptiness he could not manage to fill. Between the impact and the moment that they picked him up off the pavement—the passing out or whatever went on—there was nothing he could see. And yet he had the feeling that this void, this nothingness, had lasted an eternity. No, not time so much; more as if, in this void, he had passed across something, or had run back immense distances. The shock, the brutal crack against the pavement. Anyway, he had felt a flood of relief in coming out of the black pit while the people were lifting him off the ground. With pain in the broken arm, blood from the split eyebrow, scrape on the knee—with all that, a relief in returning to daylight, to the day, in feeling sustained and attended. That was weird. Someday he'd ask the doctor at the office about that. Now sleep began to take over again, to pull him slowly down. The pillow was so soft, and the coolness of the mineral water in his fevered throat. The violet light of the lamp up there was beginning to get dimmer and dimmer.

AS he was sleeping on his back, the position in which he came to did not surprise him, but on the other hand the damp smell, the smell of oozing rock, blocked his throat and forced him to understand. Open the eyes and look in all directions: hopeless. He was surrounded by an absolute darkness. Tried to get up and felt ropes pinning his wrists and ankles. He was staked to the ground on a floor of dank, icy stone slabs. The cold bit into his naked back, his legs. Dully, he tried to touch the amulet with his chin and found they had stripped him of it. Now he was lost, no prayer could save him from the final . . . From far off, as though filtering through the rock of the dungeon, he heard the great kettledrums of the feast. They had carried him to the temple, he was in the underground cells of Teocalli itself, awaiting his turn.

He heard a yell, a hoarse yell that rocked off the walls. Another yell, ending in a moan. It was he who was screaming in the darkness, he was screaming because he was alive; his whole body with that cry fended off what was coming, the inevitable end. He thought of his friends filling up the other dungeons, and of those already walking up the stairs of the sacrifice. He uttered another choked cry. He could hardly open his mouth—his jaws were twisted back as if with a rope and a stick, and once in a while they would open slowly with an endless exertion, as if they were made of rubber. The creaking of wooden latches jolted him like a whip. Writhing, he fought to rid himself of the cords sinking into his flesh. His right arm, the stronger one, strained until the pain became unbearable and he had to give up. He watched the double door open, and the smell of the torches reached him before the light did. Barely girdled by ceremonial loincloths, the priests' acolytes moved in his di-





"Nice, but derivative."

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rection, looking at him with contempt. Lights reflected off the sweaty torsos and off the black hair dressed with feathers. The cords went slack, and in their place the grappling of hot hands, hard as bronze; he felt himself lifted, still face up, and jerked along by the four acolytes who carried him down the passageway. The torchbearers went ahead, indistinctly lighting up the corridor, with its dripping walls and a ceiling so low that the acolytes had to duck their heads. Now they were taking him out, taking him out—it was the end. Face up, under a mile of living rock that, for a succession of moments, was lit up by a glimmer of torchlight. When the stars came out up there instead of the roof, and the great terraced steps rose before him, on fire with cries and dances, it would be the end. The passage was never going to end, but now it was beginning to end—he would see suddenly the open sky full of stars, but not yet; they trundled him along endlessly in the reddish shadow, hauling him roughly along and he did not want that, but how to stop it if they had torn off the amulet, his real heart, the life center.

In a single jump, he came out into the hospital night, to the high, gentle, bare ceiling, to the soft shadow wrapping him round. He thought he must have cried out, but his neighbors were peacefully snoring. There were bubbles on the sides of the bottle on the night table. It made a translucent shape against the dark azure shadow of the windows. He panted, looking for some relief for his lungs, oblivion for those images still glued to his eyelids. Each time he shut his eyes, he saw them take shape instantly, and he sat up, completely wrung out, but savoring at the same time the certainty that now he was awake, that the night nurse would answer if he rang, that soon it would be daybreak, with the good, deep sleep he usually had at that hour, no images, nothing. . . . It was difficult to keep his eyes open; the drowsiness was more powerful than he. He made one last effort, sketched a gesture toward the bottle of water with his good hand and did not manage to reach it—his fingers closed again on a black emptiness, and the passageway went on endlessly, rock after rock, with momentary ruddy flares, and face up he choked out a dull moan because the roof was about to end, it rose, was opening like a mouth of shadow, and the acolytes straightened up, and from on high a waning moon fell on a face whose eyes wanted not to see it, were closing and opening desperately, trying to find again the bare, protecting ceiling of the ward, to get to the other side. And every time, it was night and the moon, while they climbed the great terraced steps, his head hanging down backward now, and up at the top were bonfires, red columns of perfumed smoke, and suddenly he saw the red stone, shiny with the blood dripping off it, and the spinning arcs cut by the feet of the victim whom they pulled off and threw rolling down the north steps. With a last hope, he shut his lids tightly, moaning to wake up. For a second he thought he had got there, because once more he was immobile in the bed except that his head was hanging down off it, swinging. But he smelled death, and when he opened his eyes he saw the blood-soaked figure of the executioner-priest coming toward him with the stone knife in his hand. He managed to close his eyelids again, although he knew now he was not going to wake up, that he was awake, that the marvellous dream had been the other, absurd as all dreams are—a dream in which he was going through the strange avenues of an astonishing city, with green and red lights that burned without fire or smoke, on an enormous metal insect that whirred away between his legs. In the infinite lie of the dream, they had also picked him up off the ground, someone had approached him also with a knife in his hand, approached him who was lying face up, face up with his eyes closed between the bonfires on the steps.

—JULIO CORTÁZAR

(*Translated from the Spanish by Paul Blackburn.*)

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WHITE PLAINS. Top area. Beautiful 4 bedrm Col + 2 rm teen-age suite . . . Mod eat-in kitch . . . Floorless con. $39,-500. Will not last!—*Adv. in the Times.*

Well, let's *hope* it won't!

THE PEPPER TRICK

THE lady that called herself by the name of Albirda kept coming back. Four different times Thomas took her home, way out beyond Pleasant Hills, and from there she kept on coming back, packing the little child nobody knew who the father of was and walking all the way. "Well," Thomas would say, "what's the use of you doing this when you know I am going to turn you around and carry you home again?" But it looked like she didn't hear—she kept on coming.

"I am about going to have to try some kind of a trick on this lady," Thomas said to himself in between times, when she was gone and he was alone in his little house by the road to Pleasant Hills. "She's headed back." And he would put his cheek to the window glass of his front window and hold his breath to feel whether the road was throwing up some notice of her stepping, stepping—but even when the pane was perfectly still it didn't show anything for sure. She might be too far away yet to tell.

Some people tried to make their friends eat lye—he had heard of that. And Clorox. But of all the tricks he could call to mind the only one that seemed to suit this particular lady was the pepper trick. She meant no harm, didn't *do* any harm—just knocked, carrying the baby, and if he asked her in to sit she thanked him and did, and if he told her all the chairs were busy she just stood up in the front room and smiled some until he couldn't put up with it any longer and drove her home. Pepper would be about the worst thing a man would be willing to try on such a lady, with the behaving kind of ways she had. But he was obliged to do something to make her leave him be to where he could call home home again and everything would settle down like it was before—he could content himself as he saw fit with the porch or the fire without the undue kind of company this lady was.

Thomas liked to go in town to the café on Friday and eat dinner there. It took a good bit of money, but he was signed up—could count on his old-age and the other little check for the rest of his days if there was anything to what the government said. They had catfish on Friday, river caught and so fresh a man could almost feel it jump inside his mouth. "Catfish Today" was hanging on a sign up in the café window. The sign swayed back and forth when the café door blew it and sometimes turned clear backward and showed it was carved out of a pasteboard box. With the helping of fish, fried in hot oil after they dipped it in cornmeal, were some nice white beans and mashed potatoes, hot—just the right thing for an old man seventy-five's stomach if he went at it easy and watched for bones. And sitting up there as handy as you please behind the plate of dinner was the black pepper in a can. Thomas waited until the café man came with his counter-wiping rag and began to slick the oilcloth. "Do you put such a dinner as this one I am eating up to go?" he asked. "Could I bring my plate from home?"

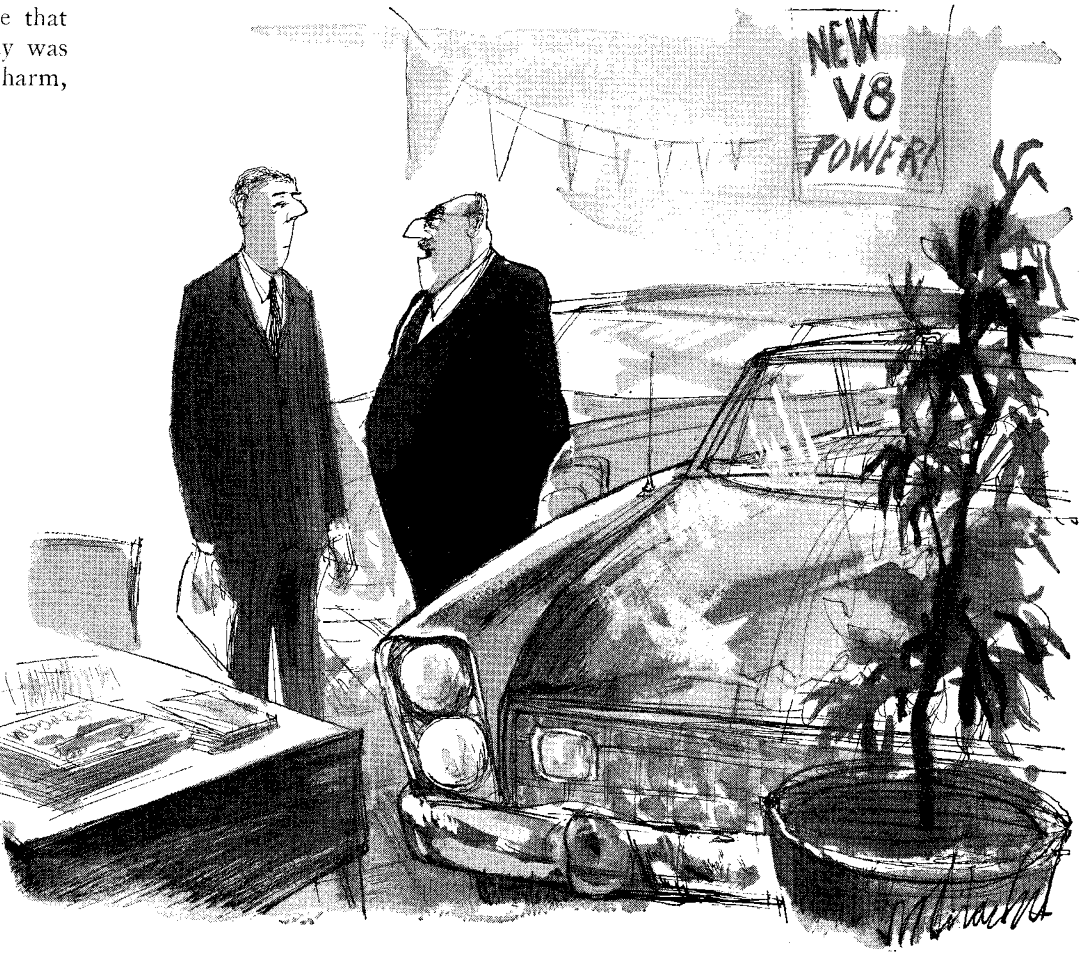
"We have plastic plates," the café man answered in a biggety way, like he believed Thomas was too old to know what they did nowadays. "That's the way we fix it to go and the price is the same, extra salt included."

Thomas didn't like the way the café man acted, but that was outside the case. "Well, ain't that nice," he said. "Pepper too, I reckon?"

"Yes *sir*," the fellow said. "There's no charge for any kind of seasoning."

"Now," said Thomas to himself. "Now then." And he put three quarters on the counter for the dinner and a nickel to the café man for straightening out. Everything was pretty well settled like it stood as to what he'd do the next time a certain lady came along and knocked at a certain door. He had been this way all his life—thought ahead, set plans, then let time turn them solid. Wise. Time is what you can't fool with too much or tantalize. Let her come now *when* she comes. He was ready.

BY Saturday morning a hard wind was blowing. Lightning shot through the woods and rain was about to start any minute. He tested the pane and it said so. Other various warnings he went by said so too. And directly he heard the hound dog, Ordain, begin to bark. When he let the lady in Thomas noticed that she was mighty wrapped up, even for a day as cold as



"When they start talking about safety, you start talking about genuine double-seam leather upholstery."

this one, and unsteady on her feet. To make matters worse, Ordain tried to get in by running between the lady's legs and he had to catch her to help her get uprighted.

"Good morning to you, Ma'am," Thomas said, "and to whatever name you call it by who's with you," and he set a chair for her in front of the fire and watched her take off one coat after another until she shed the baby and sat it up on her knee like they were finally home.

"It's getting worse," the lady Albirda said. "I didn't think we'd make it here ahead of the rain."

"Maybe I am out of line," Thomas told her, "letting you in for the sake of kindness. Giving you notions, maybe. My people raised me to know how to act, but not everybody knows and I want to find out do *you* know. Why do you pick this house like you had a right to be here?"

"We was just going by," she said, "headed on further, but you had let us in before."

He bowed, angry with her foxy ways. "Headed on further? Headed where?"

"It's mighty cold," she said, but in a dreading voice, like she knew that he was angry.

"That depends. If a party stays where they are at on a day like this, it ain't that cold. If a party sets out to ramble and with a baby to worry with, it might be cold. I can't stand a witness to what I don't know myself first hand."

"I'm sorry that we bothered you," the lady said. And the way she had of being so nice made him sting like it was summer. She thought he would give over to her. Sooner or later—that was it—she saw herself a wife. Now here she was saying she was sorry and not making a move to get up.

"If you are a man," he said, "you have business. And business is something that will never let you rest. Here I have some company this morning—we'll call it company even if there is another light that could be thrown on it. But I've got to leave and go to town."

"Please sir, don't even worry about such a thing as that," the lady said. "Leaving us, I mean. We'll be fine."

He got his jacket from the hook on the door and started to put it on. The lady Albirda was a liar. Just going by. Sorry to cause bother. You couldn't treat her this good and expect to ever be rid of her. She was looking at his shelf now, studying a can of molasses if you don't mind, that he had left a spoon on top of.

"Could it have a little sweetening?" she asked, pumping up the baby on her lap and turning her dark face to its face. "Say 'Please sir, Mr. Thomas.' "

"What's that for?" he asked her, using a false high voice to mock the baby. "Ain't it already according to your way of thinking sweet?"

She smiled over the joke and opened the can with the tail of the spoon and dipped out a little and put it to the baby's mouth, but it jerked away like it was snakebit. The next minute, though, as soon as it caught the taste of the sweetening, its eyes brightened up and it was after more.

"Do you have any work that I could do for you?" the lady asked. "Whilst you're attending to the business."

"No Ma'am. The only reason you see these wet clothes hanging on the bed and places is I wasn't anticipating any company. Hadn't remembered inviting any. I keep up my own self. That's how it stands. I don't want to owe the difference, if you can see how my mind is trending."

She understood now, he could tell, because she pulled the baby up to her and put the lid on the molasses and looked right into the fire. Her face was too big for the rest of her and a grayish black. Her eyes looked like the hound Ordain's—like they had the same kind of waiting spirit that they closed off from sight now and then by batting them.

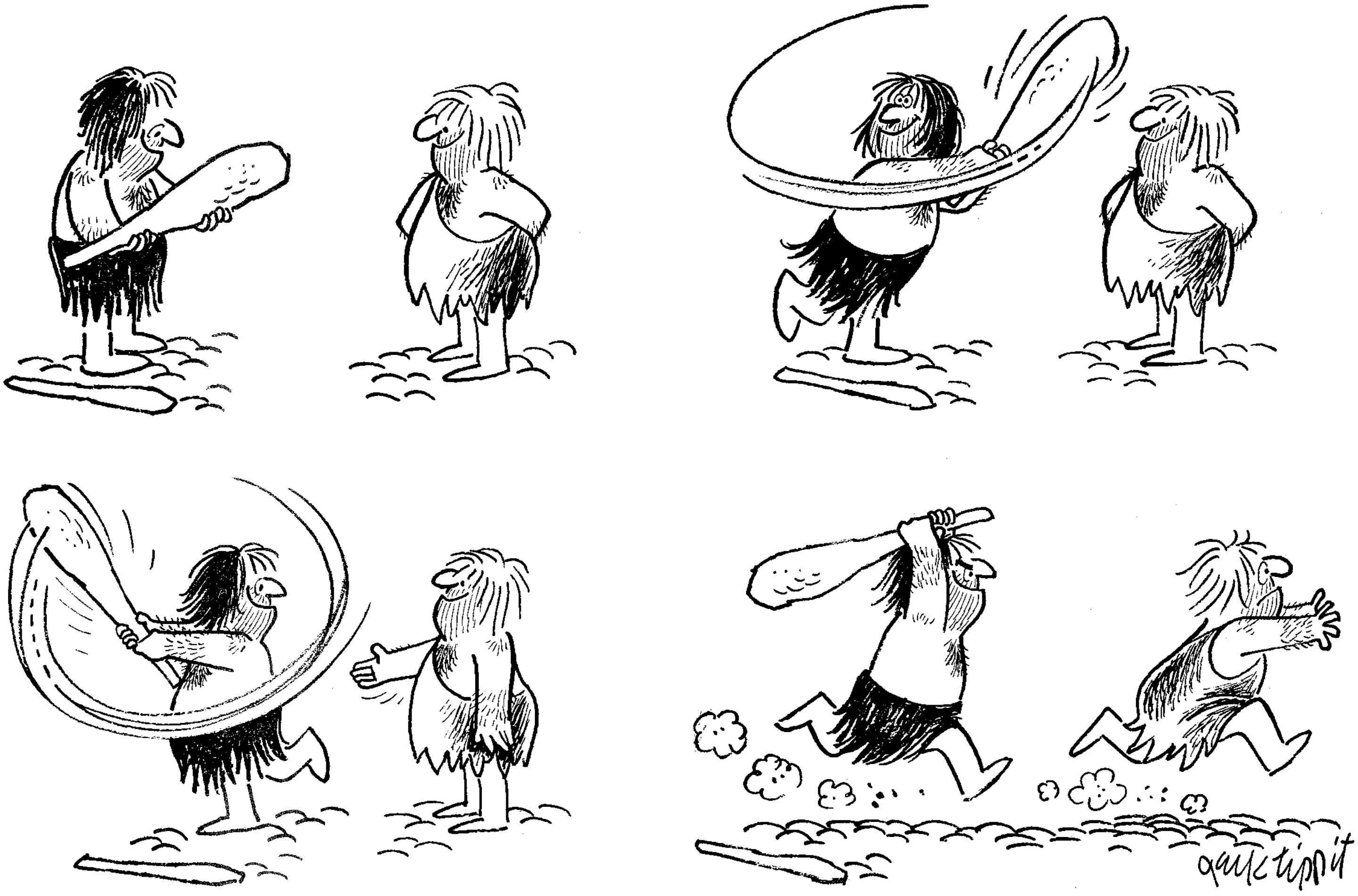
"Well," the lady said, "if that's how it is, but people all over have it I can steady work."

He laughed. "That's what they think, is it, all over? Why haven't some of them called you then? Why do you keep on coming back here when I don't need anything did?" And he buttoned the top button of his jacket and went out into the cold.

All the way to town the wind kept howling around the truck, gusting in at the breaks in the door fittings. Thomas thought about the lady Albirda sitting up in his house without any right to be there. "Now ain't that terrible," he asked himself, "when a man can't have a nice old age without somebody running up in his house and trying to take it over? No peace. No peace anyplace you try to find it." And he reminded himself to count the money in the wall behind his mother's picture after he got the lady tricked and back at Pleasant Hills.

While the café man was attending to something in the back, Thomas took the pepper can and raised each part of the dinner he had ordered and poured the pepper on the plastic plate. When he finished the can was empty, but there was not a speck showing on the top, where she could notice it. "Bless gracious, too much seasoning for you, now you know, ain't that too bad," he would say, and carry her home coughing and choked up enough to keep her there awhile. Later he could use the food little by little, spacing it out with bread, and nothing would be wasted.

AS soon as he opened his own door, he saw that the lady had cleaned up. It looked like a different house—like there was more room—and the air was fresher smelling. The baby was asleep in the middle of the bed, full of molasses most likely, and the lady Albirda was mending a sock—the boot socks he liked to hunt in that had had a bad hole so long he had thought of throwing them in the fire.



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"I'll take you on home now," he said, "but I brought you a plate of dinner from the café. Here it is."

The lady put down the sock after she had tucked the needle to the top where he could find it, and stood up to take the plate. She smiled while he got her a fork and then took the same chair, bowing her head and closing her eyes. He supposed she called herself saying the blessing. He had hated to think of the face she might make and the mess if she threw the plate on the floor, but no, she ate very slow but right on like she didn't even taste the pepper. Tears were running down her cheeks when she was through, but she had eaten it all, every bite, and the pepper was all gone too. The plastic plate was clean. Then she got up and began putting on her sweaters and coats, some of them just rags, like to go.

"Look here," Thomas said, "you can't continue on like this. You ought to make somebody own up to this child or else get with it on the welfare."

"It will be bigger after while," the lady said, "and lots of people don't mind if you bring one if you do hoe work. That's what I mainly do." Her eyes were still running from the pepper trick, but she didn't show any disrespect—only the same way of acting—and wrapped the baby in her inside coats.

The lady Albirda didn't say a word on the cold drive to Pleasant Hills. He let her out at the landmark magnolia, where she had said to each time before, and she stood like she had the other times, looking at him turn the truck around. "It's commencing to rain," he hollered to her. "Tell me where your true house is and I'll take you all the way."

But the lady didn't say anything back, just smiled the question off and changed the baby's weight against her stomach.

It was all a man could do. He touched the brim of his hat and rolled back up the window. And the first thing he knew he had lost sight of his own self travelling in the truck and started wondering if the lady maybe didn't *have* a house—just walked in between where she had none at one end to where she had none at the other end. And he thought about the sock. When he drove up into the front yard there was Ordain, looking out from under the house, and he knew he needed a drink of whiskey and some first-class rest because for just a minute he believed the lady had beat him back. —Berry Morgan

• •

THE COMMITTEE

Black and serious, they are dropping down one by one to the top of the walnut tree.
It is spring and the bare branches are right for a conversation.
The sap has not risen yet, but those branches will always be bare
Up there, crooked with ebbed life lost now, like a legal argument.

They shift a bit as they settle into place.
Once in a while one says something, but the answer is always the same;
The question is, too—it is all *caw* and *caw*.
Do they think they are hidden by the green leaves partway up the branches?
Do they like it up there cocking their heads in the fresh morning?
One by one, they fly off as if to other appointments.
Whatever they did, it must be done all over again.

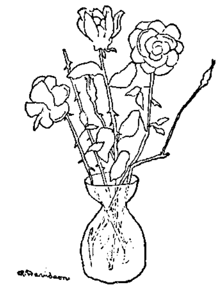
—Ann Stanford

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE WAR IN KANSAS

RUSSELL: When Major Louis Mizell came to Russell from Fort Riley to speak on "The Customs and Traditions of the Vietnamese People," he appeared both at the Kiwanis Club luncheon and at an assembly of Russell High School history students. Russell is a town of six thousand people, on the western edge of the central-Kansas wheat belt. Along Highway 40, east and west of town, oil pumps bob up and down, pecking at the wheatland. Many of the people in Russell are descendants of wheat farmers known in Kansas as German-Russians—Germans who were lured to Russia by Catherine the Great about two hundred years ago to cultivate the barren fields along the Volga, and, a century later, were lured to Kansas by railroad men to cultivate the barren fields along the Kansas Pacific. The largest congregation in Russell is Lutheran, but there are also a large number of German-Russian Roman Catholics, who have drifted over from the area around Victoria, in the next county west, where in one public school the principal and several of her teachers are nuns. (People in Russell say that one Shriner used to live in Victoria, but he moved away.) One Lutheran church in Russell still holds a service each Sunday in German, but a casual visitor would find that hard to believe, since the German-Russians in Russell are not easily distinguishable from the Baptists who came up from the South during the oil boom in the thirties, and the people in Russell as a whole are not easily distinguishable from the people in other Kansas towns. They often say "real nice" and "real well"—sometimes even "daggone" and "purt' near"—and in explaining how to get somewhere they always direct travellers to turn north or south rather than right or left. They use "to visit with" as a verb signifying any type of face-to-face communication, so that a man can be said to be visiting with his elderly aunt or with his defense attorney. The Catholic priest in Russell believes the town has more hawks than doves; the pastor of the principal Lutheran church believes the opposite. The war is apparently not discussed much in Russell one way or the other. "I would say the people are very apathetic," says R. G. Sedo, the pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church. "It doesn't seem realistic to them."

The Kiwanis luncheon, in the basement of the municipal building, drew about seventy-five men, including a few guest Rotarians, who had to listen to everyone sing "I'd Rather Belong to the Kiwanians Than Any Other Club." Most of the men wore business suits, but some were in work clothes. Before lunch, there were other songs and the pledge of allegiance to the flag, and after lunch the chairman made some announcements about the mayor's prayer breakfast. Major Mizell—a short, somewhat bald man who spoke with a strong Western twang—said he would begin his speech by explaining why the United States became involved in Vietnam in the first place. "It all goes back to 1954, when a mutual-defense pact was made between France, the United States, Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam," he said. "Laos, as you know, was taken over by the Vietminh, which is the same as the Vietcong in Vietnam. And we stood by and watched this takeover and did nothing about it. And it came to the point in Vietnam where we either stood up and backed the mutual-defense pact that we were a member of or lose face in all of Southeast Asia, which, of course, would result in a Communist takeover of all Southeast Asia, and it would eventually go down, we're sure, in Australia, which means we could have never gone back into that part of the country again at all. I know it's hard to understand—it's so far away."



Using a pointer and a map of Vietnam that he had taped to the wall, Mizell went through a straightforward lecture on roads, climate, and population. He spoke of ethnic groups, physical characteristics, and customs. Then, after a few words about the medical evacuation unit he had commanded in the highlands that are populated by Montagnard tribesmen, whom he described as "friendly-type individuals," the Major nodded for the lights to be turned out and began a slide lecture. There were slides of crowded Saigon streets, Montagnard tribesmen posing in front of huts, Special Forces camps surrounded by mines and entanglement wire, resort towns untouched by the war, and wounded soldiers being evacuated by helicopter. The Major pointed out where craters from B-52 bombings had scarred the sides of mountains, explained the native costumes worn by Vietnamese secretaries posing in front of an Army office, and showed the difference in his unit's camp during the wet season and the dry season. Some of the scenery was spectacular. Somehow, even during descriptions of field-hospital techniques, the slide presentation had the atmosphere of someone's displaying pictures of his first trip to Europe. The last slide had been taken by the Major as he was about to leave Vietnam on a chartered airliner at the end of his tour; it showed an all-yellow jet, part of Braniff's "campaign to end the plain plane." The speech finished rather late in the lunch hour, and only about twenty Kiwanians remained when the Major asked for questions. There were a couple of questions about why American troops were not permitted to follow the Vietcong into Cambodia—a point the Major had emphasized—but most of the questions were about subjects like the height of the mountains or the size of the mosquitoes. The chairman of the meeting, who works in soil conservation, asked how the defoliation program was coming along.

After the question period, Mizell hurried over to Russell High School, a new, impressively equipped building on the eastern side of town. Before he began his speech, Mizell reminded the boys in the audience that they might soon be members of the armed forces themselves. (They had received another reminder a couple of months before when an English teacher was drafted in the middle of the semester.) Then he gave more or less the same speech he had given at the Kiwanis luncheon, varying the slides ("a little tour through Vietnam") only to leave out two shots that included bare-breasted Montagnard women. What had resembled a travelogue in the Kiwanis atmosphere seemed to take on the characteristics of a geography lesson in the high school. At the end of the presentation, there were no questions.

Between speeches, a reporter asked Mizell what kind of response he usually got as he spoke about Vietnam around Kansas. Mizell said the Russell reaction was typical. "People are inquisitive, but they have trouble feeling any closeness," he said. "I can't blame them. I've been away from there seven months, and it already seems unreal to me. It's not really apathy." He paused and shook his head, as if unwilling to believe it could be apathy. "It's just that if you don't have any relative over there, it's hard to feel close to it."

NO STANDING
BUS STOP

"How long has it been, sir, since you have had the deep satisfaction of giving without the benefit of tax exemption?"

• •

PROTECTION: Protection is not the largest town in Comanche County. Coldwater, about fifteen miles to the east, has more than a thousand people to Protection's seven hundred, and there is no sign that Protection is closing the gap. Coldwater has the county seat—a factor that has decided which town survives in some rural counties. It also has the advantage of having a highway run through it, although not a terribly busy highway. There are two motels in Coldwater. The highway misses Protection by a half mile or so, and there are no motels. Although a traveller on the highway sees a couple of faded and peeling signs advertising the Hotel Brunswick in Protection, the Brunswick, a tiny old brick building that looks as if it had always considered the prospect of more than two or three stranded motorists at one time an excess of good fortune, has been closed for a year. Some people say that the Brunswick's problem was "uninterested ownership" in California, and some say the problem was the State of Kansas Health Department's standards. Protection is in southwestern Kansas, on flat, dry land about fifteen miles from the Oklahoma line; the wheat elevators of the Protection co-op can be seen from ten or twelve miles away. (Somewhat closer, a fragile-looking spire is visible next to the elevators: the tower for the Protection television cable.) The nearest big town is Dodge City, which is a sixty-mile drive, part of it on unpaved road. Most of the men seen in the Protection business district—a street that runs three blocks and then turns into a dirt lane—wear boots and Western hats, and when they go hunting it is often for coyotes. Many of them raise wheat or cattle, both of which have suffered from droughts for the past two seasons. Last year, Protection got six inches of rain instead of the normal twenty-two, and farmers say it has only rained twice in the past twelve months.

Even with rain, Protection has never hit it rich. There are a half-dozen empty storefronts along the main street, most of them empty for years. A dozen years ago, some of the businessmen in town thought they might be able to lure some tourists off the highway by developing Fort Protection, which lies a couple of miles to the northwest. Fort Protection is not the kind of fort most tourists are accustomed to—it is the area between a trench and a bluff where some of the townspeople are said to have gathered during an Indian scare once—but the businessmen thought it could be made attractive if the trench were dug out and a building erected. Charles Jones, the Protection pharmacist, had gone as far as to make a sign for the fort, but then a farmer refused to grant the necessary access to the old site. "It was quite a unique sign, too," Harris Powell, the owner of the town drygoods store, says. "The letters were burnt into the wood. That project just sort of fell through." There has been some talk that one of the lakes due to be built as part of an Arkansas River development project will be near Protection and will draw vacationers into the area for fishing and boating, but some people in Protection believe that the lake is likely to be just a big mudhole, with no recreational facilities. Protection had

"It's a shame Rubinstein had to cancel."

its only experience with fame ten years ago, and that was brief. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis chose Protection to become the first town in the United States to have one hundred per cent of its citizens under forty inoculated with Salk vaccine for protection against polio, and the ceremonies were a matter for national television coverage. Local citizens are not certain how the town got the name that made this windfall possible; most people believe it had something to do with the town or the fort being a protection against the elements or the Indians, but others think it had something to do with the protective tariff. The National Foundation presented Protection with a bronze plaque to commemorate the mass inoculation, and Harris Powell, who was mayor at the time, built a squat concrete water fountain on the sidewalk in front of the town library, next door to his store, and put the plaque on it. Not long ago, it occurred to Powell that the National Foundation might be interested in returning to Protection to mark the anniversary of the inoculation, but he has not got around to writing a letter on the subject.

About the only economic break that Protection has ever had was having Lane Myers born there. Myers, now in his sixties, went to Wichita to work after high school—as a good part of the Protection High School graduating class has done ever since—but he came back to Protection after the Second World War to start his own plant. For a while, he made grain augers, and then he manufactured steel posts for the government. Finally, in 1953, he was awarded a Defense Department contract for the manufacture of concertina barbed wire—particularly heavy barbed wire that pulls out from a reel to form a fifty-foot maze in the pattern of an outsize, misshapen, vicious-looking concertina. Myers has a way with machines that is often remarked on in Protection. He designed and built all of the machines he needed to produce concertina, and began production with twenty or so workers in a dreary-looking cinder-block building at the end of Protection's main street, just before the railroad tracks. The plant has a strangely homemade quality, as if a few neighborhood friends were carrying on a weekend manufacturing project in somebody's abandoned garage. Aside from company offices, it is almost entirely one large room, filled with an overpowering clacking noise. The barbed wire is produced by a machine that joins two wires—tying one around the other to produce barbs—and then it is fed onto openwork drums, where workers attach clips in various places so that it will open up into a tangled concertina pattern. A machine that includes an old tire as a base presses down the wire for shipping. An oven that looks like part of a homemade cookout stove heats another type of wire so that it can be flattened and cut into the clips and into carrying handles.

For a dozen years—except for one year when he did not win a government contract—Myers continued to turn out concertina wire in his original plant. At one point, Protection was the nation's only source of concertina barbed wire. Then, two or three years ago, the demand for concertina increased drastically. It is normally used as what the military calls "anti-personnel wire entanglements," and American troops in Vietnam often stack three reels of it together to construct thorny pyramids in front of their emplacements. In August of 1965, after two sons-in-law had joined Myers in the business, he more than doubled his operation. He leased a second cinder-block building—situated just on the other side of the railroad tracks and labelled by a Pepsi-Cola sign "Lane Myers Plant 2." The Lane Myers Company began to work a double shift five days a week and a single shift on Saturdays and Sundays, employing sixty-five production workers. The expansion meant that Lane Myers was providing jobs for thirty-five men who had grown up in Protection and was drawing workers from all over Comanche County and even from Oklahoma. Some of the extra workers commuted from nearby towns, but about a dozen of them moved to Protection to be near the plant. Soon after Lane Myers Plant 2 opened, there were no more houses available for rent in town. Businessmen along the main street found that business improved a bit in 1966 despite the drought—although they were still faced with the trend toward driving into Dodge City for shopping—and that the population remained

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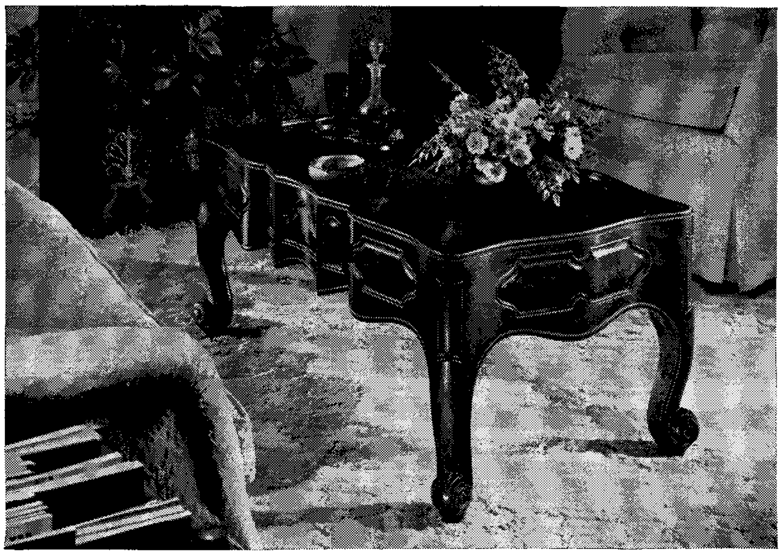

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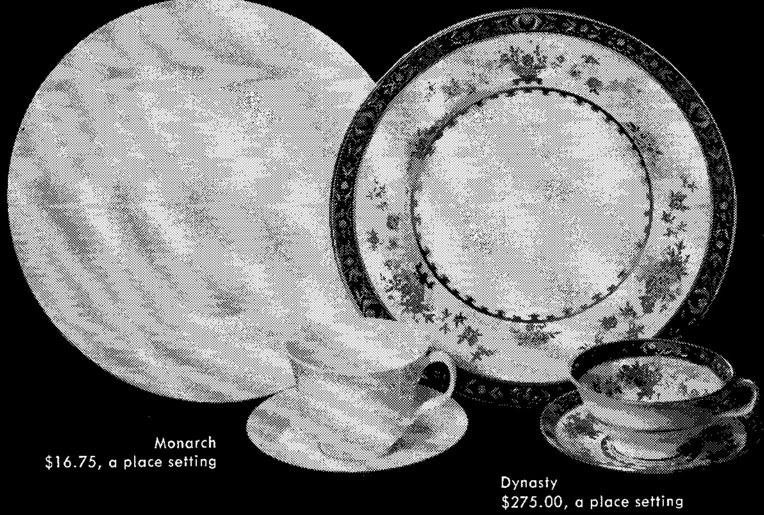

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stable. With both plants in operation, the Lane Myers Company provided a payroll of a thousand dollars a day and spent almost that much locally for supplies. "In a little town like this," Charles Jones says, "two or three extra people help."

The dramatic expansion of Lane Myers production did not bring a dramatic expansion of Protection's feeling of involvement with the war in Vietnam. The "Welcome to Protection" sign that lists the virtues of the town for the benefit of those travelling on the nearby highway—a sign that the Jaycees have been meaning to repaint—does not mention Protection's part in the war effort. Occasionally, someone has expressed mild regret that the town's good fortunes came from war—particularly a war that many find hard to understand—but it is not easy to feel like a war profiteer in Protection; after all, even with a double-shift concertina-wire factory, Protection has never done much more than hold its own. Because the plant has been making wire for years, it has never been looked upon as completely a creature of the war, and the management has always insisted that it would be producing concertina wire for the government even if there were no war. In most parts of Kansas, about the only people who cannot avoid an involvement with the war are those who have relatives in it—or relatives threatened with the possibility of being in it—and there are probably fewer of those people in Protection than in comparable Kansas towns. Workers at the plant, most of whom are young men, are deferred from the draft. They are engaged in what is considered an essential industry, and it is thought that attaching the clips to concertina wire requires a digital dexterity found only in the young.

Last month, a year and a half after the expansion, the Lane Myers Company finally fell into the traditional pattern of Protection economic life: it laid off about as many workers as it had added in 1965. The government had "redeployed" the Myers concertina contract from thirty-five thousand reels a month to ten thousand reels a month. There has been talk in Protection that the cutback may be only temporary, and that the problem was apparently just a matter of the government's difficulty in financing contracts toward the end of a fiscal year. (The people at the Construction Supply Center, the government agency in charge of the contracts, agree that the cutback could be only temporary, although they seem to think that the

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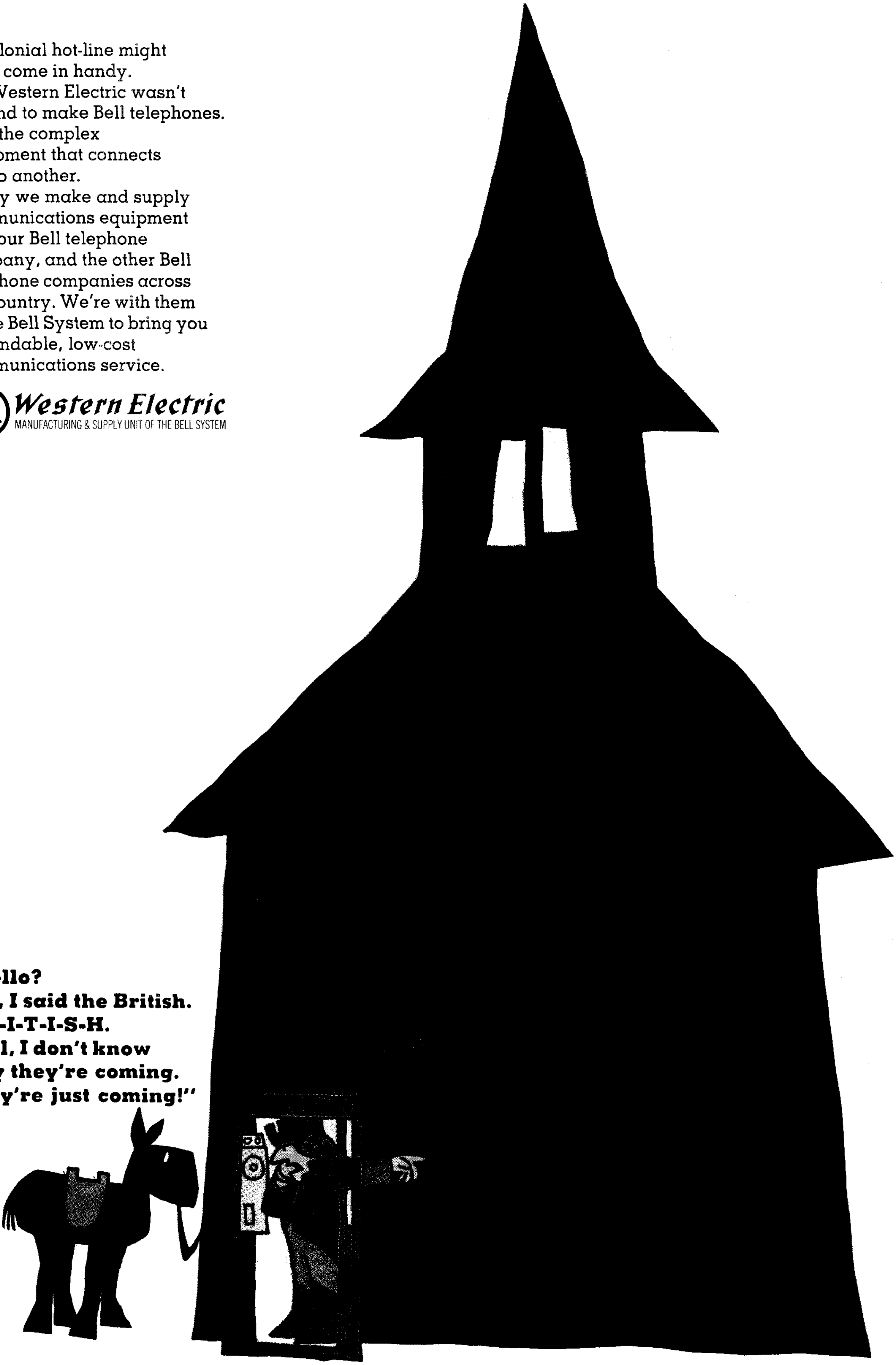

**"Hello?
Yes, I said the British.
B-R-I-T-I-S-H.
Well, I don't know
why they're coming.
They're just coming!"**

'an inch of
Pinch, please.'

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problem is that there may finally be enough concertina barbed wire.) Several families have left town, but a number of the laid-off workers have remained, hoping that the government will increase its order after the new fiscal year begins, or that Lane Myers will figure out a machine to manufacture something besides concertina entanglement wire. "It's made a change in business," J. D. Rowland, who is Protection's real-estate agent, insurance man, tax accountant, and utility-bill agent, said after the layoff. "We can feel the pinch of it—along with our drouth." Protection businessmen are aware of the role the plant plays in deciding the question that always hangs over towns like Protection—the question of continued existence—but they have sent no delegations to Washington to argue for a return to full production. People in Protection have no feeling of being able to influence the concertina-wire boom, any more than they have a feeling of being able to influence the plans for the Arkansas River development project, or the publicity campaigns of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, or the rain. J. D. Rowland says, "The town did nothing to get the plant, and it never built any apartments or anything to promote the influx of workers, or anything like that. It just happened Lane Myers was born here."

SALINA: Kansas Wesleyan University, a liberal-arts college that is affiliated with the Methodist Church, has some eight hundred students, and more than two hundred of them are from New York or New Jersey. Like a number of small Kansas colleges, Kansas Wesleyan decided a few years ago that the only way to maintain a student population that would make operation economically feasible was to recruit high-school graduates from the East, where there is a shortage of colleges. Since then, the enrollment at Kansas Wesleyan has doubled, and the college's development plan calls for it to double again within ten years. At one or two Kansas colleges, the influx of Easterners has had some small effect on the political atmosphere. In Emporia, where William Allen White wrote of the typical Midwestern small town, the College of Emporia has more students from New Jersey than from Kansas; a tiny colony of Students for a Democratic Society occasionally surfaces, and, between the College of Emporia and the Kansas State Teachers College, it is possible to turn out twenty people to demonstrate against the war in Viet-

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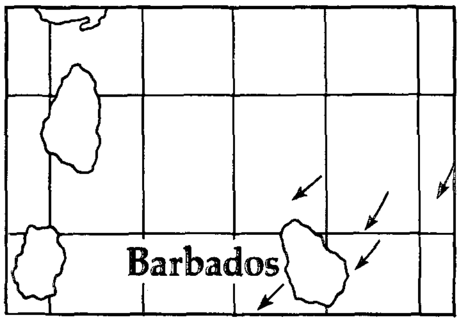

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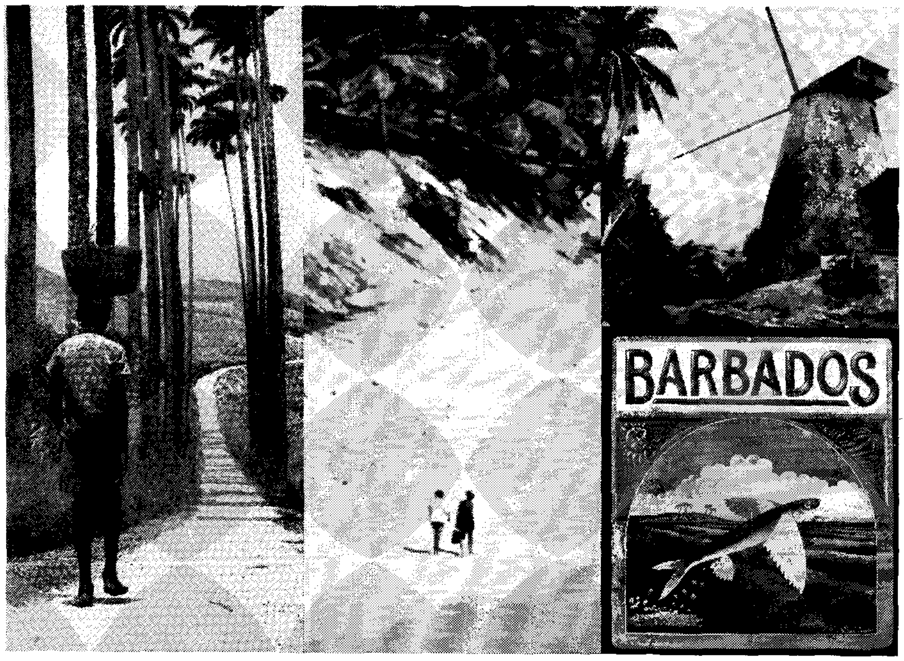

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nam. There is no S.D.S. chapter at Kansas Wesleyan, and there have been no demonstrations. Last year, the one militant pacifist on the faculty used to draw some response from conservative students by filling his bulletin board with pictures and articles against the war, but he is in Japan this year on sabbatical.

The draft is what connects Kansas Wesleyan to the war. "Some go and some don't, and those that do go are matter-of-fact about it," Paul Renich, the dean of the university, says. "There *is* a lot more pressure to stay in school. When people are not doing well academically, we have to drop them for a semester, and there used to be one hundred per cent acceptance of this. People would stay out, make some money, and come back. Now it's 'Where can I get in?' They're willing to go anywhere. But I think the pressure comes more from the parents than the kids."

Fifteen Kansas Wesleyan students agreed to stay after a modern-history class one day to talk to a visitor about Vietnam. When people in Kansas are questioned about their views on the war, many of them tend to preface their remarks with a phrase like "I don't really understand it" or to follow them with a phrase like "I guess the people in Washington know more about it than I do." (The feeling of not having all the facts—or not comprehending the ones that are available—is so widespread that the tendency of some people in Kansas not to discuss the war may be due not to a lack of concern but to a lack of confidence in being able to make any sense out of it.) Students, less likely to plead ignorance, often try to answer questions about the war by talking about the historical background or the context of the international situation, and their conclusions are often difficult to predict.

"Why ask about what Kansans think about Vietnam around here?" a boy in the back of the room said before any questions could be asked. "Forty-five per cent of the people here are from New York." He picked up his books and stamped out of the room.

There were two small, dark-haired girls in the front row, and one of them immediately put her hand up and said, in an Eastern accent, that the United States should sue for peace, or at least the American people should be asked formally if they are in favor of the war.

A boy who was sitting a couple of seats away—he was wearing a heavy white sweater, gold-rimmed glasses, and the start of a goatee—said, "It's

"It's not German. How good could it be?"

No one who has ever been on a French railroad, flown in a Caravelle jet or sailed on a French ocean liner would talk like that.

Yet there are people around who think France is practically a nation of chefs and painters.

Even if that were true, consider: What makes a great chef great? Or a painter, for that matter?

The answer, obviously, is a frightening, almost inhuman finickiness.

Now is it reasonable to assume these same people who worship meticulousness in all other things, would suddenly not care how they put a car together?

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We sell more Renaults in Sweden than Sweden sells Volvos in France. (About 7,700 to 1,000 in '66)

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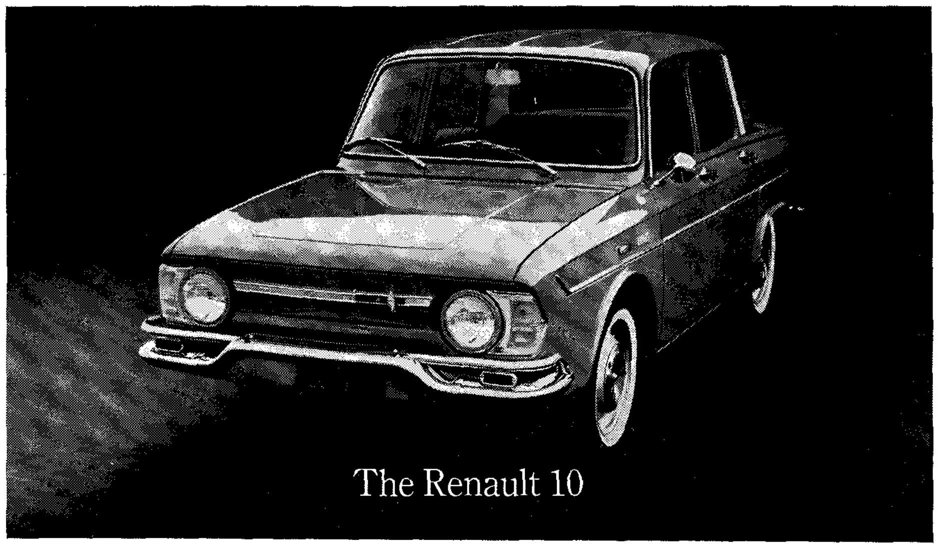

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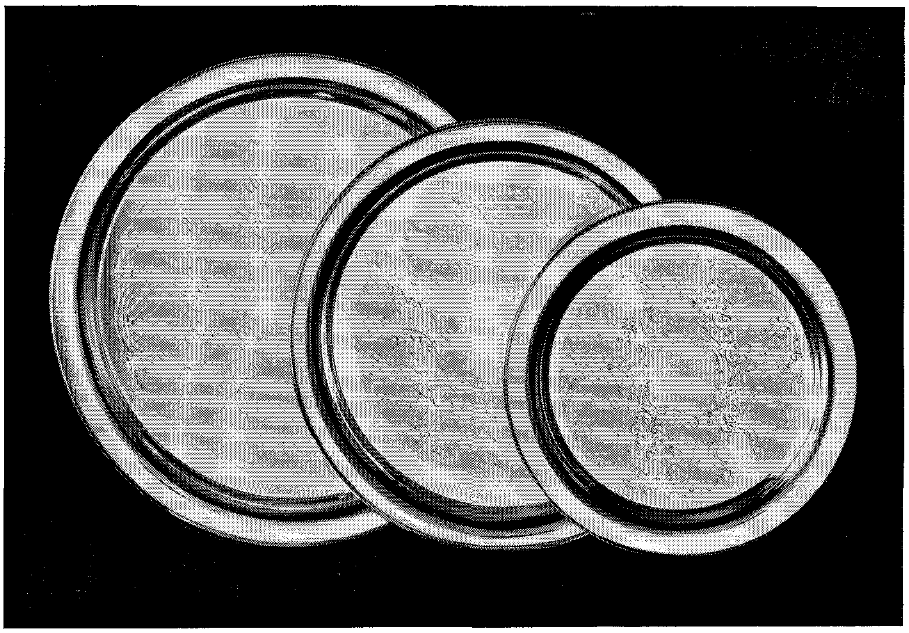

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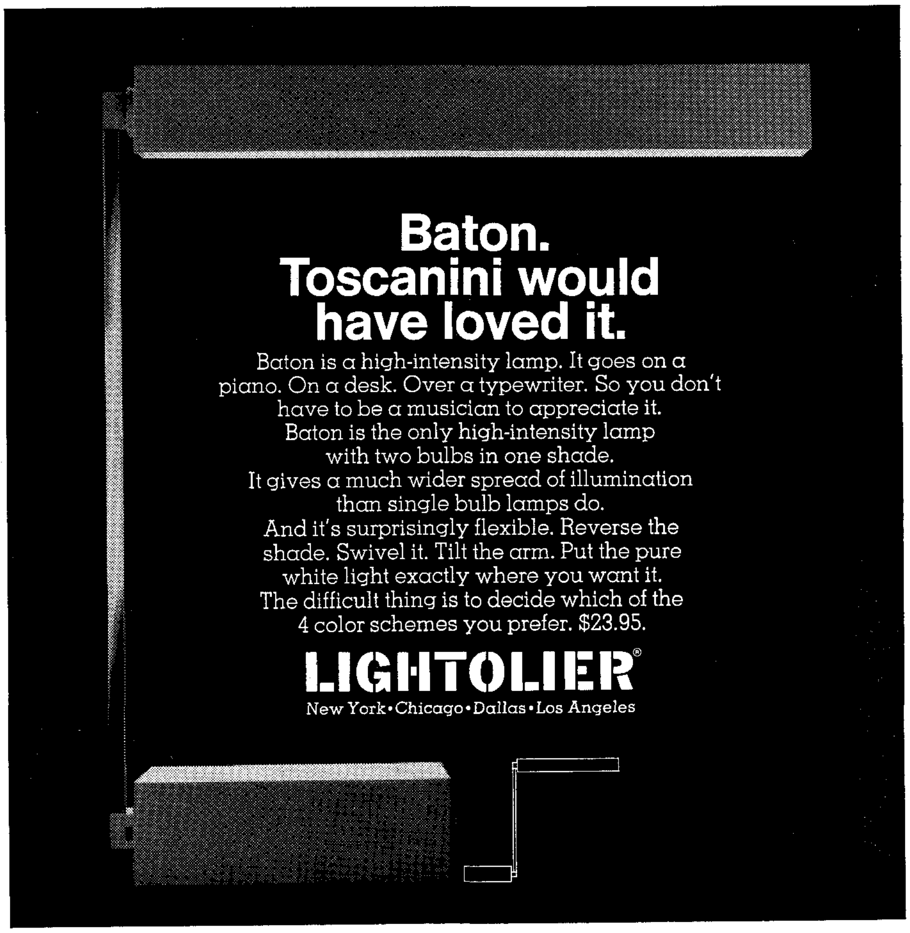

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not a major issue here, like it is back East. People aren't exposed to a lot of information. I think the more you study, the less you know about something. There are so many nuances. People see that in New York. In New York, you're exposed to every possible subject, every possible opinion. Here it's just a blunt for or against."

"I went to high school in Kansas and I studied the history of Vietnam from before the French were there up to the present," a boy wearing a green polo shirt said. He seemed angry, and he spent some time demonstrating his knowledge of the French colonial period to the semi-goateed boy.

Then a young man in the back of the room said he thought that most students believed that as long as the United States was involved in Vietnam we ought to win the war and get it over with, but that not many were concerned at all until their draft notices came.

A number of students nodded. "If you have to go, you just go," one of them said.

A Negro boy who was very collegiately dressed raised his hand and said, "I think one difference about people out here is that they do think if they have to go they'll just go. They have no sense of doom like people in the East."

"I guess we *are* more used to accepting what happens to us," the Kansas boy who had studied Vietnam in high school said. "The floods, tornadoes."

"In my experience here, it's not a moral issue but a personal problem," his adversary in the white sweater said.

As the Kansas boy went through the history of Vietnam (and a theory that the war was being fought according to a book written by General Giap), he had sounded as if he might favor a less limited war. But when he was asked what course the United States should take now, he hesitated for a few moments, as if he had never got that far before, and finally said that America should get out of Vietnam. "I don't see anything ill-honorable about stopping killing people," he said.

" 'Ill-honorable,' " one of the Eastern girls in the first row whispered to the other, and they giggled.

TOPEKA: Four times a day, Radio Station WIBW presents a short program called "Kansans in Vietnam"—"featuring the voices of your sons, husbands, and friends." Each program consists of an interview with one Kansan—perhaps a sailor from Topeka, who says that what he misses most of all

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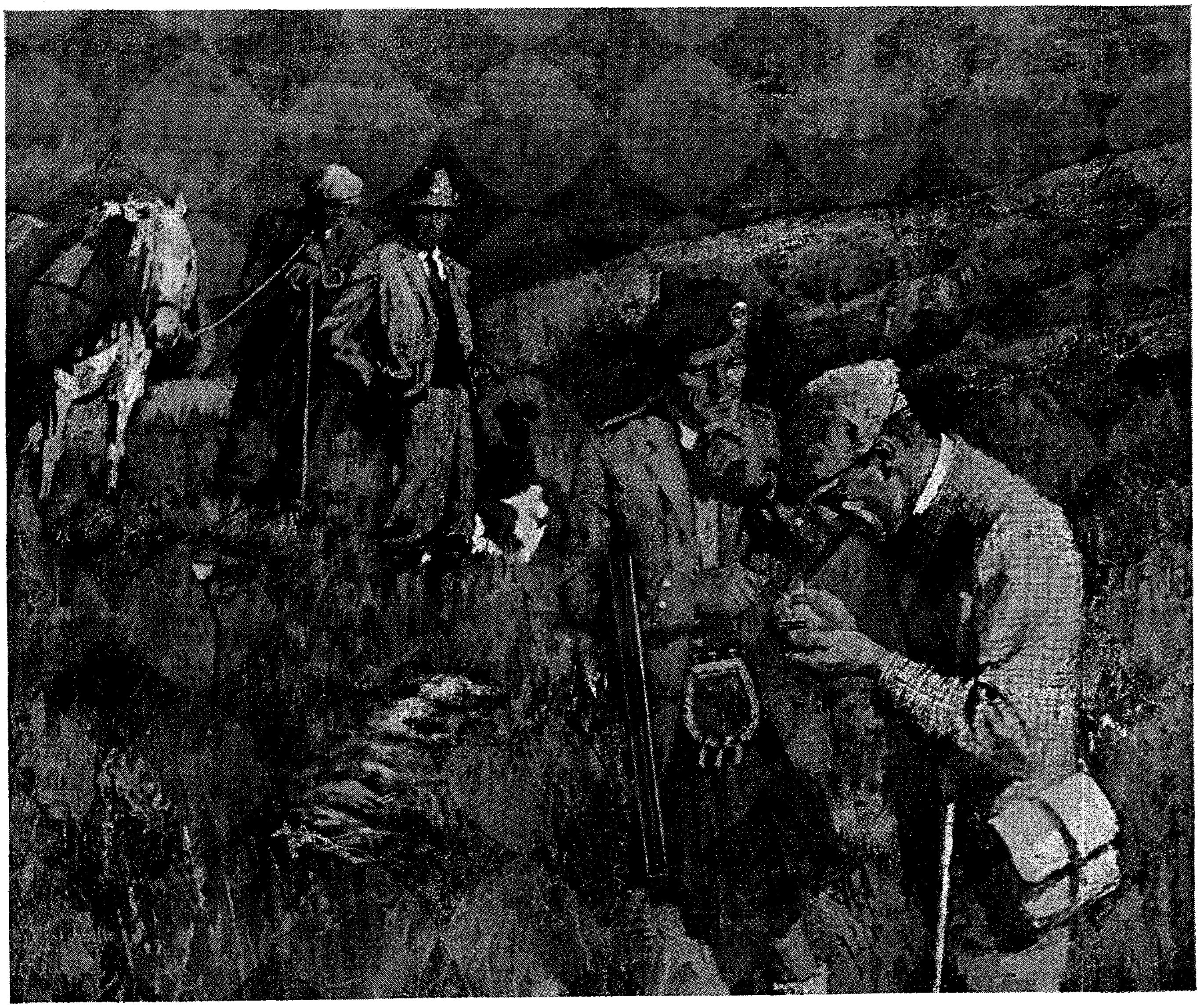

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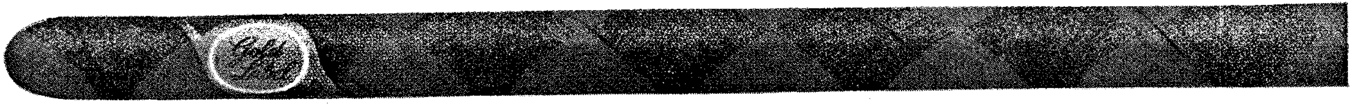

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is his girl, or a helicopter mechanic from Burlington who was once Kansas Young Farmer of the Year. The Topeka newspaper runs pictures and addresses of Kansans in Vietnam, so that interested citizens can write them letters. Editors of the paper say that response to the mail feature has been good, but that the war is ordinarily not very noticeable in Topeka. One of them says, "For the person who doesn't have a father or a brother or an uncle over there—for the ordinary person—there is no war."

JUNCTION CITY: When the launching of Operation Junction City was announced from Saigon, the Junction City *Daily Union* ran a front-page editorial headlined "WE ARE THRILLED, HONORED!" The editorial said, "We feel certain that both the 1st Infantry Division and the 9th Infantry Division are involved. Both Divisions were sent to Vietnam from Fort Riley. The 9th, last to go, was activated and received all its training here and has been adopted as Kansas' own. . . . That we have been honored in the largest offensive of the war makes us both humble and proud."

Because of the 1st and the 9th, Junction City, a town almost at the gates of Fort Riley, is the closest thing to a Second World War "home town" that there is in Kansas. The 1st Division was stationed at Fort Riley for ten years; although virtually all of its members who went to Vietnam directly from Riley have completed their tours and been reassigned, Junction City maintains a proprietary interest in the 1st. Many of the 9th Division men who left Riley for Vietnam are still there, and many of their families live in the Junction City area. Anyone who left from Riley left eating coffee and doughnuts, thanks to a project called Operation Doughnut. In many Kansas communities, people asked about the war often mention the fact that few, if any, local boys have been killed in action—every week or so the All-Kansas edition of the Wichita *Eagle* carries an isolated headline like "SALINA SOLDIER KILLED ON PATROL IN VIETNAM" or "VIET COMBAT KILLS MARINE FROM LIBERAL"—but in Junction City news of combat deaths is a commonplace. For a number of months, the Junction City *Daily Union* published the full Defense Department list of combat fatalities; then the list grew so long that the space and expense seemed too great.

Even Junction City citizens who knew nobody in the 1st Division or the

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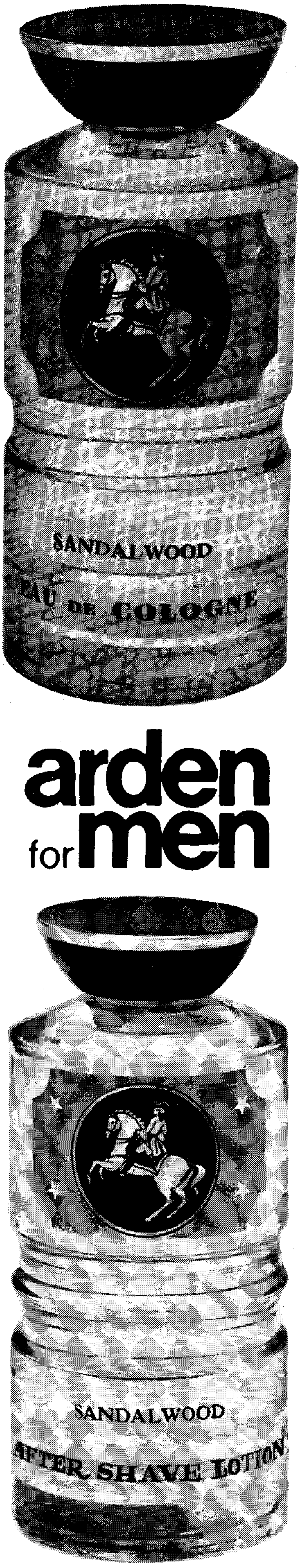

9th Division had reason to be saddened by their departure. For more than a century, Junction City has been an Army town, its fortunes fluctuating with the amount of activity at Fort Riley. The Army is Junction City's only industry. The streets are lined with loan companies, trailer camps, uniform companies, used-car dealers, and beer halls. The stable spending of a permanently assigned infantry division—full of non-commissioned officers with large families and large buying power—was lost suddenly when the 1st Division moved out toward the end of 1965 (the Junction City sales-tax receipts in January, 1966, were twenty-five per cent below the previous January's). The 9th Division, which eventually replaced the 1st, seemed to be gone almost as soon as it was established. No division replaced the 9th, and there are now only six or eight thousand men stationed on a post that has held up to twenty-one thousand. The Defense Department has said that Riley will build up to capacity again, but nobody in Junction City can be certain of how soon or for how long. Even a large increase in numbers may not bring back the spending power of the 1st if the numbers represent trainees or Guardsmen temporarily on active duty, and the Fort Riley commanding general has said it is unlikely that Riley will be the permanent home for a division until the Vietnam war has ended.

Although visitors are assured that Junction City is "one hundred per cent hawk," the interest expressed in the war is mainly personal interest in friends or in business. The Junction City businessmen who gather every morning for coffee at the Good Eats Café, on the main street, do not talk about whether the war should be fought harder or not at all but about what kind of troops are likely to move into Riley or about the fate of some sergeant they all knew. "There's not as much interest in the war now as there was when the 1st was over there," a realtor in the Good Eats said one morning. "We knew those fellows real well."

On the night that Operation Junction City was announced, the Waiting Wives Club of the Junction City area had its monthly social meeting at the Fort Riley N.C.O. Club. The announcement in the *Daily Union* said there would be a white-elephant exchange, but that turned out to be code for bingo; playing bingo is illegal in town, and the Waiting Wives did not want to strain relations with the townspeople by flaunting the fact that they were playing on post. About seventy

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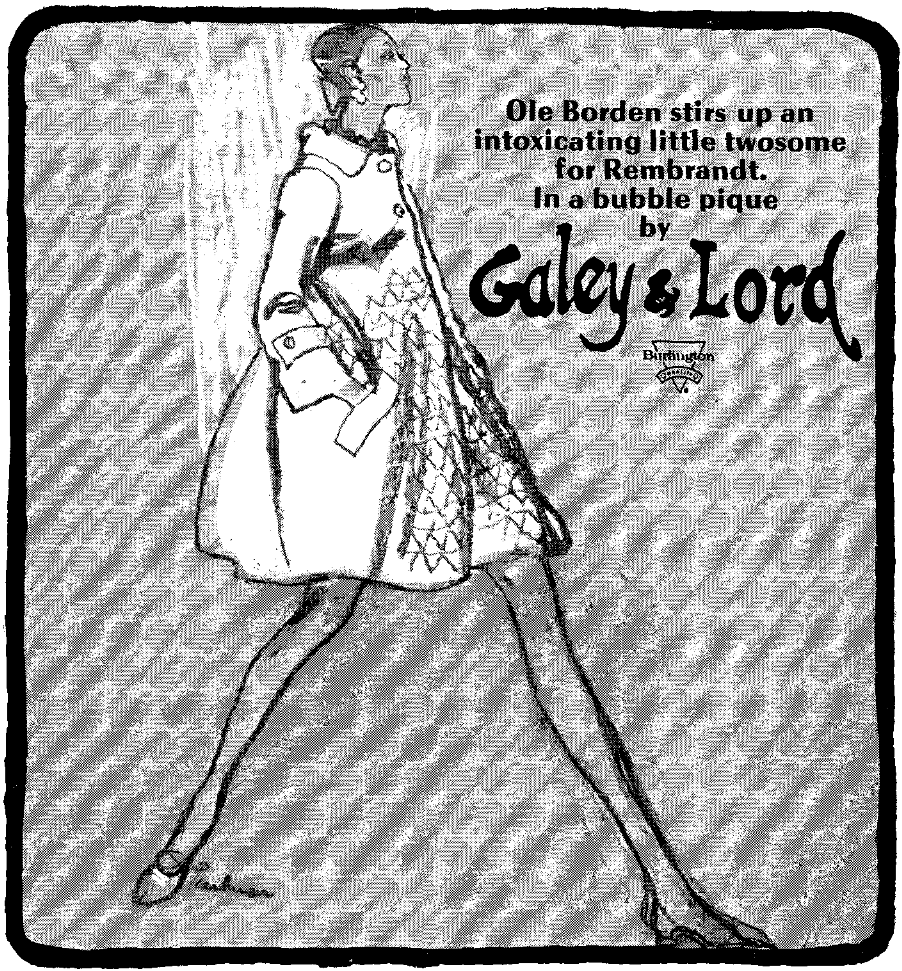

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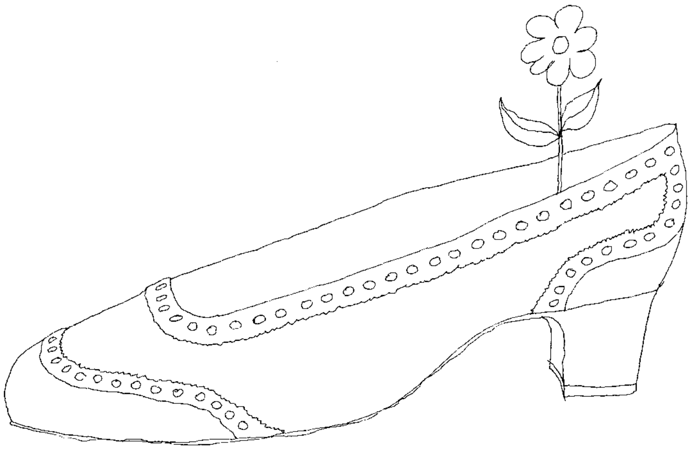

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women had gathered in a corner of the N.C.O. Club's huge dining room and were sitting at tables for four, having coffee and doughnuts. The founder and principal energy source of the Waiting Wives Club, Mrs. Dorothy Lauri, was sitting at the head table with some of the other club officers. Mrs. Lauri, who is known to some as Mama Dottie, is an effusive, gray-haired lady who retained an interest in Waiting Wives long after her own period of waiting was over. (Her husband served in Vietnam for a year as the executive officer of the 1st Infantry Division's medical battalion and has now been reassigned to Fort Riley.) "When the 1st Division first went over, people here whose husbands were killed were being notified by telegram," Mrs. Lauri told a visitor before the bingo game started. "All that's been changed now—an officer has to go. But then a cabdriver would just take out the telegram. Once, when nobody was home, the driver slipped the telegram under the door. After that, a few of us asked the owner of the cab company if we could go with the driver. The chaplain went, too. But it got to be too much for just a few people. Once, we had two deaths in one hour. We decided to put everyone to work. There were about eight hundred wives in Junction City, Manhattan, and Ogden after the 1st Division moved out. We decided if the women kept themselves busy they wouldn't have time to think."

The Waiting Wives Club was formally organized at a tea that attracted more than three hundred women. It began classes in bowling and ceramics, organized bridge tournaments, and held business meetings that featured speakers such as the Fort Riley legal-assistance officer. The Waiting Wives membership card carries the quotation "Learn to labor and wait." The registration card asks the member to check which services she is willing to perform in conventional community-service work and which she is willing to perform in case the husband of a Junction City woman is killed in Vietnam. (Most wives indicate that they would be willing to visit the home or send a card but not attend the funeral.)

"When most of the 1st Division had come home, we were down to twenty members or so," Mrs. Lauri went on. "We were going to disband, but there were fourteen widows in the area, and they asked us to keep it up. Then, of course, the 9th Division moved out, and now we have about a hundred and twenty-five members again." Many of the members are foreign-born, and

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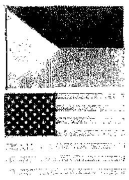

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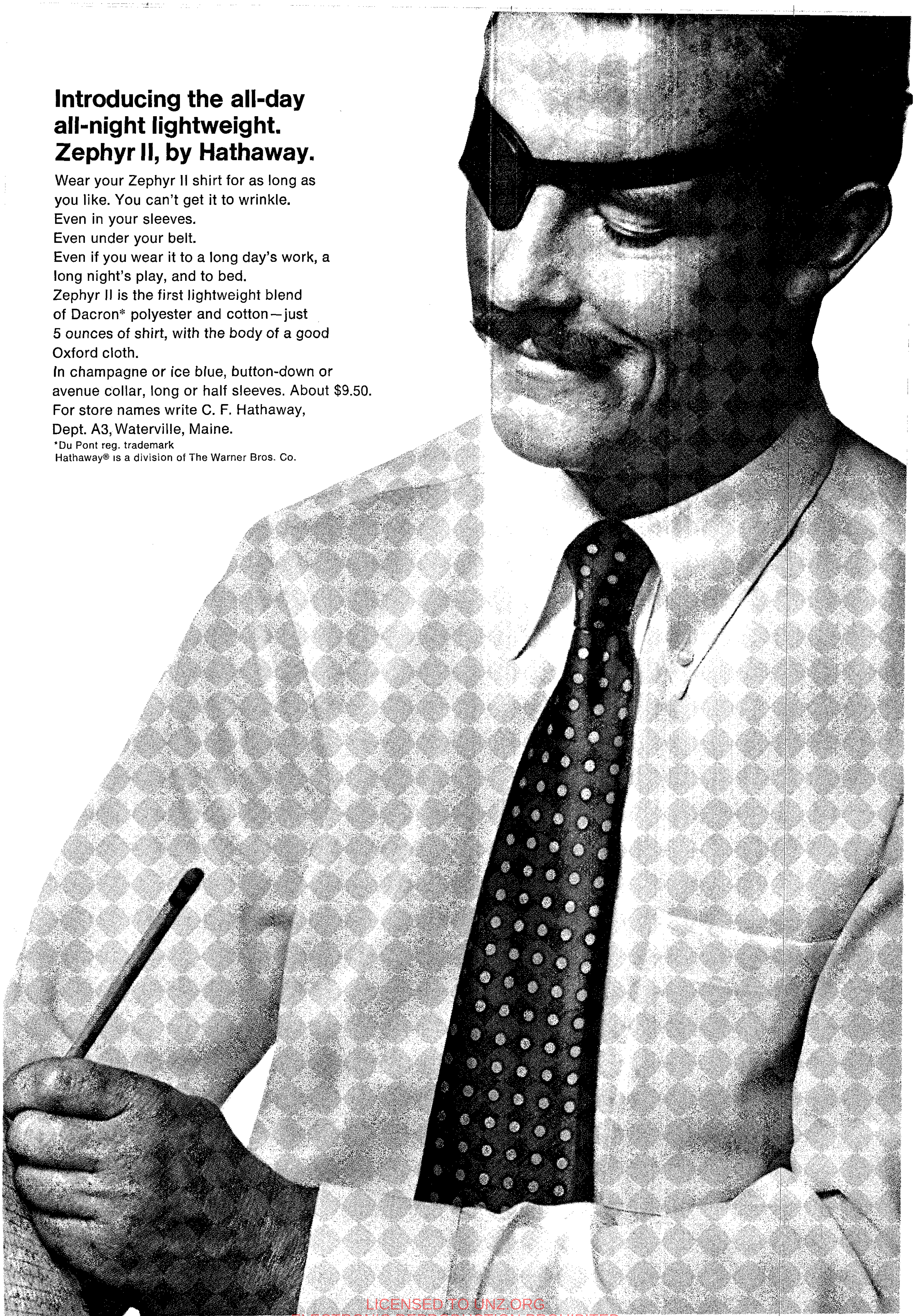
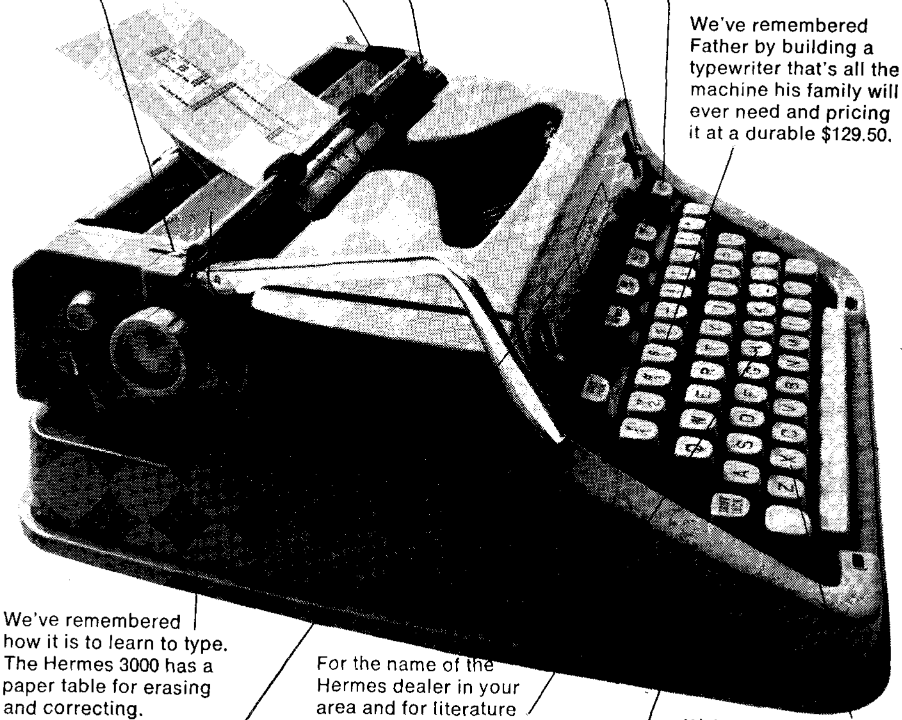


many of them depend on Mrs. Lauri for advice while their husbands are away. "Sometimes I average about eight phone calls an hour," Mrs. Lauri said. "One of the widows called the other day because she wanted me to help her buy a red car. She didn't care what kind, just so it was red. I don't know why, but about half the widows have gotten red cars."

Before the bingo started, Mrs. Lauri made a couple of announcements and then introduced Bettie Dozier, a trim, capable-looking woman who was wearing a small pin with a gold star on it. Speaking in a strong Texas accent, Mrs. Dozier introduced the candidates from among whom the club would elect its new officers at the next business meeting. Mrs. Lauri and Mrs. Dozier cheerfully interrupted each other, and were cheerfully interrupted by some of the other women at the head table. After the announcements, copies of the 9th Division newspaper, which is sent regularly to Junction City from Vietnam, were handed out. Then a door prize was awarded, and the bingo started, with Mrs. Dozier calling the numbers. Mrs. Lauri explained to her visitor that Mrs. Dozier's husband, a first sergeant, had been killed in Vietnam, that one of the candidates for treasurer had lost a husband in Vietnam and another in Korea, and that the candidate was sitting with a lady whose husband had been killed only two weeks before. "We have about ten widows here tonight," Mrs. Lauri said. "We have an assistance committee, and when somebody dies they call on the widow right away. All three people on the committee happen to be widows themselves. I think it's better; the woman knows they have been through the same thing. They see about getting clothes for the funeral and talk to the funeral director. They cook meals the day of the funeral, or as long as they have to. They act as her family, really—they do whatever a family would do. We try to see that there are people at the funeral. We buried one man here with two people at his funeral. That's not right. He died for his country. Widows are made honorary members of the Waiting Wives Club. I think only one widow was already in the club when her husband was killed. After about a month, we go to visit the widow and take her a plant and a membership card that means she doesn't have to pay any dues for three months."

The mess halls of units at Fort Riley often provide the cake for club functions, and the manager of the



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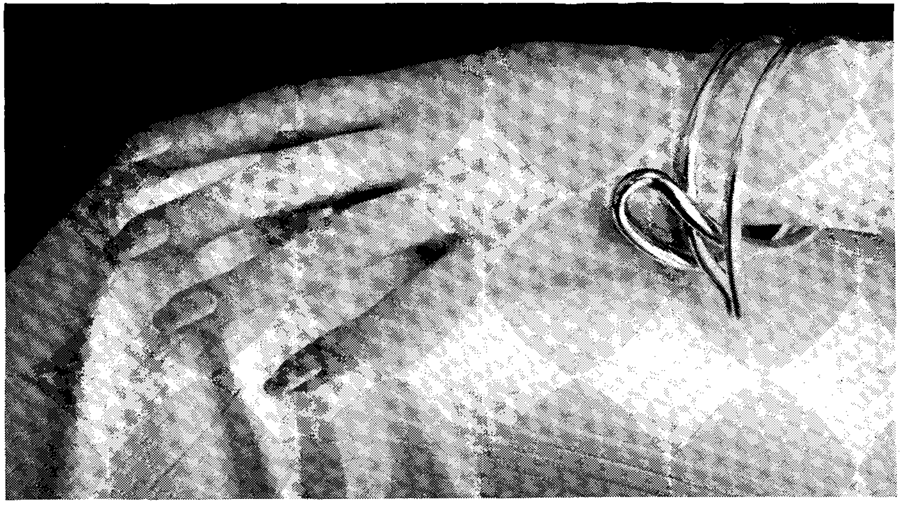

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N.C.O. Club has allowed the wives to use the club facilities for all of their meetings. The local radio newscaster, after a long conversation with Mrs. Lauri, is careful to avoid any ambiguity about which unit has been involved in a battle. The manager and assistant manager of the N.C.O. Club, the radio newscaster, the head of the local Salvation Army (which runs the U.S.O.), and the local undertaker have all been made honorary members of the Waiting Wives Club.

Two women came in when bingo was almost over. They were both widows who had come from a typing class. They sat at the head table with Mrs. Lauri, and after the bingo game had ended they were joined by Mrs. Dozier and a woman from Mississippi who had lost one husband in Vietnam and another in a Japanese prison camp. Mrs. Lauri said that one of the latecomers, a woman from Tennessee, had just received a fifteen-hundred-dollar scholarship for her oldest son—a gift that the family of every 1st Division soldier killed in action receives from the men of the Division. The woman from Tennessee said that she and her children had decided to remain in Junction City. Her companion, a tall, blond woman from Alabama, said that she planned to return to Mobile at the end of the school year. The woman from Mississippi also said she was going home. She had taken her husband back to Mississippi to be buried. "He was the first combat fatality from Clarke County," she said. "The flags flew at half-mast all over the county."

"I met a lot of wonderful people here," the woman from Tennessee said. "They were wonderful to me when I needed someone. I haven't lived at home in so long it's not the same. I asked the two older boys what they wanted to do, and they wanted to stay. Maybe it's just hanging on to memories—I don't know."

Mrs. Dozier said she was planning to stay, too. She had a job at a bank and she felt she had settled permanently in Junction City. "We wanted to retire here," she said, "so it seemed natural."

MANHATTAN: Arthur Peine came to Kansas State University as a history instructor about fifty years ago, and, after several years, left teaching to become a Manhattan businessman. He was the manager of a poultry and egg-packing company and the president of an ice and cold-storage company; he also served as a director of the Kansas State University Endowment Fund

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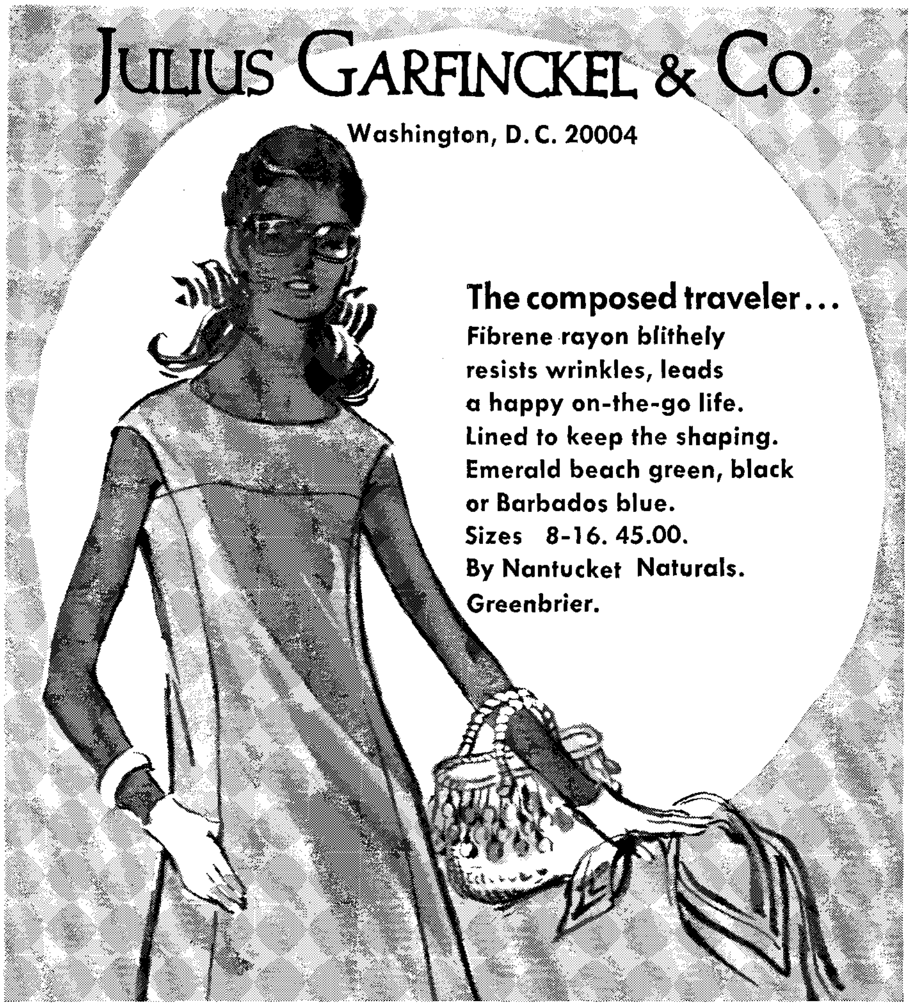

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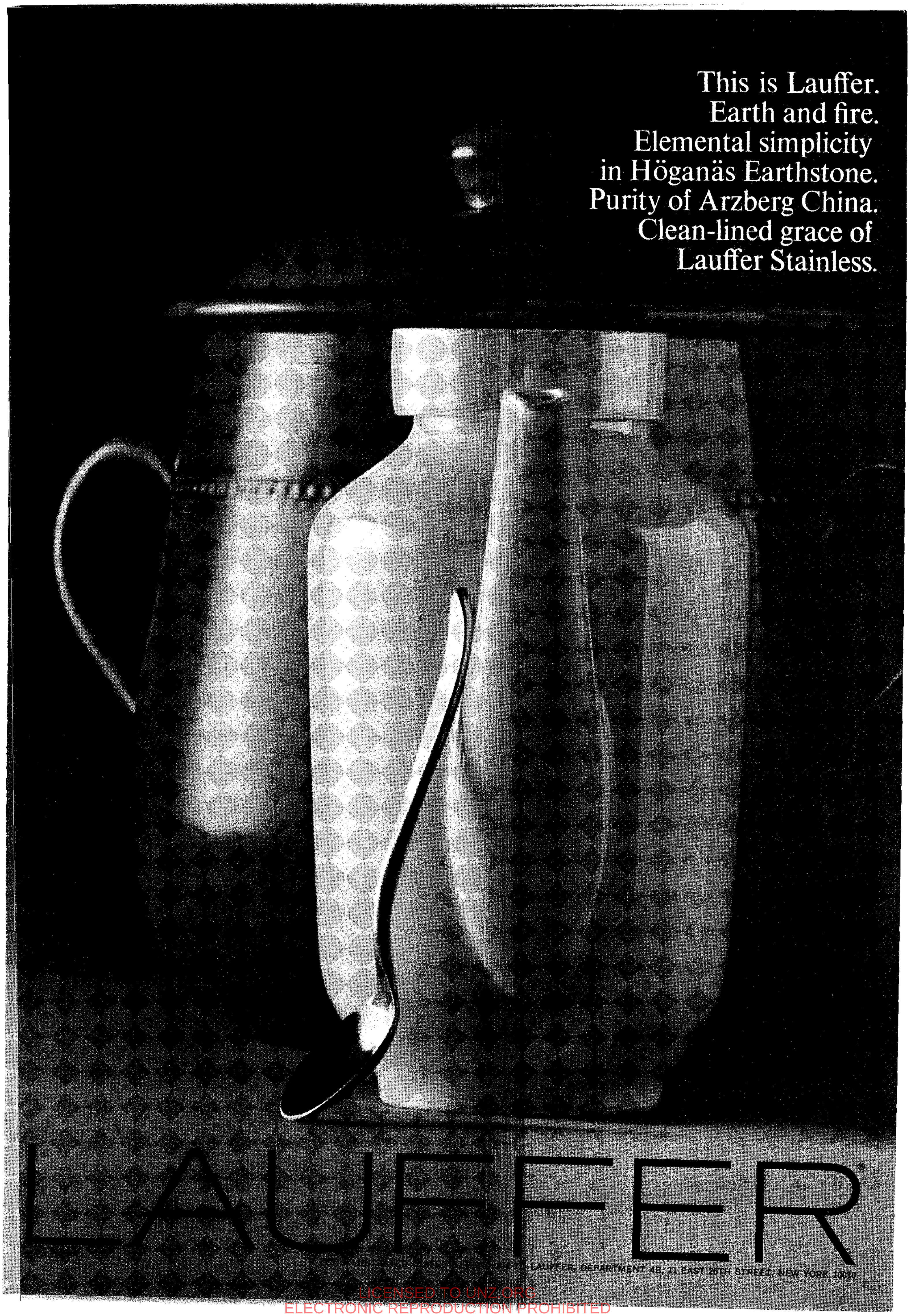
and of the First National Bank. Now eighty—an articulate, straightforward man with snow-white hair—he has retired from his directorships, but he still maintains his business contacts downtown, and he is almost always present at the weekly luncheons of the Manhattan Rotary at the Wareham Hotel. The Rotarians ordinarily have Lowell Jack, the manager of the local radio station, stop in during the luncheon to give them a summary of the late news. One day last fall, the lead item in Jack's report was that Arthur Peine planned to become a write-in candidate for United States senator so that people in Kansas would have some way to express their opposition to the war in Vietnam. "There was dead silence," Peine recalled later, with a smile. "As I walked out, there were the usual smiles and greetings but not a single criticism or a single compliment."

In addition to attending Rotary meetings, Peine had been attending meetings of Citizens Against Escalation, a small group of Manhattan residents, most of whom were connected in one way or another with the university. After some investigation of the position taken on Vietnam by the two major-party candidates running for senator, Peine had decided that voters who shared his concern were being offered a choice between "war and more war." Two minor-party candidates also had places on the ballot. Peine figured it would be fruitless to ask the Conservative Party candidate to take a stand that would rally voters who opposed the war, but he did track down the Prohibitionist candidate, on the theory that a Prohibitionist could conceivably be a minister who coupled a loathing of the Devil's brew with some Christian concern about war. The Prohibitionist turned out to be a hawk. A few people around the state were asked to run, and finally Peine agreed to run himself. Citizens Against Escalation sponsored the campaign.

A few of Peine's friends were worried that he might have let himself in for some harassment. Manhattan is only about ten miles from Fort Riley, and although the town's atmosphere has always been influenced much more by the university than by the base, the departure of the 1st and 9th Divisions for Vietnam brought Manhattan some measure of Junction City's personal (and economic) contact with the war. The Manhattan *Mercury* still runs the full Defense Department combat-fatality list and a special column of Fort Riley news. The *Mercury's* editor has been to Vietnam, where he presented



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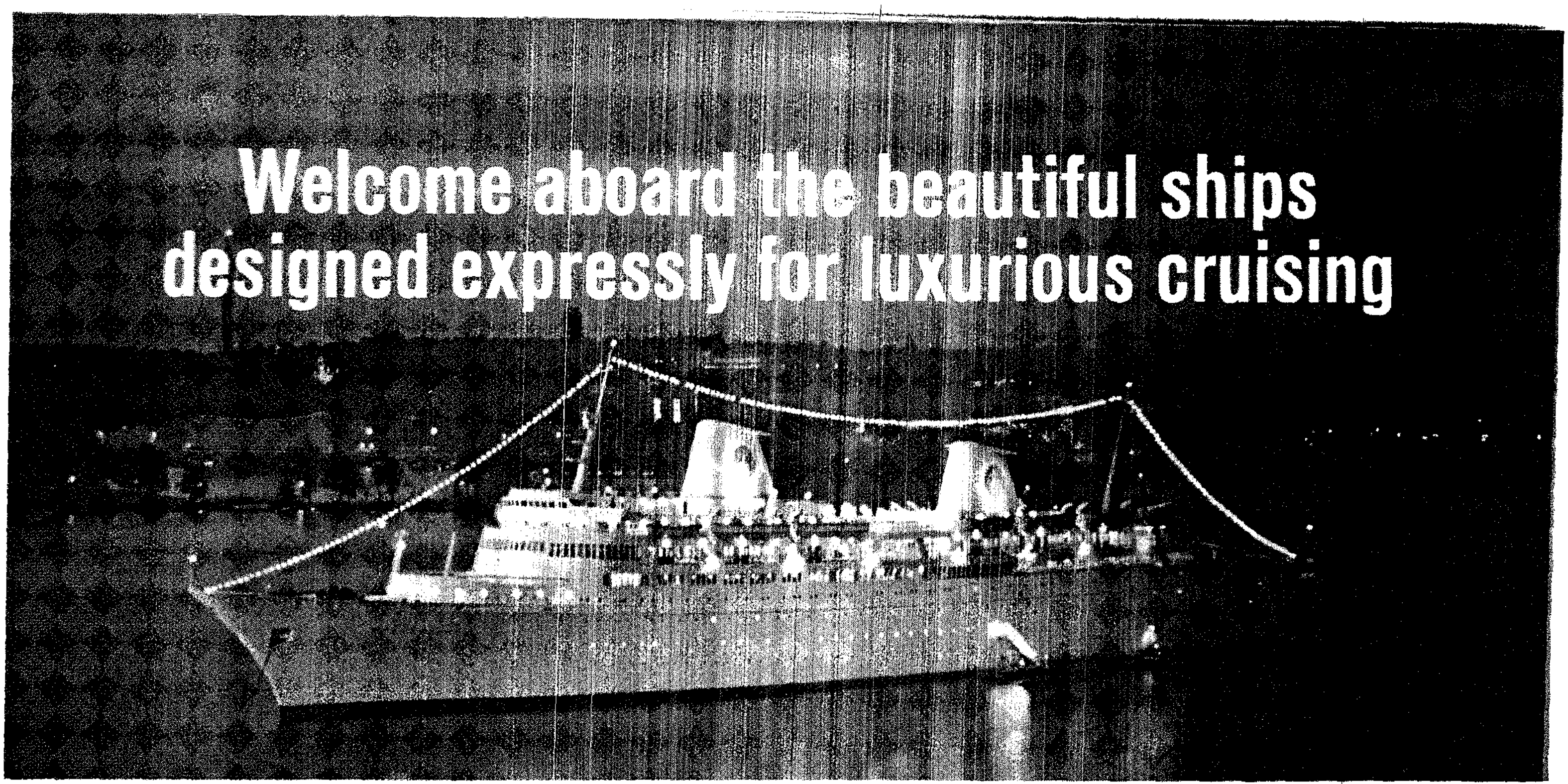

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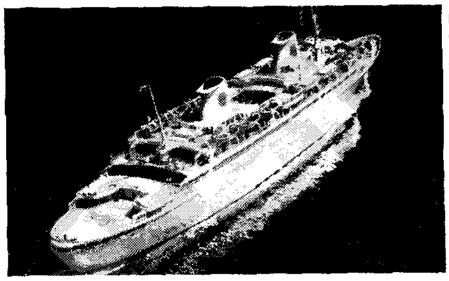

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soldiers from the Manhattan area with tape recordings made by their families. As it turned out, Peine did not receive so much as an angry telephone call. An editorial in the *Mercury* expressed admiration for his attempt to bring an important issue before the public, using a mechanism infinitely more commendable than placard-carrying; pointed out that the candidacy was another demonstration of the wonders of democracy; and concluded that Peine's efforts were misdirected, partly because the senator elected from Kansas would not have much effect on war policy anyway. "You may not write in Arthur Peine's name for United States Senator, but don't write him off as a crackpot," the editorial said. "They might be used to me," Peine says. "I've been a bit of a maverick for a number of years." Peine has always been an active Democrat—a liberal Democrat—in Manhattan and Riley County politics, and his business acquaintances have become accustomed to his views.

Peine's campaign consisted mainly of a couple of advertisements in the *Mercury* and in the newspapers of one or two other towns that have residents who actively oppose the war. Leaflets were distributed at one K-State football game. Peine received eight hundred and ninety-six votes. Three hundred and twenty-one of them were from Manhattan and the rest of Riley County, but there was at least one vote in thirty-six of the state's one hundred and five counties. (In Junction City's county, Peine picked up five votes.) What impressed Peine was a sudden change in attitude among his acquaintances. "I believe of the three hundred or so people who voted for me here not more than six told me they were going to vote for me before the election," he says. "After the election, there were many remarks from people who voted for me. I think people were reticent. They might have thought they were the only one. People hate to get out of the channels of a community. I think there is a strong undercurrent of resentment against the war. Even though polltakers are supposed to make people feel at ease, I think people profess more support of the war than they really have. The polls continue to indicate support of the war, and at the same time the President's popularity goes down. How do you explain that disparity? I think there are two voices. The inner voice is against the war."

In a movement whose impact is often difficult to gauge, the Peine campaign was an unusually measurable activity. Those who worked on it have been

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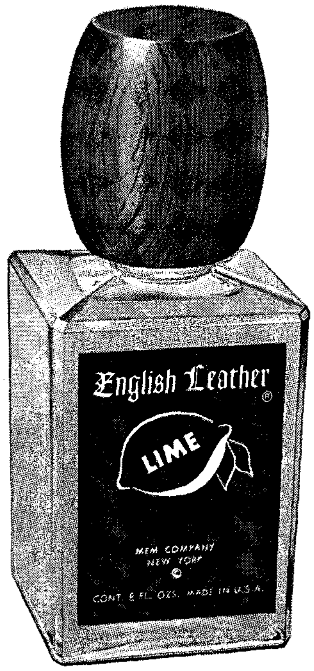

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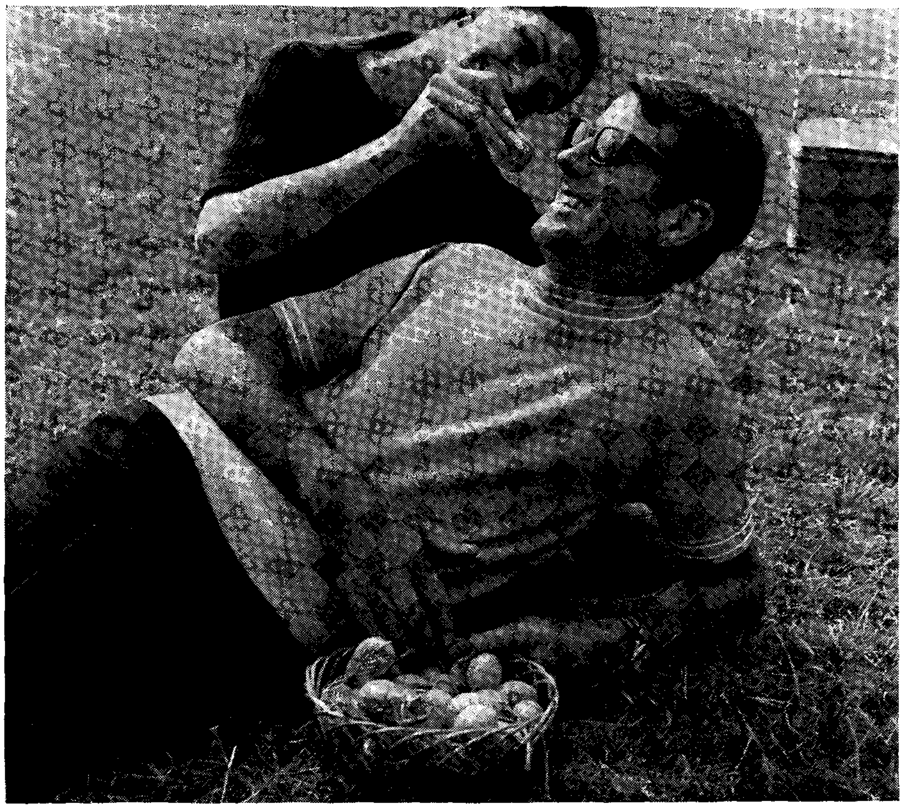

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somewhat uncertain of their role ever since. The Citizens Against Escalation—now called the Vietnam Committee—has still not arrived at a clear program. There is a student group at K-State called Students for Positive Action that can marshal about twenty activists, most of them from out of state, but the students seem to follow rather than lead the adults. Still, from one source or another, Manhattan probably has had more visible anti-war activity than any other city or town in Kansas. The competition for that distinction being what it is, Manhattan's preëminence does not mean that the anti-war forces exert a strong influence on the town, but a Manhattan citizen who wants to avoid thinking about the issues of the war occasionally finds a small obstacle placed in his path. On Wednesdays, at noon, a half-dozen or so people—a couple of students, perhaps, two or three ministers from university religious groups, and maybe a housewife or two—gather in front of Manhattan's tiny Federal Building, across the street from the Sears store. They stand there, in silence, for an hour, displaying a sign that says, "Vietnam Vigil. To Express Our Concern." At the main intersection of the business district, a block away, the signs in the window of the First National Bank are likely to include—in addition to advertisements about the Manhattan Coin Club meeting, the Fifteenth Annual Outdoor Show of the Riley Fish and Game Association, the Lions' Golden Anniversary, the K-State concert band, and a land and cattle auction at Grant, Nebraska—a poster that says, "You are invited to take part in a meal of reconciliation: *an interfaith sharing of rice and* tea, of reading and of prayer, a sign of unity with each other, a sign of unity with the war victims, an act of repentance, an act to end the war and aid its victims." Three days a week, students interested in peace man a table at the Student Union, distributing anti-Vietnam-war literature and selling buttons like one that combines a portrait of Lyndon Johnson and the slogan "Kill for Peace." Letters to the editor arguing the issues of the war—relatively rare documents in Kansas, except in one or two large city newspapers—appear with some frequency in the Manhattan *Mercury*. When somebody like Frank Carlson, the senior senator from Kansas, is in town, he can expect to be buttonholed by two or three people expressing concern about the war and doubts about how strenuously the Administration has been searching for peace. Lowell Jack has delivered a

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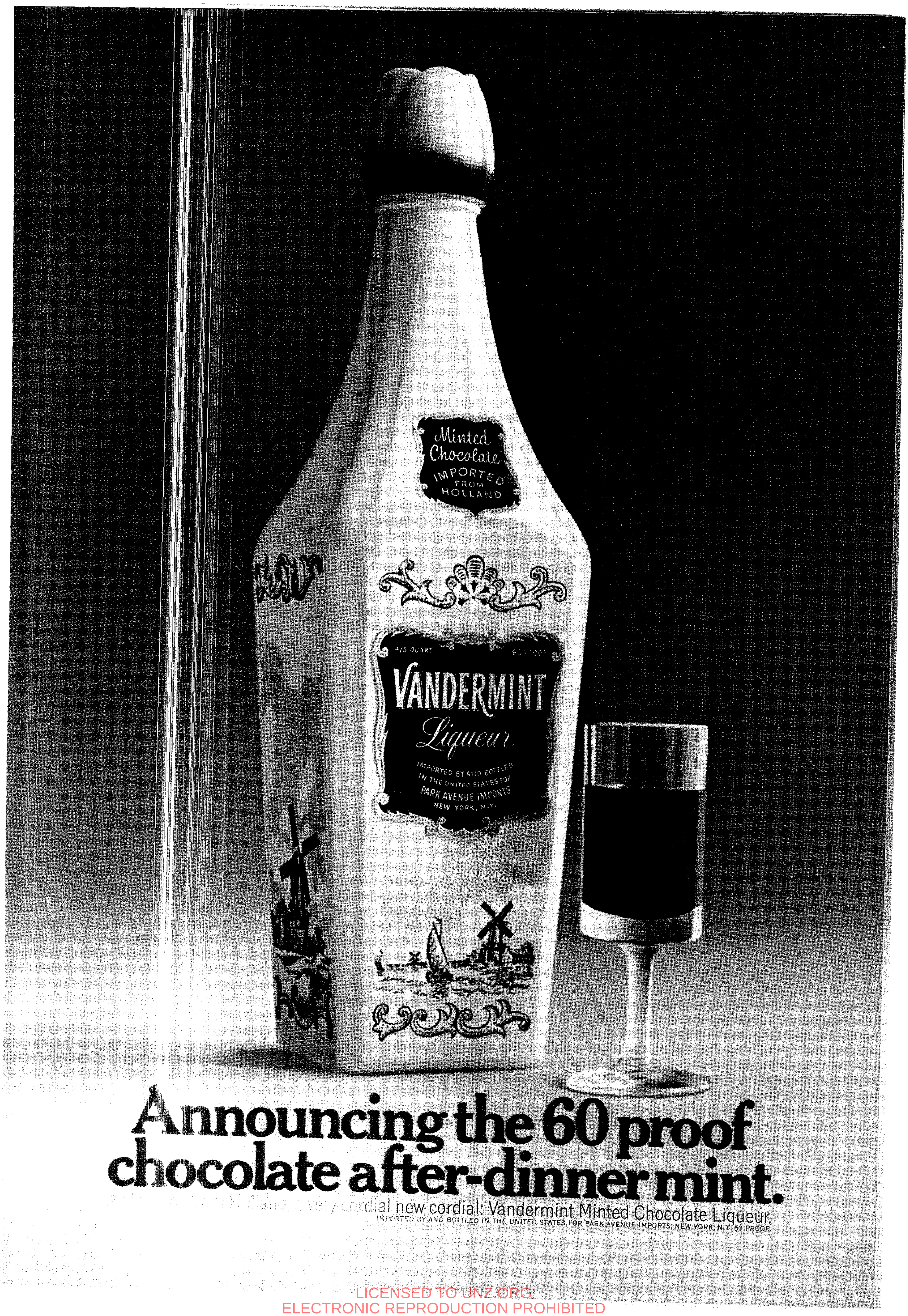
radio editorial criticizing the opponents of the war, and a Kansas State professor has appeared on the station to offer a rebuttal.

Jack's editorial was not characteristic of Manhattan's response to war-protest activities. Although some students who were picketing an R.O.T.C. review last fall had their signs destroyed by counter-demonstrators, they are less accustomed to being attacked than to being ignored. It is possible to spend an hour or so at the peace table in the Student Union without seeing any students stop to make a purchase or start an argument. One of the volunteers who has manned the table is an R.O.T.C. student who favors the Administration's Vietnam policy but believes that both sides should be heard. Most citizens who pass the Federal Building between noon and one on Wednesdays merely glance over at the peace vigil and then continue on their way, and many do not even glance over. There is no pressure against war protest from the university; one member of the Vietnam Committee is a university vice-president. Occasionally, a Vietnam Committee housewife may phone Fort Riley to object to an artillery concussion that has shaken her house, but that is about the extent of the confrontation with the military community a few miles away.

For their part, the anti-war forces are relatively cautious. They do not go in for noisy marches or nuisance demonstrations. The Vietnam Committee meets at the Wesley Foundation, the organization for Methodist students, which is also the host for the meals of reconciliation and one of the sponsors of the peace table at the Student Union. Warren Rempel, the Wesley chaplain, was one of fifteen or twenty Kansas clergymen who picketed the White House this winter during the national Clergy Mobilization, and both he and his assistant are usually among those at the Federal Building on Wednesdays. "I think it's fair to ask what function we are serving at the Federal Building, if any," he told a meeting of twenty or twenty-five members of the Vietnam Committee one Wednesday night. "I think there's a need for a lot of different strategies. A lot of people are going to choose not to participate in one or the other. In our role in the community, we're tempted to look for pragmatic results: Are the people steamed up? Do people know we're there? We have to find ways we can make a presence in the community. I think we need a persistent, repetitive type of presence. The vigil is just one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way. It's no panacea. But at least every Wednesday noon there is a way of reminding people that there is an issue."

HUTCHINSON: The annual state convention of the Kansas Collegiate Young Republicans included the election of a Miss Kansas Collegiate Young Republican, an address by Representative Donald G. Brotzman, of Colorado, and, during the election of a new state president, a dispute over the seating of the Wichita State University delegation that ended with five delegations walking out. In his speech, Representative Brotzman was applauded loudly when he said, "I don't know how you feel about it, but I feel a war worth fighting is a war worth winning." In the resolutions that afternoon, there was no mention of Vietnam. The chairman of the resolutions committee said later that one delegate to the committee had mentioned that a resolution of support for American fighting men might be a good idea, but had never put it on paper. The committee decided to bring only two resolutions before the convention—one in support of state liquor-by-the-drink legislation and one calling for the repeal of a Kansas law that bars the sale of cigarettes on state campuses.

WICHITA: In Kansas, the American Legion signs up twenty-five per cent of those eligible for membership—about twice the national average. Kenneth Young, the state American Legion adjutant, estimates that, not counting the areas around Wichita and Kansas City, almost half of the eligible veterans in Kansas join the Legion. There is some reason to believe that this record is the result of Prohibition as well as patriotism; serving liquor by the drink is still illegal in Kansas, and in many communities the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars run about the only bars in town. When the American Legion national convention voted last year that all of those who have served in the armed forces since August 5, 1964, are eligible for Legion membership as veterans of "the Vietnam period," local Legion posts were presented with their first large batch of potential members since the Korean war. The Kansas American Legion eventually held a special ceremony in Wichita for the formal induction of Vietnam veterans, including members of Wichita Post No. 155—the first all-Vietnam-period-veterans post in the country.

Wichita has the reputation of being a conservative town, perhaps because

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it numbers among its business leaders two members of the John Birch Society's board of directors. Some forty thousand people in Wichita are employed by four large aircraft manufacturers, including a huge Boeing plant that is modifying B-52s and manufacturing helicopter parts for use in Vietnam. There is no boasting about the war effort in Wichita, though. Visitors inquiring about the aircraft industry are reminded that only about half of Boeing's production is for government contracts—not all of that for the Defense Department—and that the other aircraft manufacturers in town are largely commercial rather than military. The spokesman for Boeing says that B-52s would have to be modified even if there were no war in Vietnam—although he acknowledges that it is the war that necessitates their being camouflaged. "Even if most of our manufacturers are not supplying the war directly, the war helps this economy, there's no doubt of it," H. Lew Malcolm, the executive vice-president of the Wichita Area Chamber of Commerce, says. "And, man, this economy is booming. The fact is, if the war stops tomorrow you're going to have some panic—not just here but all over the country. What are you going to do with the production? What about jobs for those four hundred thousand people over there?" Like many people in positions of responsibility in Kansas, Malcolm formed his views on how wars are fought during the Second World War. "We fought to win," he says. "We clobbered Germany, we clobbered Japan. All we thought about was kill 'em, whip 'em, and we'll go home. We did anything to win. What are we doing now? People in this country are arguing whether we ought to *bomb* Vietnam. War means beat, whip, murder, annihilate. It appears to me when a little country like North Vietnam can stave off a country like ours, it's plain embarrassing." (It is common to hear a discussion of Second World War tactics when the subject of Vietnam comes up among veterans in Kansas. "You have to start with your spearhead," Bill Dugger, a truck driver who is commander of the Salina V.F.W. post, said at the V.F.W. bar one night. "You spear out, flank out, and secure. Annihilate anything to your rear." Another man at the bar added, "They ought to draw a line in the country and say, 'This is ours and this is yours,' and then start fighting.")

Although it is thought that a lot of people in Wichita agree with Malcolm about how the Vietnam war ought to

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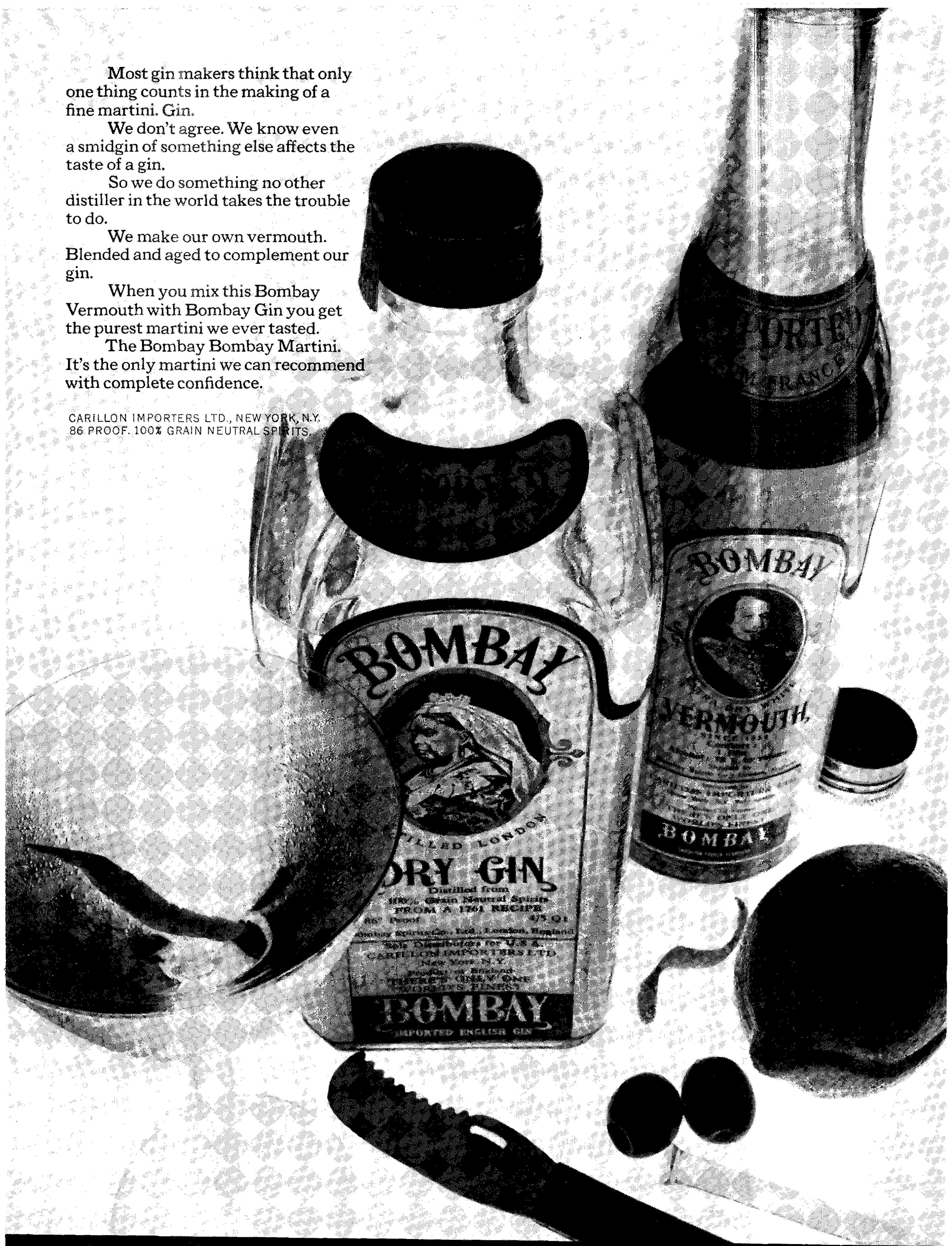
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be fought, there is no sign that the subject comes up very often. Wichita is the largest city in Kansas, but practically nothing has been heard from opponents of the war. "Judging from the letters we get, there's not much thinking about Vietnam," a man who works on the editorial page of one of the Wichita papers says. "What sets people off is liquor-by-the-drink, daylight-saving time, whether or not to build more toll roads, and the Russian consular treaty." The veterans' groups in Kansas have occasionally deplored the lack of interest in Vietnam, but they are not deeply involved in the war themselves. The McPherson American Legion Post sponsored a Freedom Week last year, and a number of posts sent packages or newspapers to home-town boys before Christmas, but there has been little activity related to Vietnam since. In the week before the Wichita induction ceremonies, the biggest American Legion news in Kansas was that members of the Legion's 40 & 8 organization had travelled to Fort Riley to present the 40 & 8 Merit Award to Chief, the last living cavalry horse carried on Army rolls. "We haven't done as much as we should, I guess," Kenneth Young, the adjutant, says. "We've been so busy with the Recognize Your Policeman Campaign, and promoting this book on the Legion. Between that and Boys State and baseball—we sponsor a hundred and fifty teams—and the county-government program, we haven't had much time. We have a bigger Boys State than New York."

The induction of Vietnam veterans was attended by Legionnaires from all over the state and by the national commander, John E. Davis, a former governor of North Dakota. It was held at the Broadview Hotel, a large downtown hotel of the type that advertises itself as a motor hotel in an apparent attempt to hold some of the business threatened by the motel boom. The lobby of the Broadview features an elaborate electric train, enclosed by a glass partition that has signs saying "A Bellman Will Gladly Turn The Train On For You." Half an hour before the ceremony was scheduled to begin, the lobby was filled with Legionnaires in blue campaign hats, laughing and chatting and trying to recall how long it had been since they last saw each other. The ceremony was held in a huge, rectangular convention room, where rows of folding chairs had been set up for the Legionnaires and their wives. In the front of the room, a man whose campaign hat had "Director of Claims" written on it stood ready to conduct the

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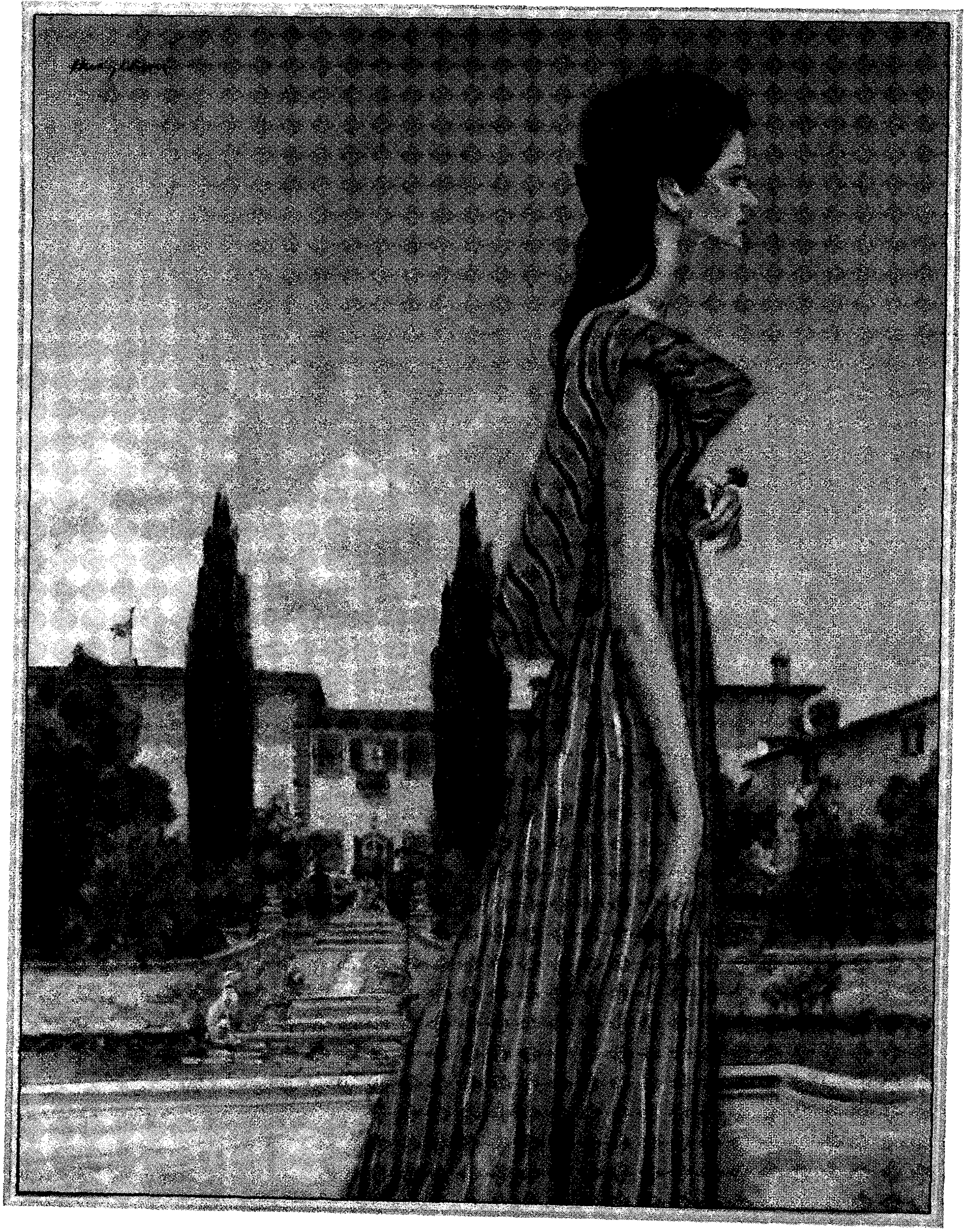

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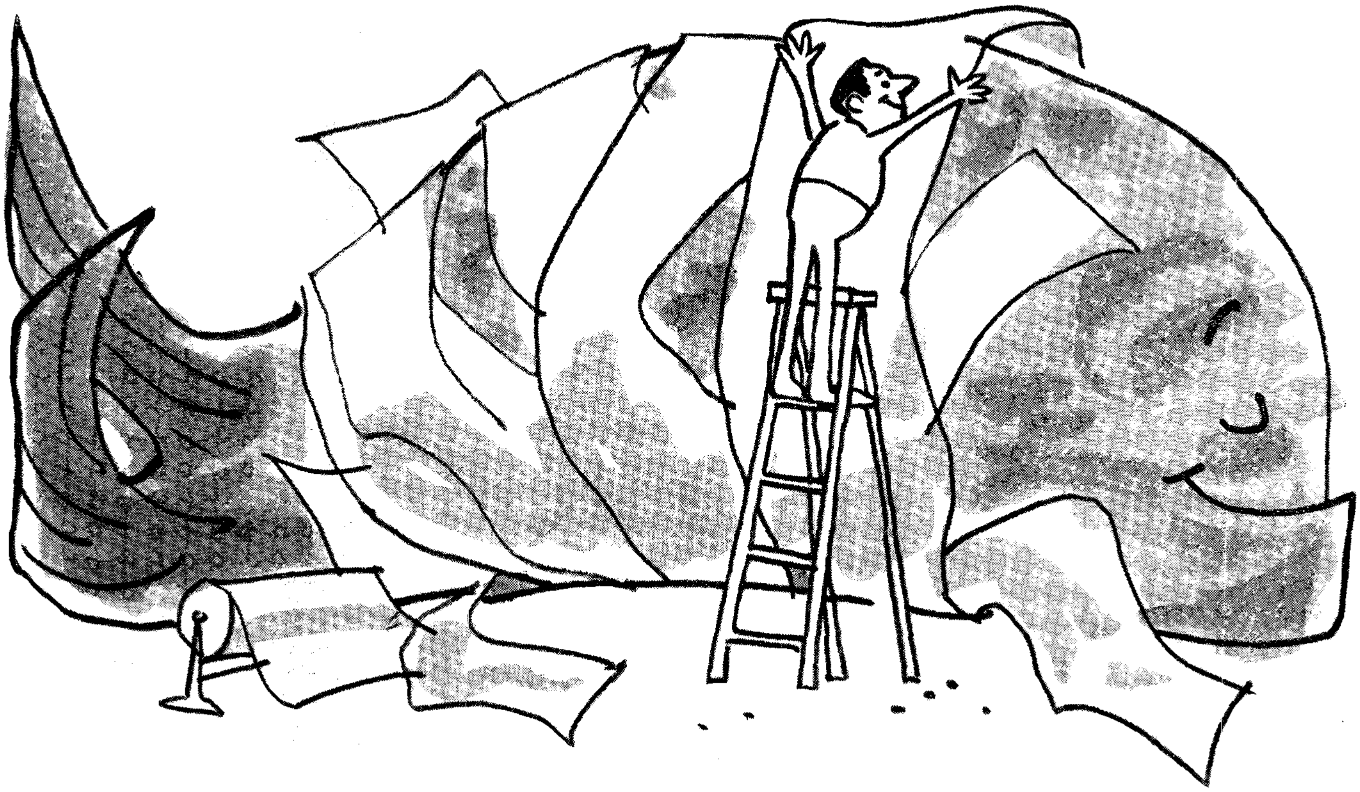

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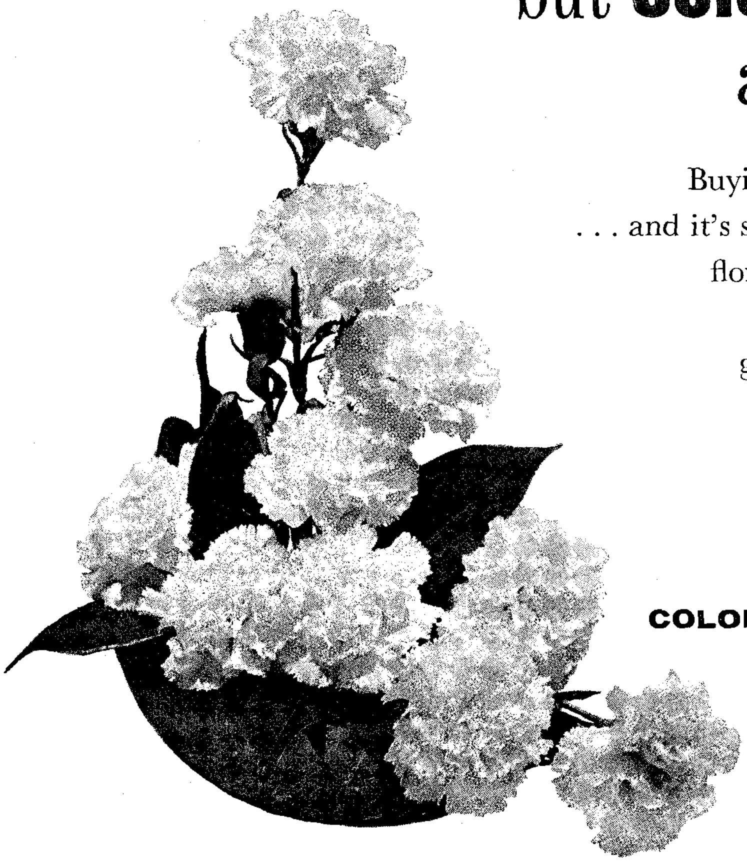

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Only Colorado Carnations wear a registered trademark seal . . . your guarantee of finest quality ceremony from behind a lectern that had a sign saying "Loyalty" on it. There were four lecterns altogether—the others had signs saying "Freedom," "Justice," and "Democracy"—and they had been arranged in a diamond pattern, facing each other. The sergeant at arms standing at the door said, "Sir, there are fifty-seven Vietnam veterans who have been accepted for the Legion and are awaiting their obligations." The inductees marched into the room, led by the one girl among them, and lined up in front of the "Loyalty" lectern. Two of them were in Navy uniforms, the rest in suits. Two or three had small signs on their lapels saying "V-Vet." Upon orders from the sergeant at arms, the candidates executed a smart right face, so that they were facing a Legionnaire standing behind the lectern labelled "Justice." "Vice-Commander," the sergeant at arms said, "I present these candidates for instruction in Justice." The process was repeated for Freedom, Democracy, and Loyalty, and each time the candidates heard a speech. At "Justice," they were each presented with a booklet entitled "You Are the American Legion," and at "Freedom" they each received a miniature American flag and a flag-etiquette book. During the instructions on Democracy, a young man in the formation suddenly pitched straight forward to the floor. "I've seen 'em do that in ranks," an elderly man in the audience said. Several people rushed to the young man's aid, and after he was revived he insisted that he was able to continue. The national commander furnished a chair, and the young man remained seated for the rest of the ceremony. After the four Legion principles and the Legion emblem had been explained, the candidates took the Legion *oath* ("*. . . to foster and perpetuate* one-hundred-per-cent Americanism . . . to combat autocracy of both the classes and the masses . . . to make right the master of might . . .") and were presented with their pins by the Kansas commander and the national commander.

The new Legionnaires took seats that had been reserved for them, and then the Kansas commander gave a short speech, referring to the new members as "Viet Vets," as is the custom in the Legion. He was followed by Frank Naylor, a young insurance man from Kansas City, who is chairman of the Legion's national Vietnam Veterans Committee. "One of the things that shocked and saddened me most during my time in Vietnam was

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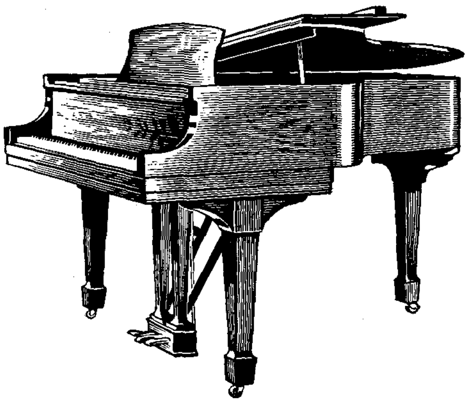
the demonstrations against our fighting there," Naylor said. "I was shocked even more by the lack of a vocal reply. Here the American Legion stands strong, and we must stand strong. We need to reaffirm Americanism vocally. We must show the flag." The national commander—a handsome, gray-haired man who wore a red campaign hat—followed Naylor with a few words about the singular honor Kansas had in organizing the first Vietnam post, and agreed that "our voice must be louder, more militant, in a responsible way."

The formal part of the meeting ended with a "membership turn-in" from posts that had new members to report. There was applause for the representatives of several posts that had greatly exceeded their quotas, but the most enthusiastic applause was given to Mike Seis, an Air Force sergeant stationed at McConnell Air Force Base, in Wichita. As post commander of Vietnam Post No. 155, Seis announced that twelve new members had been signed since the last report, making a total membership of twenty-seven, all Viet Vets. After the meeting—when the folding chairs had been arranged around tables, Legionnaires had retired to the bottle store in the lobby for supplies, and a dance band was playing—Seis remarked that the twenty-seven-man total announced at the membership turn-in was only a beginning for Post No. 155. "I think we'll have a thousand members by the end of the year," he said. "This post has the greatest potential of any post in the country. There's no limit to this."

SALINA: Whitley Austin, the editor of the Salina *Journal*, has worked for the *Journal* for eighteen years, and before that he worked for sixteen years on the Hutchinson *News*, which is owned by the same company. He is a Republican (although he, like the majority of the voters of Salina, favored Lyndon Johnson for President in 1964), a member of the board of trustees at Kansas Wesleyan University, and a former member of the State Board of Regents. Despite his participation in the Establishments of the city and the state, he is known in Kansas newspaper circles as a man with independent views. Last January 18th, Austin ran an editorial headed "KILLING TOO COSTLY A PRICE FOR PRIDE!" The first paragraph, in its entirety, read, "Let's get out of Vietnam."

"I am not a pacifist," Austin went on to say in the editorial. "But war must have a reasonable and achievable



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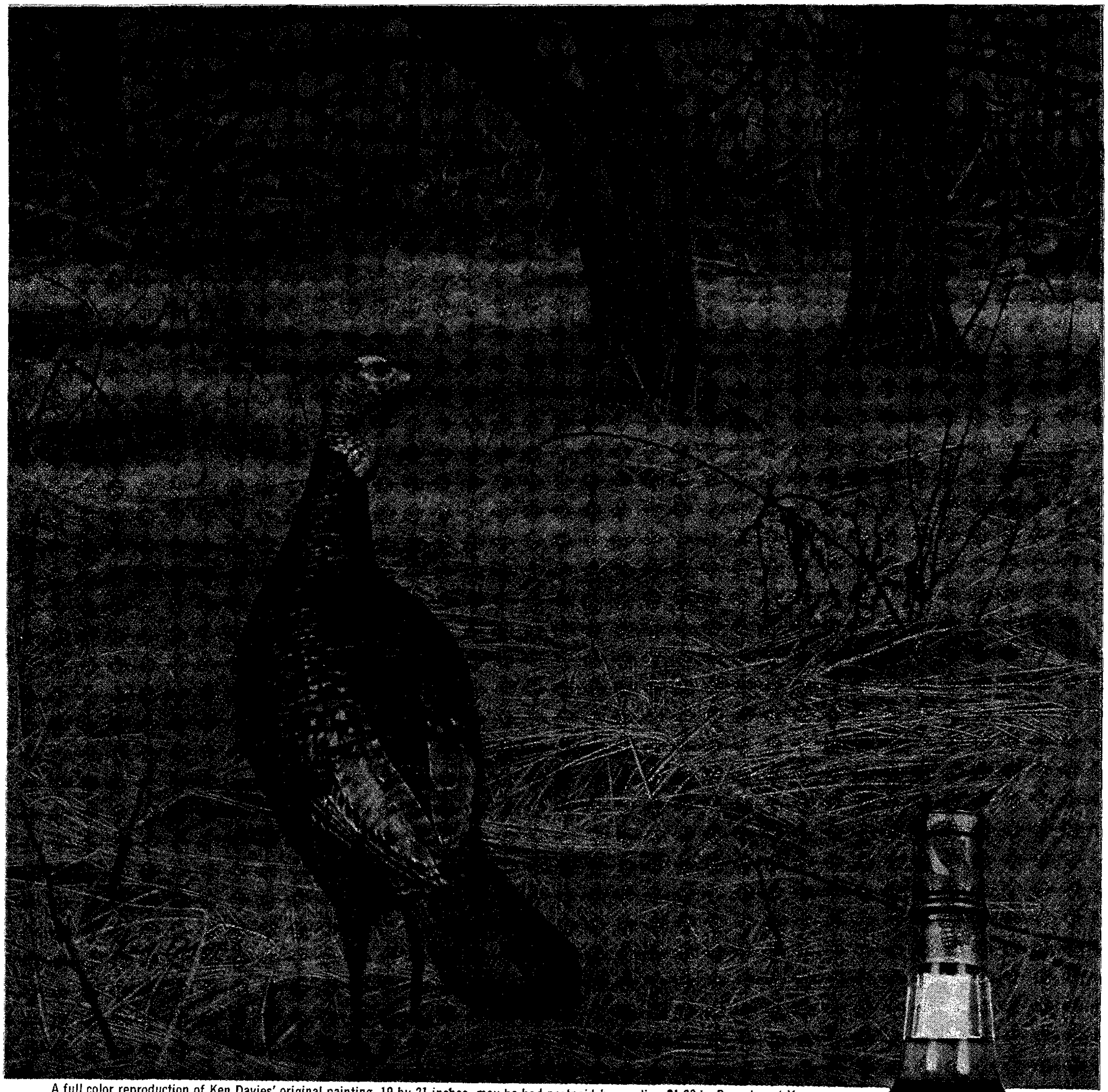
result, like the defense of our nation. If we go further in Vietnam we only can squander our human and natural resources. . . . I saw combat duty in the Burma and Chinese theatres, lived in the villages, and I have visited Asia twice since. Now as then, we are the white foreigners, aliens in the land of the yellow and brown. Our motives are as suspect as our customs are strange. The Asians feel as did our forefathers when they denounced King George for 'quartering large bodies of armed troops among us.' This does not mean we should isolate ourselves from Asia. Economic and cultural intercourse remains imperative, but on the basis of mutual interests between peoples, not as master and pupils."

When Austin wrote the editorial, he had no idea what the reaction of Salina would be. As it turned out, the paper received about a dozen letters, and they ran about four to one in favor of his position. The reactions expressed to him in person, he says, were also favorable, by a ratio of three or four to one—although, he acknowledges, "some people who disagreed would probably not cuss me to my face." One response that Austin's editorial did not bring was vicious attack. There were no angry resolutions against him; there were no threats of boycotts. Opposing the war is not heresy in Salina. Some of the letters to the *Journal* supporting Austin stressed the cost of the war in lives and dollars, and some included statements like "The United States cannot be the guardian of the world." It might be possible to detect an echo of Midwestern isolationism in their emphasis on the practical arguments against American involvement in an Asian war, but Austin thinks that the feeling in Salina against the Vietnam war is broader than that. He believes that although there is pride among the citizens of Salina in the local boys who are fighting and scorn for people whose opposition is expressed with placards, there is also an unexpressed opposition to the war that may extend to a majority of the citizens.

The people in Salina still discuss the war very little. Salina has attracted some industry to fill part of the economic gap left when Schilling Air Force Base closed two years ago, but it is still principally a trading and distribution center for central and northwestern Kansas. The conversation of the wheat farmers who drive into Salina to shop is understandably dominated by weather and prices: despite the fact that the Kansas wheat elevators are almost empty and the state is about to have its second wheat crop in a row damaged by drought, the price of wheat is so low that some farmers have threatened to plow up their fields. For a while, people in the area became so heated about the issue of whether or not the state should have daylight-saving time that Austin wrote an editorial informing them that there were more important issues to argue about. Austin himself ordinarily does not run the daily Vietnam combat story on the front page; it is referred to in a front-page rundown of the news, and usually runs on page 2. He thinks that few people read it. The place names are unfamiliar and all sound alike, and the fact that there is no territory changing hands makes it impossible to follow the progress of the war. All in all, it is not easy to find signs in Salina that the editor of the paper once wrote an editorial calling for American withdrawal from Vietnam. "My son's on the student paper at K.U., and—I suppose because he's a loyal son—they reran the editorial," Austin says. "He called and said some of the New Left people wanted me to come down and give a speech. I told him certainly the last thing I want to do is to give a speech to the New Left."

WASHINGTON, D.C.: George Stafford has been reading letters from Kansas since 1950 as the administrative assistant to Senator Frank Carlson. Senator Carlson now receives three to five hundred letters a day from his constituents. For a while, there was more mail opposing the consular treaty with Russia than there was on all sides of the Vietnam issue, but Stafford attributed that to an organized campaign by conservatives, whose publicity fell just short of implying that the treaty could result in the introduction of Kremlin operatives into most of the cafés of Great Bend. "Every time one of those right-wing papers writes something, we can expect mail a few days later," Stafford says. The mail on Vietnam is mostly in the category of hawk, but Stafford believes that lately it may have mellowed slightly, perhaps through the influence of the churches in Kansas. What impresses Stafford about the mail is an aura of general unrest. "People just aren't happy," he says. "It used to be a letter would complain about one thing. Now it's four or five or a dozen things. They're not even sure what's troubling them."

TOPEKA: For a couple of months in 1961, nobody was drafted from Kansas. By last fall, the draft call had



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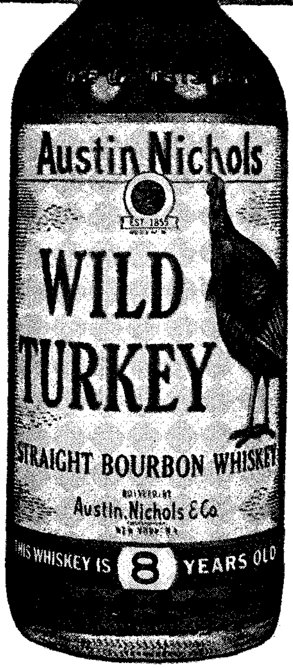
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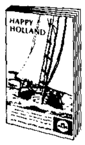

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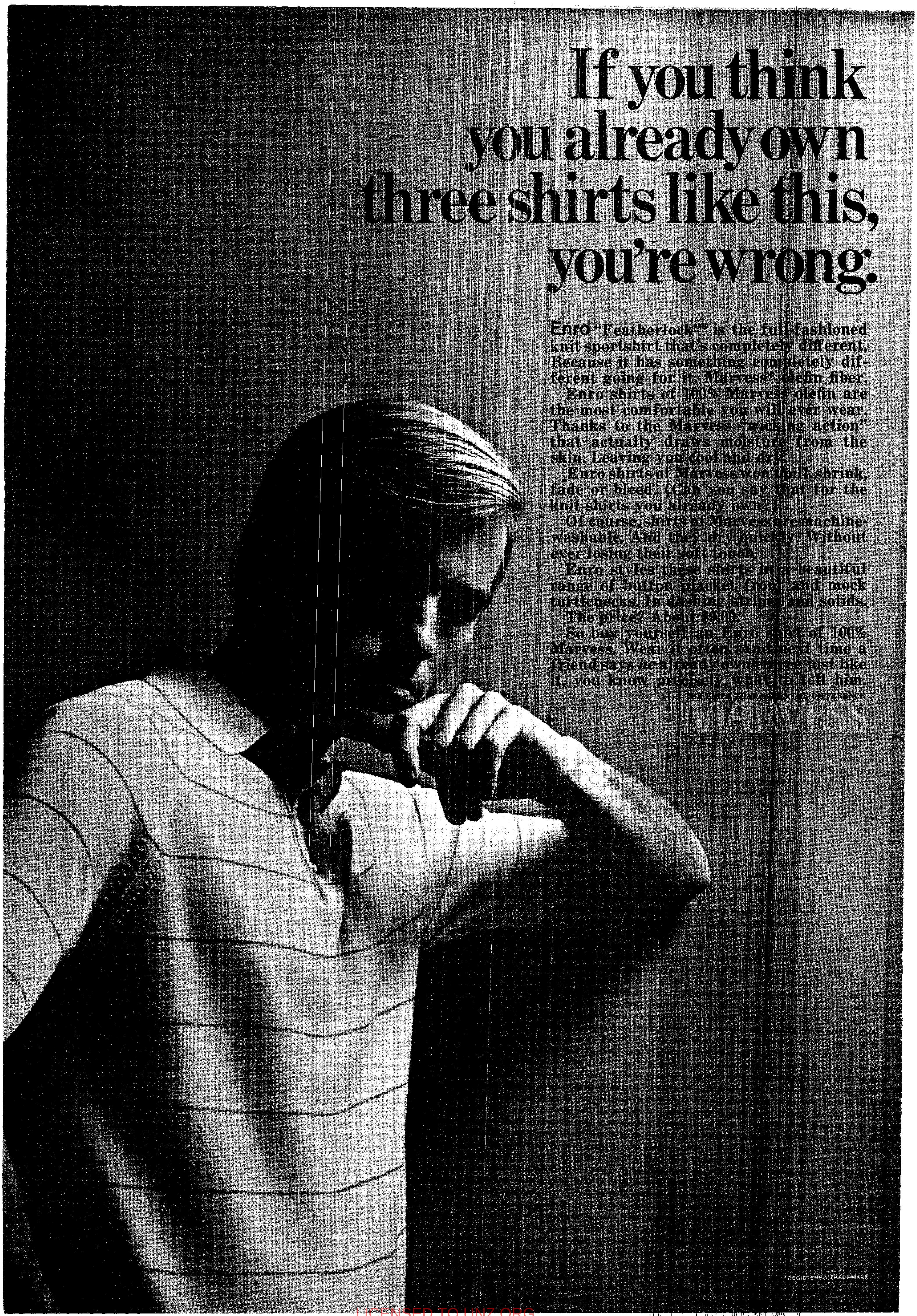

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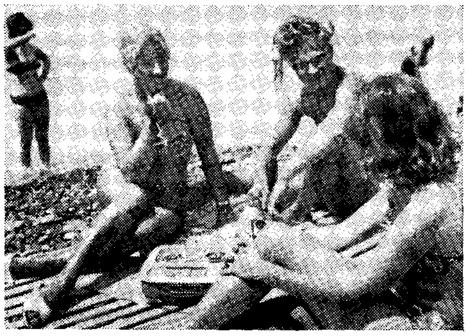
reached about eight hundred a month. Now it stands at approximately one hundred a month, and young men are being drafted at nineteen or twenty. Whether or not a young man can avoid being drafted by attending a university or running a farm or working in the Peace Corps depends on the policies of his local draft board. Although there is a virtually unanimous contempt in Kansas for draft-card burners, a young man threatened by the draft does not find his patriotism questioned if he takes the evasive actions that are legally within his rights. "It may not be that everyone is trying to stay in college to avoid the draft, but it sure seems that way to someone on the board," a member of the Salina draft board says. "Of course, you can't blame a boy for trying to stay out." Some Kansas National Guard units have been designated Selected Reserve Forces—they receive extra training and are considered "port-of-embarkation-ready"—and some units were called up during a "Berlin crisis" mobilization several years ago. But young men in Kansas believe that the chances of the Guard's being called up again are not great, and most Guard units are full.

During the week in which the President's commission on the draft made its findings public, the Topeka draft board—Local Board No. 71—held its regular monthly meeting. The board office, in the Brookwood shopping center, in northwest Topeka, consists of one plain room that has beige cinder-block walls, fluorescent lights, and a line of filing cabinets extending the length of one wall. Shortly before five in the afternoon, the board chairman—Charles Bennett, a local contractor who has served on the board for twenty-six years—arrived at the office and began to go over the files of the cases that had to be dealt with that evening. His two colleagues, also local businessmen, arrived a few minutes later.

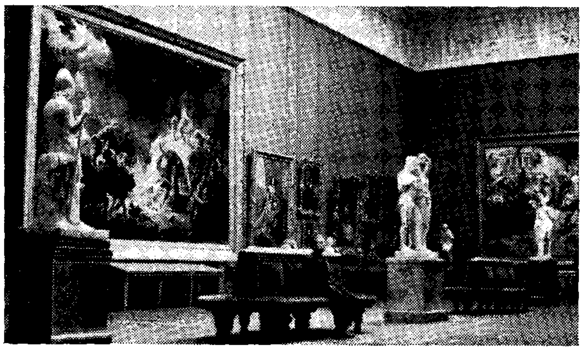
The board clerk informed the members that five registrants were scheduled to come in and discuss their classification. When the first one arrived—a tall, red-haired boy who was wearing an expensive-looking sweater and tight khaki pants that ended six inches from the floor—Bennett said, "Hi. I knew your dad real well." He introduced the boy to the other members and said, "What's the matter? Foul up on your grades?"

The boy, a student at Washburn University, in Topeka, had fouled up on his grades. He had a rather complicated story about having had to drop a course that he had been ill-advised to

LINCOLN CENTER? Nyet. BOLSHOI? Yes.



MIAMI BEACH? Nyet. SOCHI? Yes.



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take, but the draft-board members—consulting his file and asking a few questions in a friendly, casual way—ascertained that even *with* credit for the unfortunate course the boy no longer met the board's standards for deferment as a full-time student. Finally, Bennett told the boy, "You got this board in a position we can't keep you in school. We didn't put you in 1-A. You did. If we can find a way to keep you in school until the end of the year, we will, but you better be ready to go in this summer, because you haven't done your job." The red-haired boy thanked the board, he and the board members laughed when Bennett remarked that his physical-education marks seemed to be his strong point, and Bennett thanked him for coming in.

Although the board members didn't know the families of any of the other registrants who appeared before them, they treated everyone with the same informality and directness, ordinarily calling the registrant by his first name from the beginning of their conversation with him. "I know this boy. How are you?" Bennett said to a dark-haired, serious-looking young man who followed the unsuccessful student. The young man had appeared before the board previously to ask for an extension of his student deferment. He had dropped out of college since then, and he was now asking for a hardship deferment because his wife, a high-school teacher, was confined to a wheelchair. He gave a few reasons his wife would be better off with him at home, but he also presented a few facts against his own case; he acknowledged that his wife could drive her own car, and he volunteered the information that she rode her own horse. The board heard two other applications for hardship deferments. One boy appeared with his mother, who explained that her husband had hardening of the arteries and it had gone to the brain, and that it was a great comfort to have someone at home to help care for him. A Mexican boy told the board that his salary as a custodian was the only means of support for his younger brother, who was still in school, and his mother, who had been deserted by her husband and was too sick to work. The draft-board members, glancing down at the papers in front of them, asked all the hardship applicants about the exact amount of disability and the exact amount of financial resources. The applicants were thanked for coming in and told that they would be sent the board's findings.

By far the longest interview was

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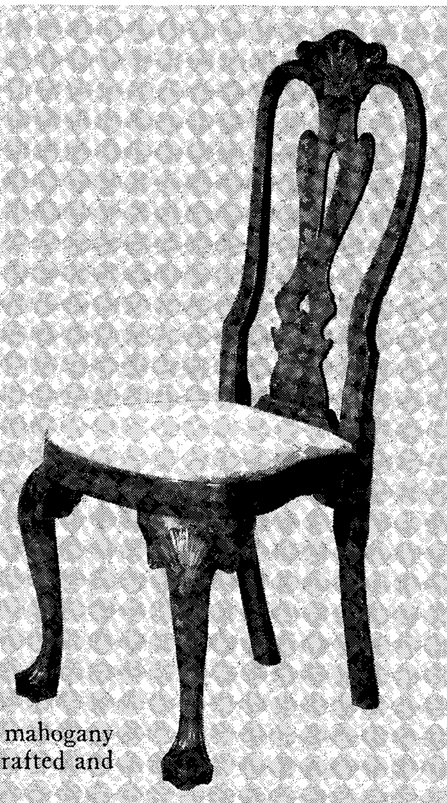

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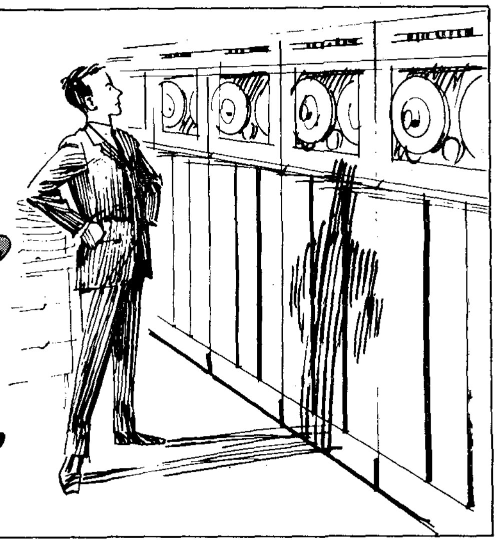
DINK STOVER VS. "THE MONSTER"

OR

"WHO'S SPINNING WHOSE WHEELS?"



In which Dink has the temerity to challenge the agency's shiny new electronic computer (a machine held in no little awe and known as "The Monster") — with results that suggest that sometimes there is more to preparing a cracker-jack media plan than cold reels, tape and other hardware.

As this ominous episode begins, the Media Director, a grizzled old advertising pro and Dink's mentor, bursts into the office, a worried frown darkening his normally jovial features. Can it be that Dink has tried — figuratively speaking — the two-point conversion once too often?

"STOVER!" the Media Director barked, which made our hero immediately apprehensive because it was only on occasions of great stress that his associates ever called him anything but "Dink." The Media Director continued: "We've got a real crisis on our hands this time. The linear programming people have just informed me that you've dared to lock horns with the new computer. *It* recommends another Boston newspaper. *You* recommend The Boston Globe!"

"True," Dink said calmly.

His Boss seemed shocked. "But surely you must know we're paying a lot of money for 'It' — not only to impress our clients but also to give us the straight answers. And now you dare to suggest The Monster is *wrong?* Dink, this isn't kid's football or the old Wiffenpoof Song. It's *advertising*, man, a serious business devoid of raw emotion and sentiment . . ."

Doggedly, Dink shook his head. "I've carefully outlined our media problem, sir, checked my circulation figures, pored over my demographic charts and plotted the cost-per-dollar breakdowns. It always comes out the same: *The Boston Globe!*

His Boss snorted. "That's what happens every time we match human frailties against modern machines. Well, tomorrow we're scheduled to visit 'Computer Control' and see just where you goofed."

Although sorely troubled, Dink met Mary Jane Hightower after work. Weeks before he had planned a rendezvous with this lovely wordsmith from his office to celebrate the first anniversary of their acquaintanceship. "Believe I'll have some wine," Mary Jane said recklessly.

Dink ordered a well-chilled orange squash for himself, then asked the waiter to recommend something suitable for Mary Jane.

"Perhaps mam'selle would enjoy a 1962 Medoc? Magnifique!"

Dink felt his dander rise. "And what's wrong, may I ask, with a nice new 1966 wine? Gosh, you'd think—" He stopped in mid-sentence. In a flash Dink saw the answer to the office riddle that had been be-deviling him. He was right about The Boston Globe's overwhelming leadership in New England all along!

"Better get your '66 figures . . ."

The next day, Dink, the Media Director and several technicians (rather sneering chaps, if the truth were known) stood expectantly before the computer. Its reels gleamed. Its software hardened menacingly...

One of the technicians stepped forward. "Okay, this is 'take one.' Number BG-62. Let's run the data through the reels and show Stover up, once and for all."

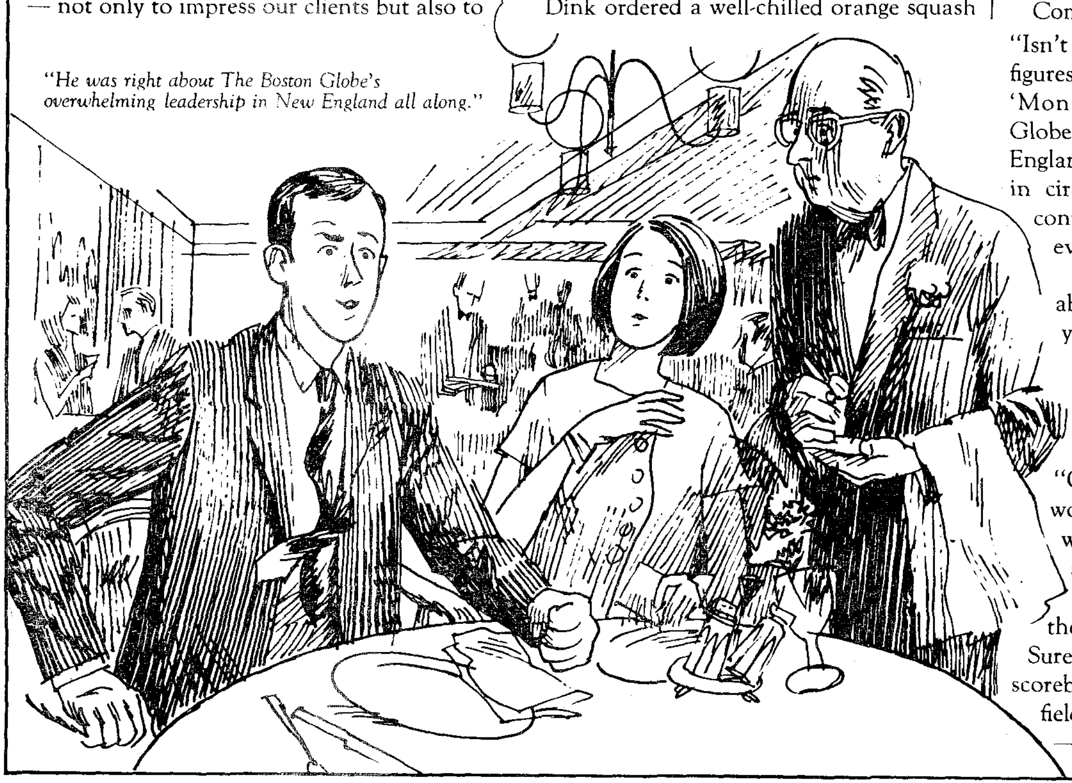
Commandingly, Dink put up his hand. "Isn't that *old* data? Better get your '66 figures from the data bank. Maybe your 'Monster' isn't aware that The Boston Globe has grown considerably . . . is New England's number one newspaper. Leading in circulation, advertising linage, editorial content. And increasing its leadership every year."

The computer man seemed taken aback. "Well, Stover, if you think a few years will make any difference. Take two . . ."

After our hero was triumphantly vindicated, his Boss clapped Dink happily on the shoulder:

"Golly, this time you really had me worried, lad. I was beginning to think you weren't giving it that big second effort any more...had lost your Yale spunk!"

Dink smiled engagingly. "You see, sir, there's one thing people sometimes forget. Sure, a machine can flash numbers on the scoreboard. But it takes men on the football field of life — men with sagacity and drive — to call the signals and *make* the score!"



"He was right about The Boston Globe's overwhelming leadership in New England all along."

ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

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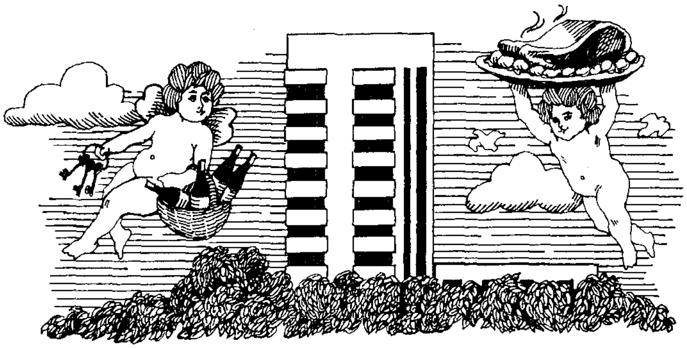

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concerned with a request for a ministerial exemption by a young man wearing a lightweight blue suit, a neatly knotted striped tie, and a jewelled stickpin. The board members greeted him in their customary informal way, and Bennett asked what the board could do for him.

"First, sir, thank you for the opportunity to speak to you gentlemen," the young man said, placing a gray fibreglass briefcase on the floor next to him and snapping it open. He handed Bennett a letter that he said made him legally qualified for exemption as a minister, and handed the other board members various cards and documents that explained how he spent one hundred hours a month in the door-to-door ministry as a Jehovah's Witness Pioneer.

"Do you sell these things?" one of the board members asked as the Pioneer displayed the various pamphlets he distributed and explained how often he called back at the same house if necessary.

"Our work is not visualized as commercial," the Pioneer said. "If we were to place a book such as this, it would cost fifty cents—only the cost of printing. The purpose is to distribute them to other persons in the public." He spoke as if he were addressing an unsaved housewife who had answered the door but did not quite understand what was being offered.

"Are you gainfully employed?" the board member asked.

"The Bible says we receive free and we should give free," the Pioneer said.

"Well, where do you get your groceries?"

The Pioneer said that his parents were kind enough to continue to provide him with groceries, and that he worked in a hamburger stand to obtain money for further education in the Bible.

Bennett read the Selective Service System definition of a duly ordained minister and asked the Pioneer if he thought he fitted the definition.

The Pioneer said that his society had recognized him as a minister, although it was true that he was only eighteen, and that he hoped to continue his studies at a missionary and Bible college in Brooklyn after he received his exemption. "This is my daily schedule, you might be interested in," he said, handing a card to one board member. "These are my activities in February."

Bennett told the young man that the Topeka board had never recognized Pioneers as duly ordained ministers.

"As I mentioned, these one hundred

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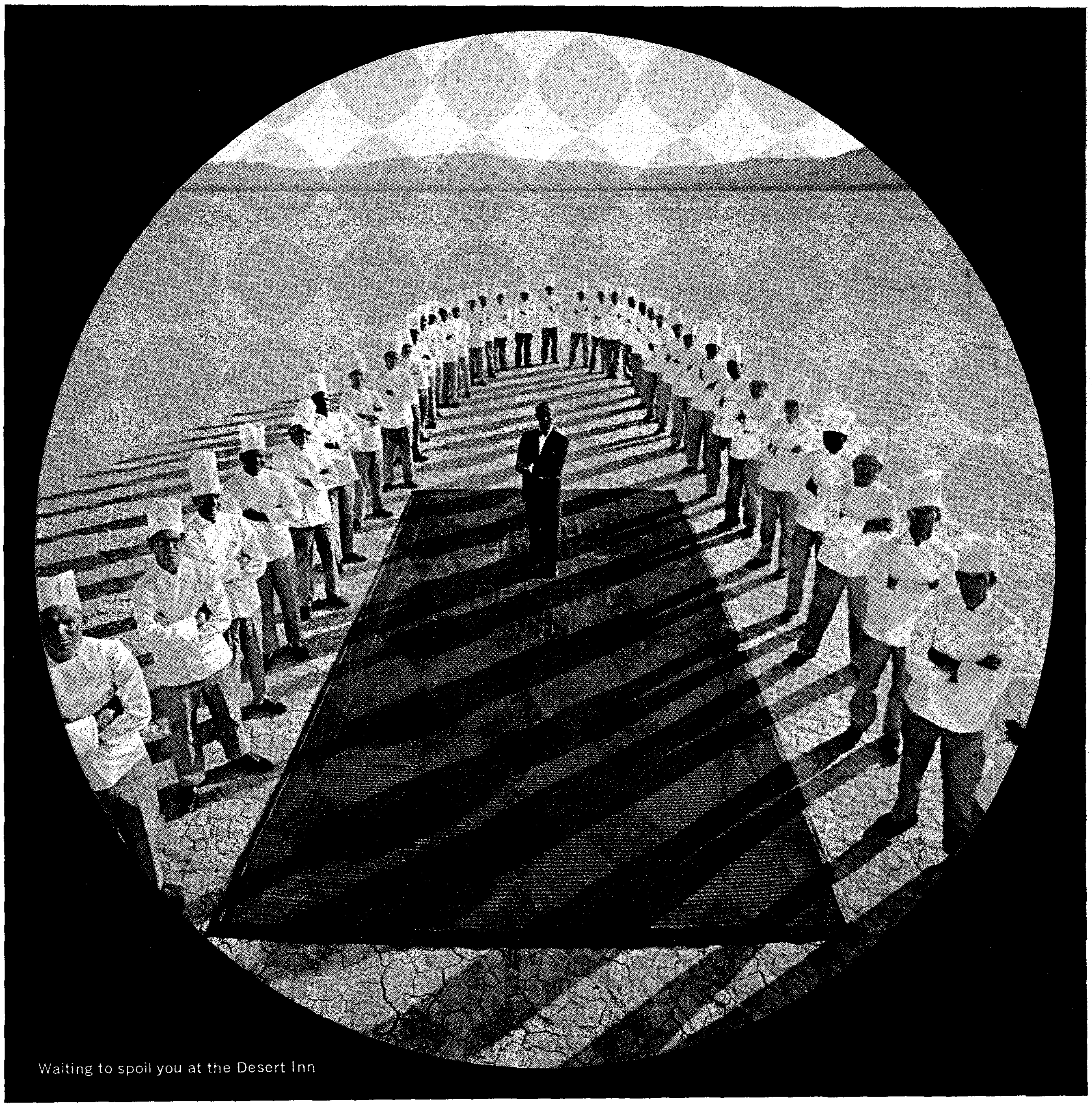

Waiting to spoil you at the Desert Inn

You've relished our famous poached trout à la reine? Now what's your pleasure? You'll find it here—in one of the world's truly abundant resort hotels. Join the beautiful people.

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hours are only part of my activity," the Pioneer said, reading from another paper he had drawn out of his briefcase. "I read the daily text. I attend meetings at the theocratic ministry school and prepare for such meetings. I prepare talks from the pulpit. I have given hour talks on Sunday at Kansas City, Emporia, Topeka, and other cities. The subject of one of these talks is 'What Desire We Should Wisely Cultivate.' The subject of the other is 'What the Bible Has to Say About Resurrection.' Both of these talks are an hour in length." He went on to tell about visiting a sick man to give him Bible encouragement. The board members nodded politely, and the Pioneer told them that he read the Bible three hours a day, although the Watchtower Society recommends only fifteen minutes a day.

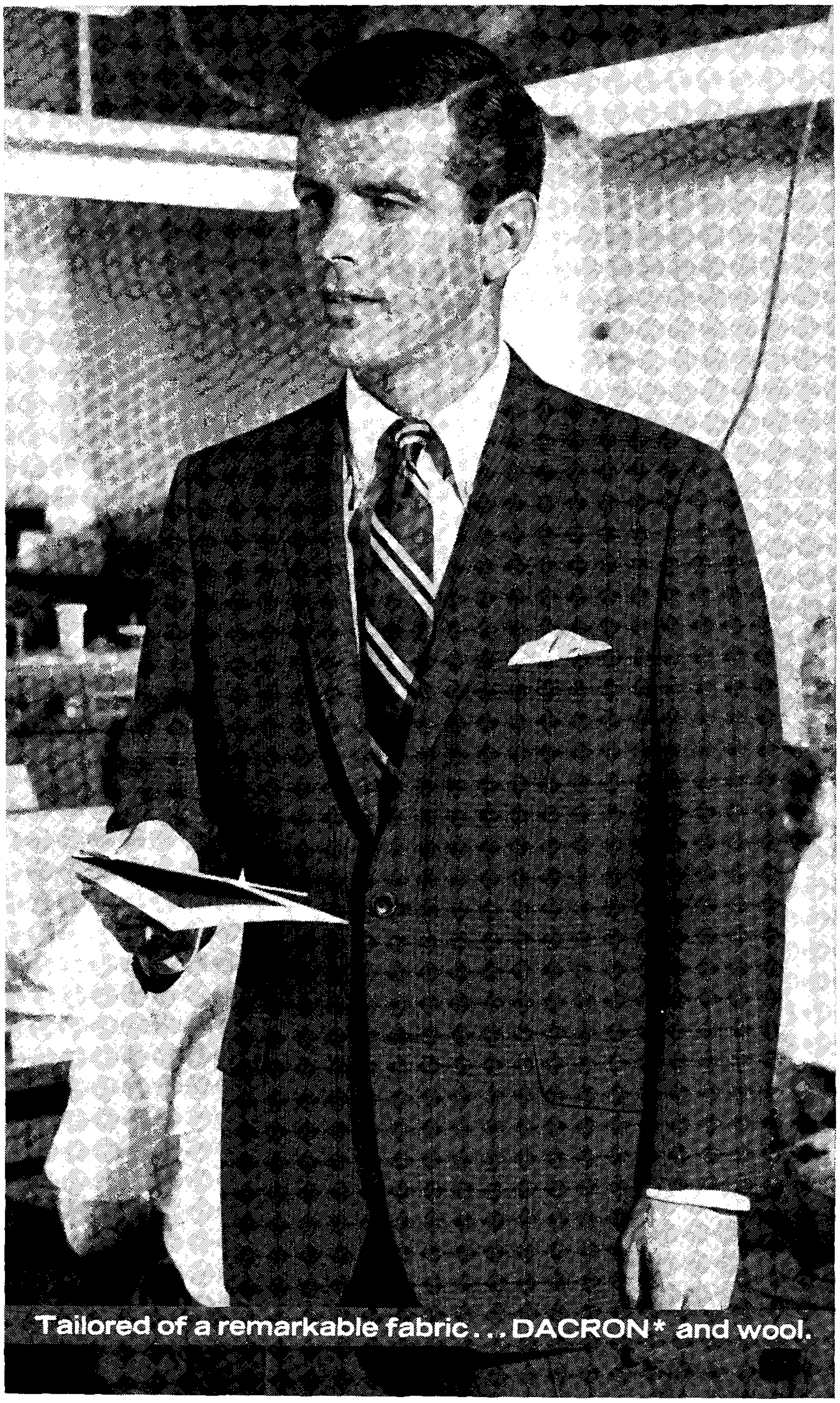
The Pioneer made a few more presentations, each one detailed and faultlessly recited, and then, finally, one of the board members said, "I think we have a pretty good over-all picture of what your activities are."

The Pioneer did not seem to hear him. He reached into the gray briefcase and pulled out another handwritten document, explaining that it was an affidavit from a man who had a bad police record but had recently been led toward the Bible by the Pioneer's preaching. He began to tell how he and some friends had an appointment at the Topeka jail that Sunday to speak to some of the man's friends.

"We'll send you our findings," Bennett said after the jail service had been explained. "Thanks for coming in."

"Yes, thanks for coming in," the other board members said as the Pioneer was gathering his material and packing up his briefcase. He closed the case and walked to the door. On the way, he stopped and said, "I want to thank you again for this opportunity to speak."

After all five cases had been heard, the draft board made its decisions on how to dispose of them. The Jehovah's Witness case merely had to be referred to the appeal board, where it had already been heard once. The Jehovah's Witnesses are known among Selective Service people for their tireless lawyers, and draft boards are particularly careful with the paperwork in their cases. The board members decided to hold up the classification of the Mexican boy until they got a doctor's report on his mother's health, to grant a six-month hardship deferment to the boy with the sick father, to give the red-haired boy a temporary student deferment with the idea of making him 1-A in time to be


Tailored of a remarkable fabric... DACRON* and wool.

Coat & slacks shown: 55% Dacron* polyester/45% wool

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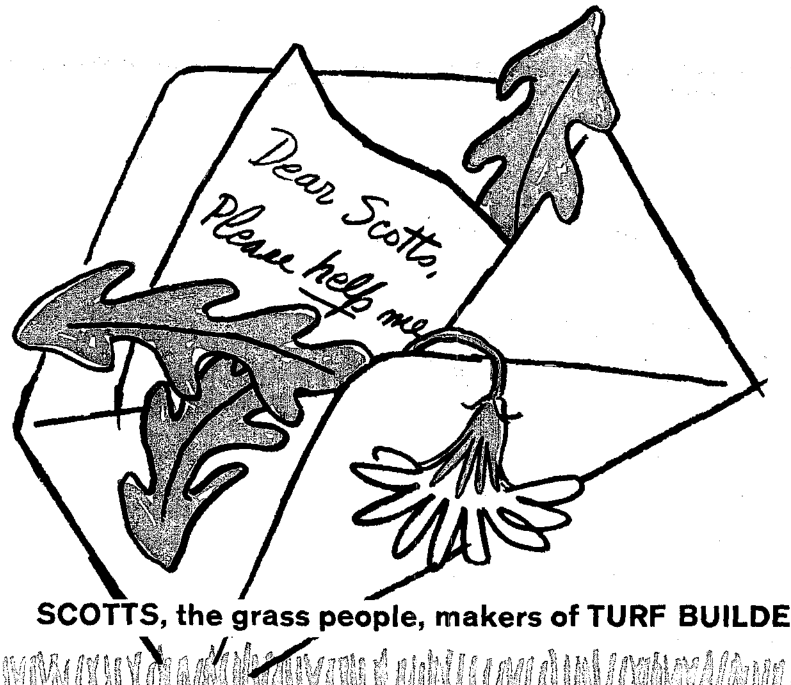

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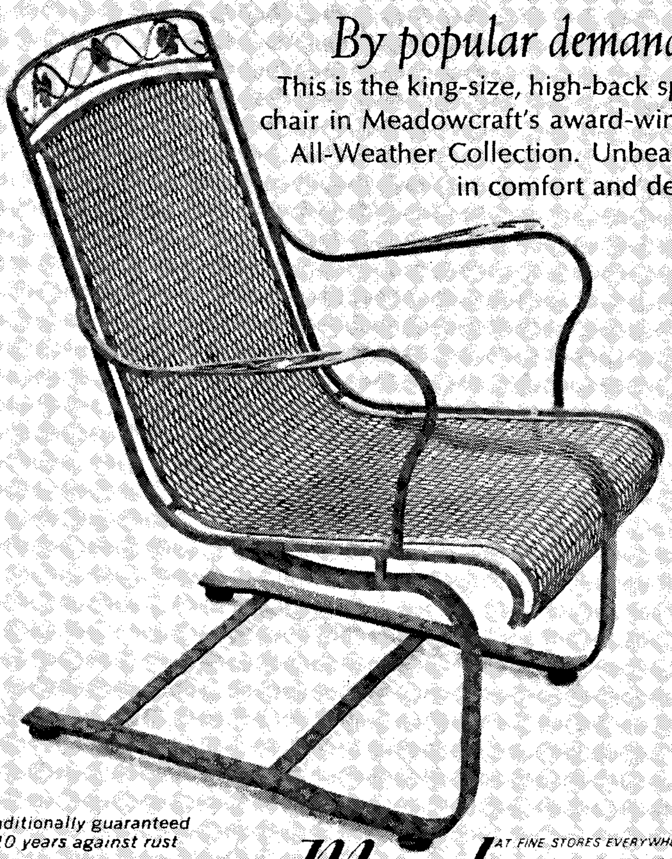

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drafted at the end of the semester, and to classify the young man with the handicapped wife 1-A.

The clerk then gave the board members the files of other registrants whose classifications were up for change or review. The board members divided the folders among themselves and worked their way through them, reading the appropriate papers and marking their decisions on the outside of the folders. Occasionally, one of the members would make a remark about the case he was looking at, or would ask a question—often in a way that made it unclear whether or not he expected an answer. Most of the cases could be handled without consulting the other members.

"Oh, God, more conscientious objectors!" Bennett said as he went through one folder. "This boy has no group, no church, no nothing. I think this Cassius Clay thing is causing that."

"Is the boilermakers' program still on the essential list?" somebody asked the clerk.

"Daggone it, I'm not in favor of kids staying out to go to law school," Bennett said. "Law school's not critical. They have lawyers standing on each other's shoulders in the Army."

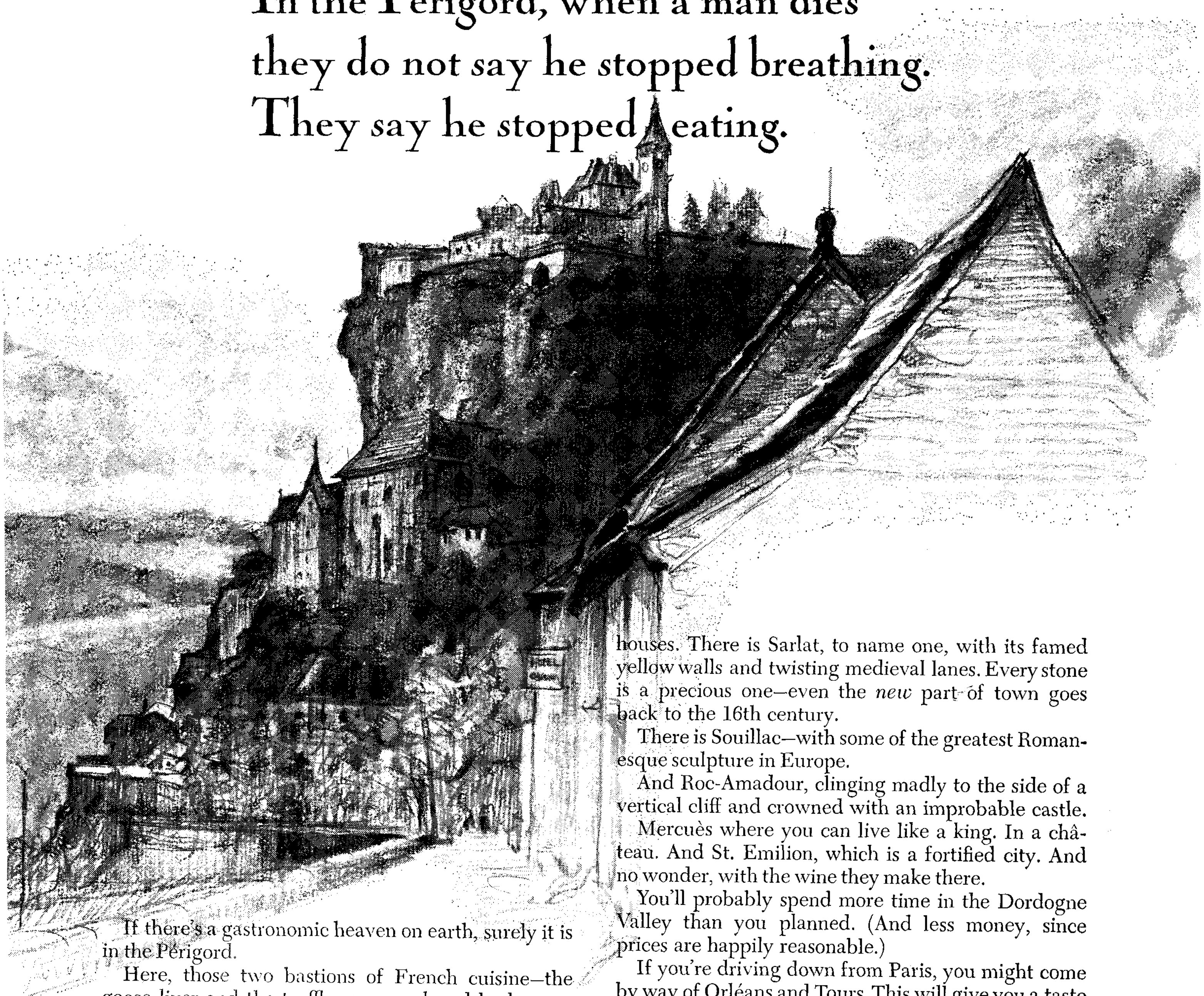
"Here's one who wants to go into the Peace Corps," one board member said. "Is Chile one of our friendly countries? It doesn't say what he's going to teach down there."

By the time the board members had gone through all the folders and instructed the clerk on disposition of the various cases, it was after eight. The routine of the draft board has changed little in recent years, and those who serve on boards are aware that the public's attitude toward the draft is still a peacetime attitude compared to the attitude, say, during the Second World War. "They don't assume the obligation they used to," Bennett said during a conversation before he left the draft-board office. "During World War II, a finger of scorn was pointed at someone not in, even if he wanted to go. Of course, we haven't been attacked. One bomb—so much as a firecracker—on our shores and you couldn't get in that door for the volunteers."

"Well, we've made a lot of good students at least," one of his colleagues said. "That library over at Washburn is full of students now every night. It used to be there was nobody there."

MANHATTAN: William Boyer, the chairman of the Political Science Department at Kansas State, has given

In the Périgord, when a man dies they do not say he stopped breathing. They say he stopped eating.



If there's a gastronomic heaven on earth, surely it is in the Périgord.

Here, those two bastions of French cuisine—the goose liver and the truffle—are employed both separately and together with incomparable results.

This blessed region of France, in the heart of the Dordogne Valley, is bounded on the North by *Tournedos Rossini,* as cooked in Brantôme. On the South by *Volaille Beynac,* as served in Beynac. West by *Suprêmes de Dinde* in Périgueux, and East by *Fonds d'artichauts au foie gras* in Souillac.

The danger of a stay in the Périgord (you should always be in such danger) is that you'll be rendered hors de combat by the cooking. Unable to move. Stuffed as the goose they stuff so superbly.

This would be too bad. Some of France's most enchanting country is in the Dordogne area.

The Dordogne River, in the course of its timeless travels, has carved its way through towering limestone cliffs, pitting the sides with caves. They were put to good use by our prehistoric ancestors, judging from the pictorial evidence on the walls.

The entire valley is one great color slide after another. Ancient fortresses brood over lush farmlands. Old towns conceal their treasures behind crumbling houses. There is Sarlat, to name one, with its famed yellow walls and twisting medieval lanes. Every stone is a precious one—even the *new* part of town goes back to the 16th century.

There is Souillac—with some of the greatest Romanesque sculpture in Europe.

And Roc-Amadour, clinging madly to the side of a vertical cliff and crowned with an improbable castle.

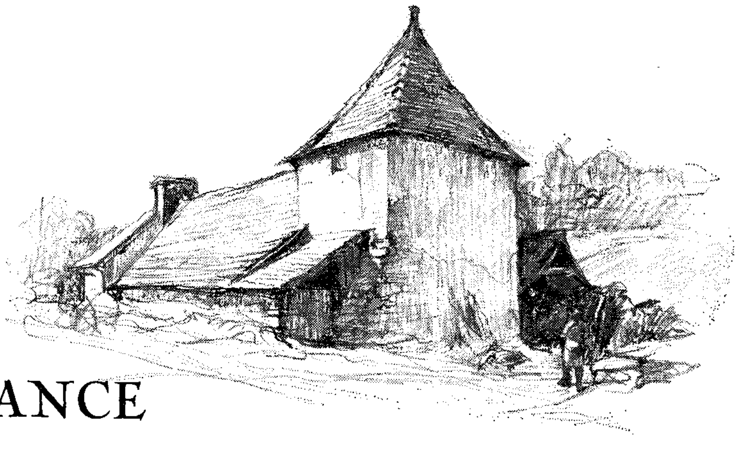
Mercuès where you can live like a king. In a château. And St. Emilion, which is a fortified city. And no wonder, with the wine they make there.

You'll probably spend more time in the Dordogne Valley than you planned. (And less money, since prices are happily reasonable.)

If you're driving down from Paris, you might come by way of Orléans and Tours. This will give you a taste of what the Loire Valley is like, with its storybook châteaux asleep in the gentle, golden landscape.

On second thought, maybe you'd better not come this way. You might never make it to the Périgord.

(For what to eat and see in the Périgord, write French Government Tourist Office, Department Y7, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020. Other offices in Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Chicago, Montreal.)



FRANCE

"Double Zest"...

the sophisticated way to enjoy St. Raphael.

Try golden St. Raphael this way. Pour some over ice. Add two (repeat, *two*) twists of lemon, sip, and notice what happens. St. Raphael starts by going down smooth and light. Then, right in mid-sip, it turns crisp and tangy. Its flavor actually does a double-take. Which gives St. Raphael its double zest. If you like the sound of it, experience the sophisticated taste of it. But remember: *two* twists of lemon.

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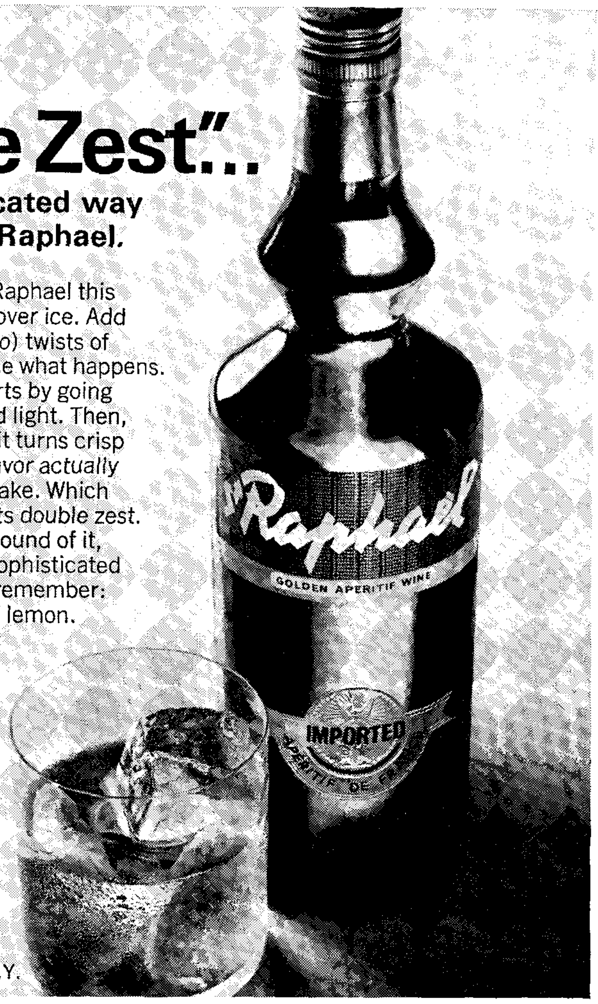

No Strings

The feeling here is free and easy, to match your own mood. The look is traditional, but we've added a chain to link the Sheffield to all that's new. With a slip-on like this setting the pace, how could you avoid taking it easy? Soft brown grain. $40.

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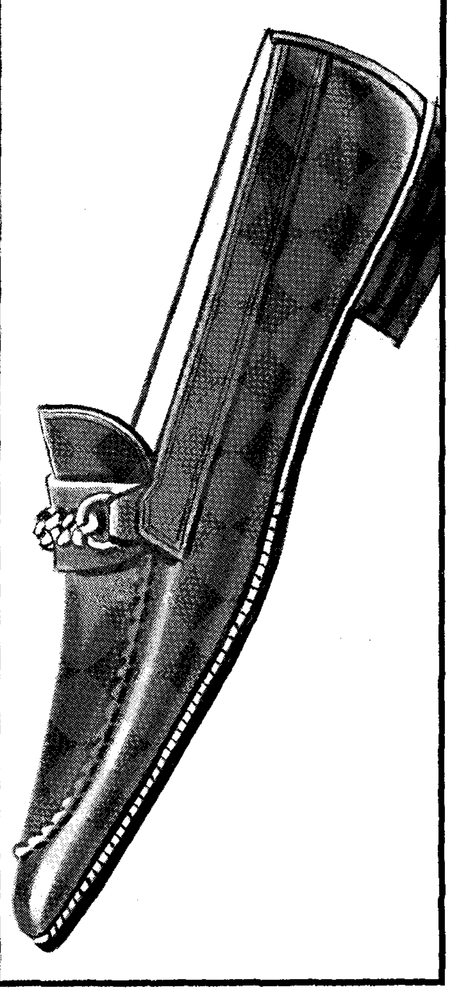
FRANK BROTHERS



a number of speeches in Kansas against the Administration's policy in Vietnam. He takes a strong position against the war, but the university has never received any complaints about him from angry alumni. On the night he addressed the Riley County Democratic Club, at a dinner held in one of the dining rooms of the K-State Student Union, he called his speech "Vietnam: Our National Infamy." There were about forty-five Democrats present. A few of them, like Arthur Peine, were friends of Boyer's from the Vietnam Committee, but most of them were people Boyer did not know—regular Democrats from around the county, and a dozen students from K-State. Boyer began his speech by presenting what he considered to be the follies of basing foreign policy on an obsession with the containment of Communism. Then he quoted the four reasons for the American presence in Vietnam that President Johnson had given in a speech at Johns Hopkins, and devoted most of the rest of his speech to refuting each reason in detail. During the speech, one girl, sitting in the back of the room at a table with a young man and another young couple, seemed upset by what Boyer was saying. At times she looked disappointed, at times angry, and at times as if she were about to cry. Once, she seemed on the verge of shouting a reply to some point Boyer had made, but she managed to control herself.

At the end of the speech, about half the Democrats applauded with some enthusiasm, and half of them, including the girl in the back of the room and her companions, did not applaud at all. After Boyer had answered two or three questions, the girl raised her hand. When Boyer recognized her, she said, "Don't you think that it's kind of tragic that our soldiers are over there fighting and bleeding and dying for the ideals of America and people are over here undermining everything that they're fighting and dying and bleeding for, and everything that veterans have fought for before?"

"Yes, I agree with you," Boyer said. "It's tragic enough to think about these innocent villagers, but when we think about our own boys over there dying . . . And what for?"

Boyer went on to talk about how much of the century had been spent at war; the girl said nothing more. It seemed possible that Boyer might have consciously chosen to interpret the girl's question as a statement of support, but when some friends asked him about the incident after the meeting, he said he had not realized that she was trying

The pitch:

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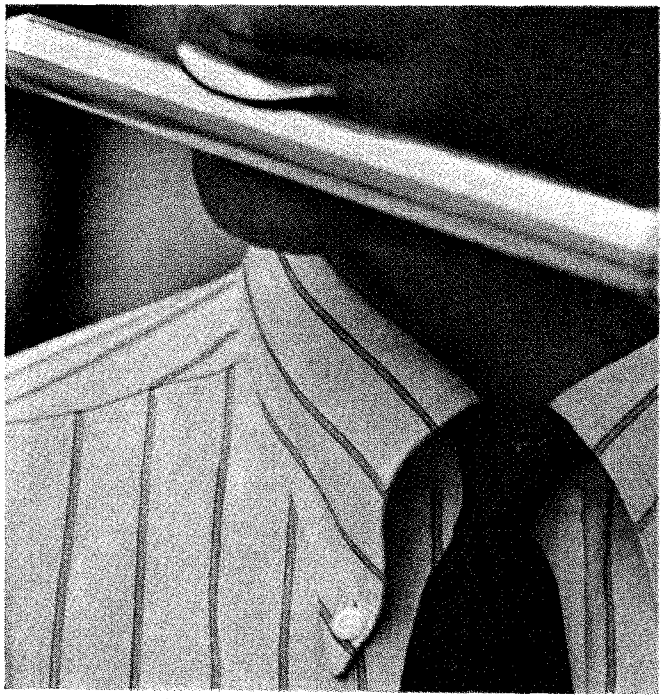
long sleeves . . .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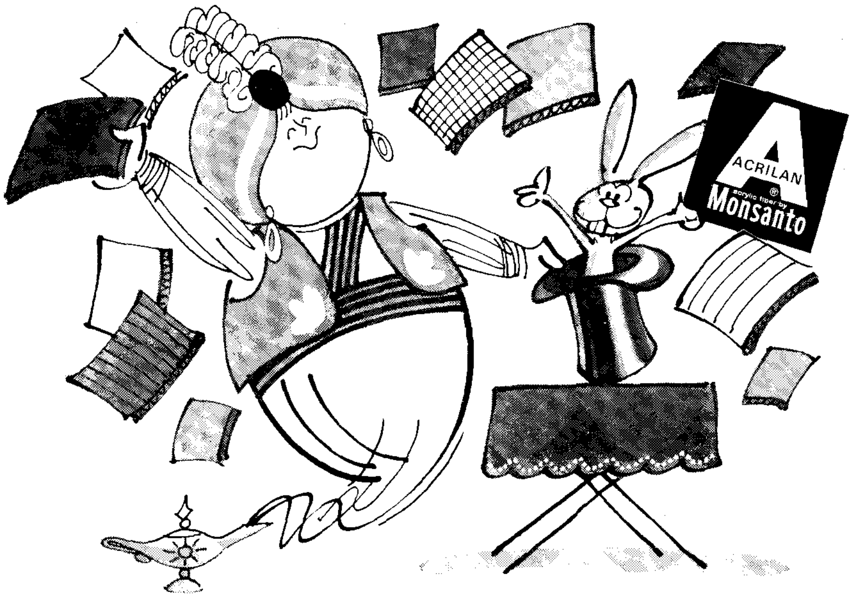
to be critical. It turned out that he had not noticed her agitation while he was speaking, and he had, after all, mentioned in the speech how the pressures of the Vietnam war threatened to undermine the traditional American beliefs in democracy and the right to dissent.

Such misunderstandings are common in Kansas when the issues of the war are discussed. It is not always clear who is on which side of the argument, and even when two people hold strong opposing views, their rhetoric often overlaps, as does the rhetoric of those arguing about the war in Washington. (A few days before Boyer's speech, the Wichita *Eagle* story on President Johnson's decision to mine rivers in the North was headlined "STEPUP CALLED PEACE MEASURE.") It is not unusual to hear somebody say he is against the war and to learn ten minutes later that because he is against the war he would like to end it by bombing Hanoi, mining the harbor at Haiphong, and, if necessary, invading North Vietnam. When someone in Kansas laments the suffering of the Vietnamese people, it is sometimes not clear until several paragraphs later whether he believes the suffering to be caused by American Imperialism or by the Red Menace.

PARSONS: The Kansas Army Ammunition Plant, three miles east of Parsons, is spread over more than thirteen thousand acres, the rule in ordnance-plant construction being that the various buildings should be far enough away from each other to permit one to blow up in solitary disaster. The method leaves a lot of spare land, and since the middle fifties, when the plant closed after a few years of production for the Korean war, much of the land has been rented out by the government for pasturing cattle. Quite a few cattle are still there—they can be seen from the office windows of the plant administration building—but a number of them have been moved out of the "operation lines," the routes over which ammunition is carried from building to building during plant operation. The Kansas Army Ammunition Plant, built in 1942, is preparing to open for its third war. National Gypsum, which had Army contracts to run the plant during the Korean war and to maintain it on a standby basis with a skeleton force after the war was over, already has seven hundred employees in Parsons. Another several hundred are working for a Wichita construction company that has been awarded a fourteen-million-dollar contract for plant alterations. National



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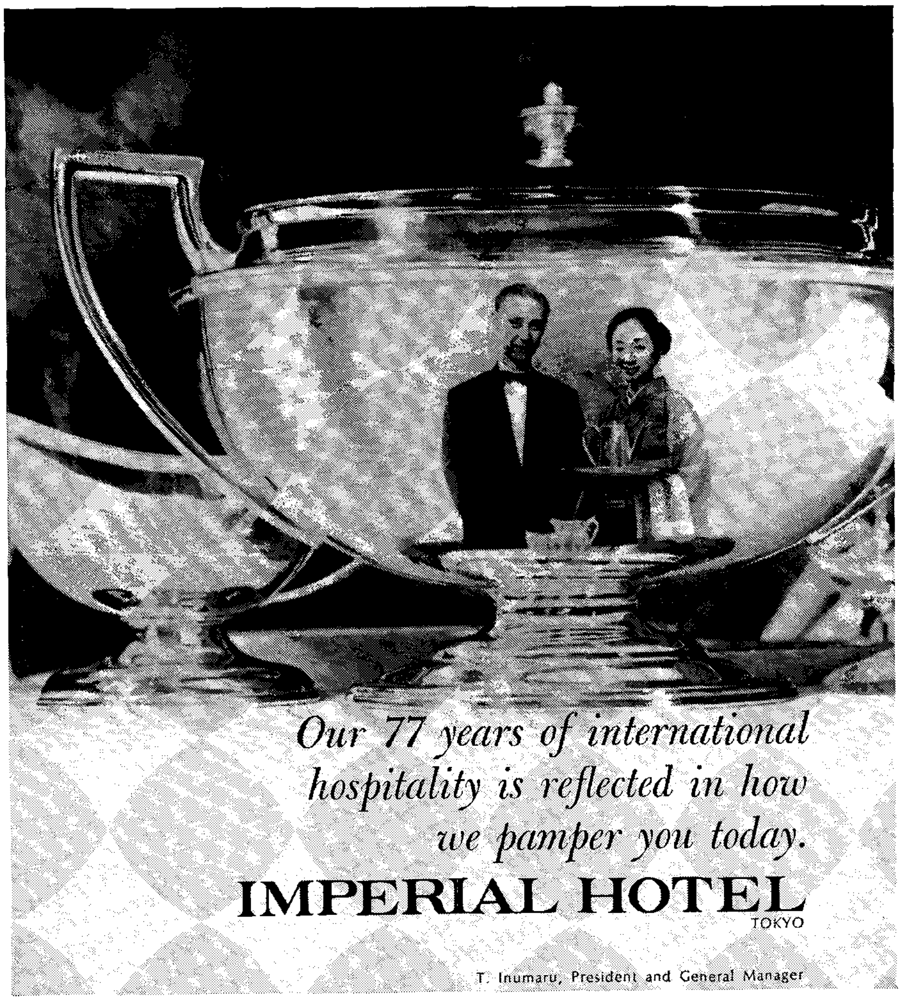

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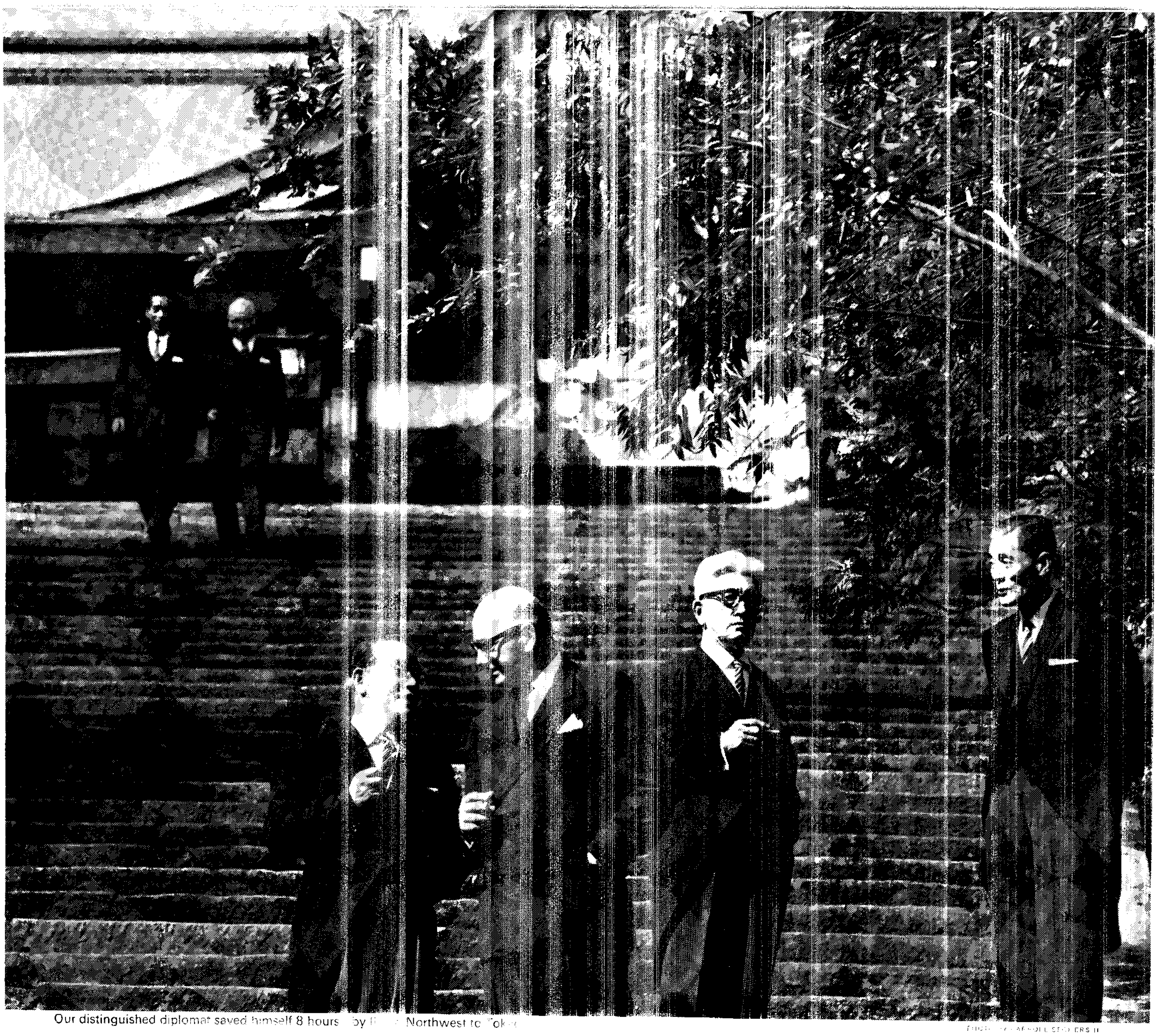
Gypsum hopes to have the plant manufacturing 81-mm. mortar shells by late summer or early fall. By next spring, the plant will employ almost three thousand workers—producing, in addition to mortar shells, an Air Force bomb, a lead-azide explosive, and something called the XM47 mine system.

Immediately after the reopening was announced, National Gypsum received several hundred inquiries about jobs. (At the height of the Korean production, the plant had employed more than six thousand people—two thousand of them from Parsons and the rest commuting from as far as sixty miles away.) Merchants in Parsons began to talk about stocking up. The city granted applications for four mobile-home courts and announced that it would ease zoning restrictions on multi-family dwellings. At a time when only the first several hundred workers were on hand, the Wichita *Eagle*, in an item headlined "ARMY PLANT BIG BOON TO PARSONS," wrote, "Utility connections are mounting, school enrollment is increasing, trailer courts are filling up and rental property is in demand, all as a result of the reactivation of the Kansas Army Ammunition Plant."

There is no place in Kansas where this kind of economic bonanza might seem more welcome than in the area that is usually spoken of as Southeast Kansas—eight or nine counties jammed against Oklahoma, Missouri, and Arkansas in a region known for the Ozarks and closed mines. In Southeast Kansas, a number of towns—Parsons, Pittsburg, Coffeyville, Chanute, Independence—are relatively close together, and they have traditionally been linked together in an economy based on mining, agriculture, and railroads. Together, they watched the decline of all three. From 1910 to 1960, while Kansas was gaining a half-million people, eight counties in Southeast Kansas lost sixty-five thousand people. There was not much reason for anybody to stay. The lead, zinc, and strip coal mines in the area employed at least twelve thousand workers in 1910; today there are about three hundred and seventy-five miners. What appeared to be the final blow for Parsons came in 1956, the year the ordnance plant had finished its Korean production and closed its doors again. Out of a work force of eight or nine thousand in Parsons, thirteen hundred were employed by the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad—the Katy—and within a matter of weeks a railroad reorganization had reduced that number to four hundred. At times in the fifties, the



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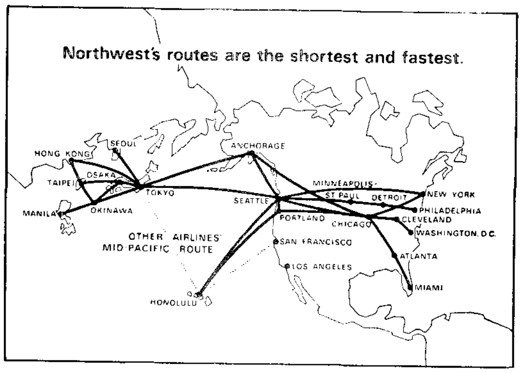

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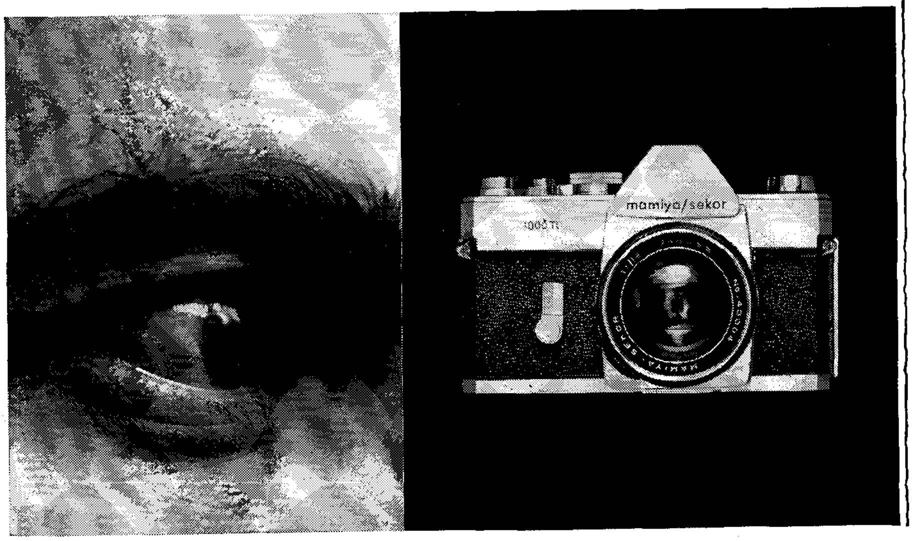
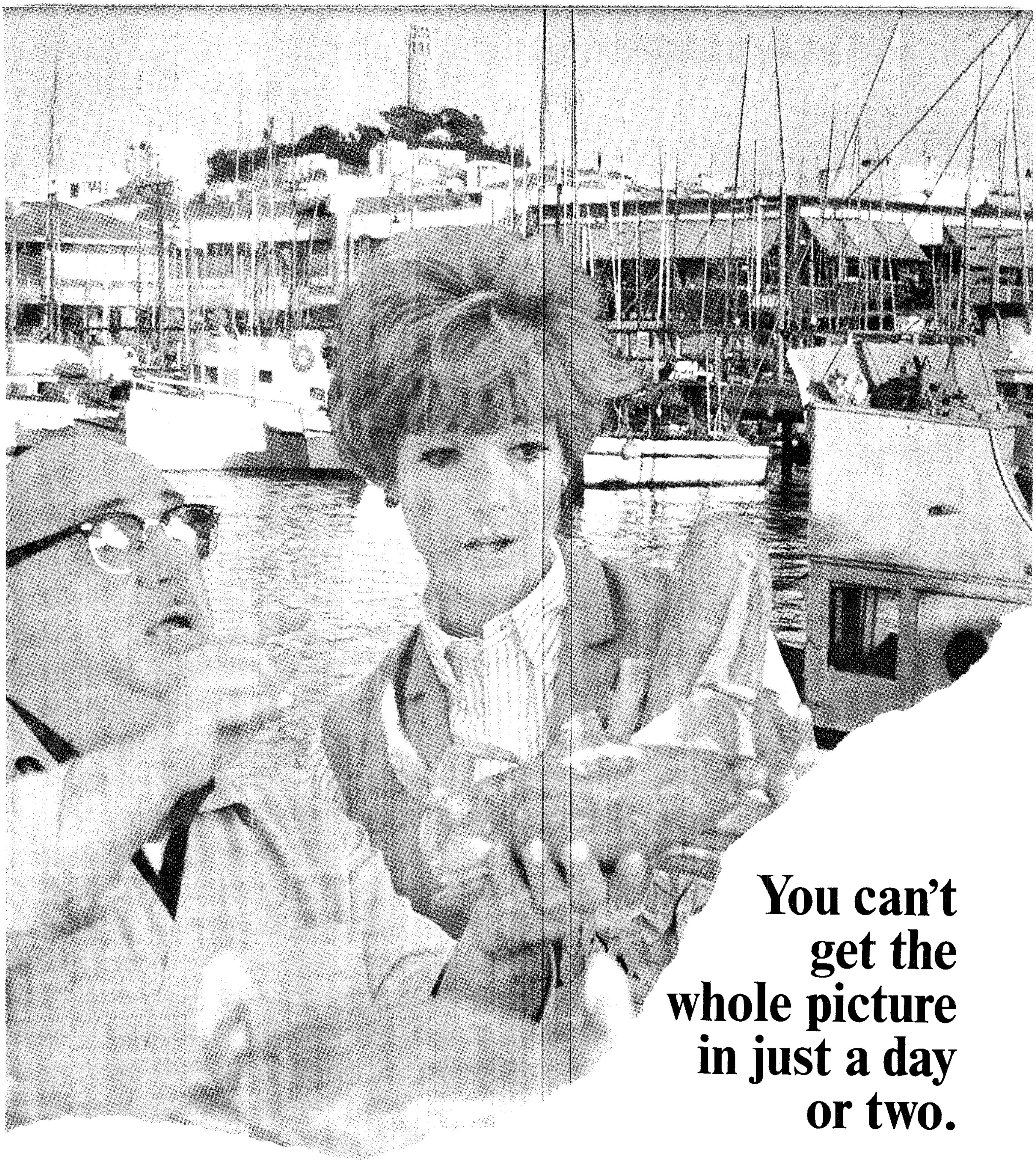


unemployment in Labette County—the county Parsons is in—was as high as ten per cent. The average family income in Labette County is still a third lower than the national average. Sixty per cent of the families in the county have an income of less than four thousand dollars a year.

When the plant reopening was announced, however, joy did not reign unrestrained in the Parsons business community. "It will help business," the manager of the Parsons Chamber of Commerce says. "Hell, we might just as well admit it—it's going to help business in all of Southeast Kansas. The question is how to gear up for it. The minute it opens, we figure on it closing." Parsons merchants would welcome a permanent source of spending in the cow fields east of town, but when businessmen talk about the two previous boom periods of the plant—and the readjustments that followed—they usually speak in terms of having "been through this twice before." Still, the town has always had something left when the wave of government money receded—it is not unusual for people in Parsons to point out a housing development that was the result of the Second World War or a hotel that was made possible by the Korean conflict—and Parsons' dread of building up only to be let down has not drawn a lot of sympathy from other areas of Kansas. The Emporia *Gazette* was quoted in the Parsons *Sun* as saying, "Whatever happens in the future, Parsons can now make hay while the sun shines."

But there is a further complication. Since the last time peace descended on Parsons, the people of the town have expended an extraordinary amount of energy trying to free themselves from an economy based on what amounts to a love-hate relationship with an ammunition plant. Just after the Katy reorganization, businessmen in Southeast Kansas formed an aggressive industrial-promotion organization called Mid-America, Inc., with headquarters in Parsons. The Parsons Chamber of Commerce also began some energetic industrial promotion, and one building constructed to lure industry was even built with donations from private citizens. Mid-America calls its progress "unspectacular but steady," and over the past couple of years the results have begun to show. The plants that have come into Parsons to manufacture trailer parts or ladies' dresses have not been large, but among them they have begun to form a relatively broad economic base. Unemployment in Parsons now is only a little over three per



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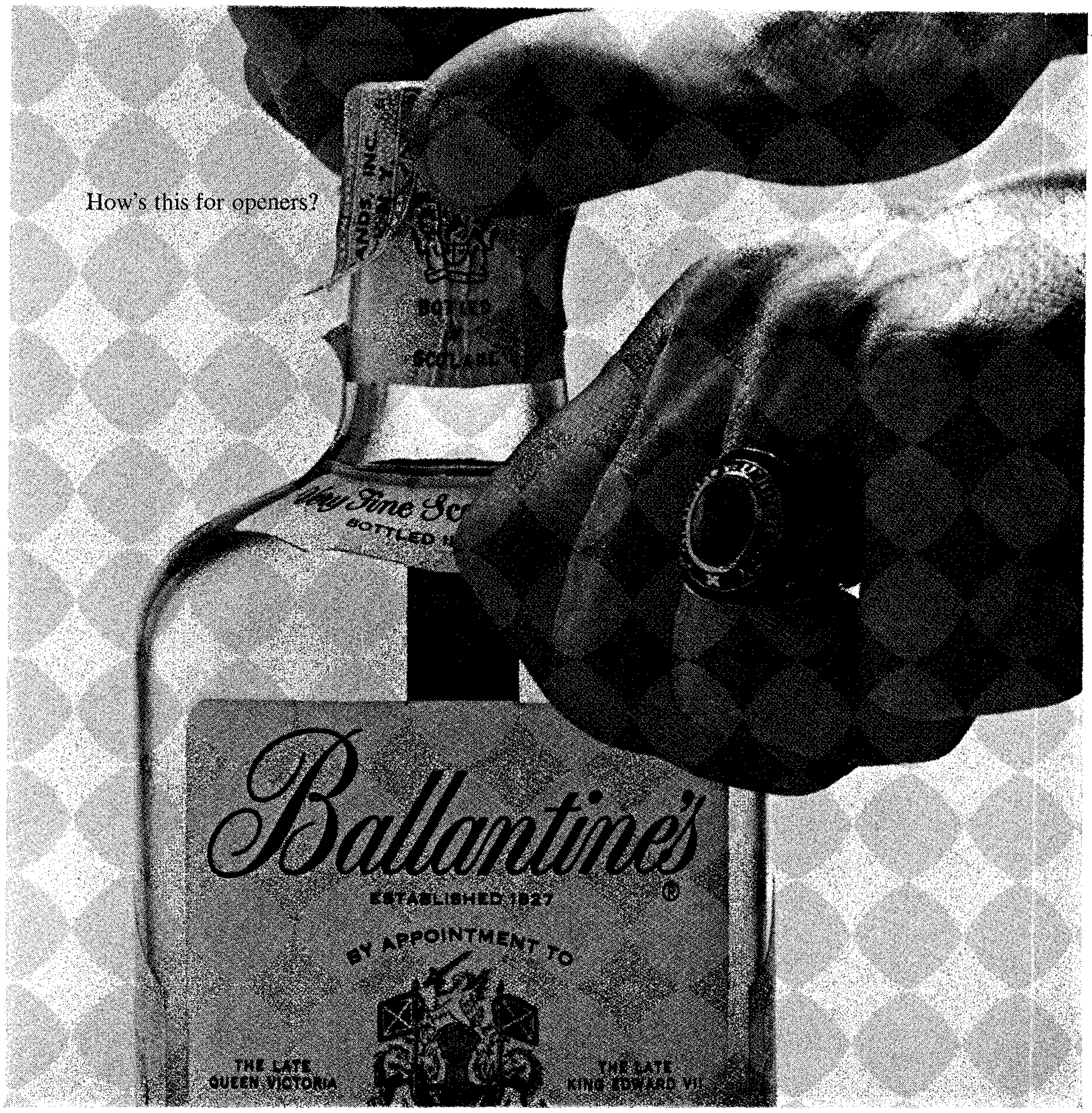

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cent. The worries of Parsons economic planners about the ammunition plant's reopening are based on the fact that the area's greatest attraction in the past has been a supply of relatively cheap, non-union labor. In previous production periods, the Kansas Army Ammunition Plant has employed a high percentage of women, who might not have been in the work force in ordinary circumstances, but those who operate Parsons' lower-paying plants are already worried about holding their production-line workers once the ammunition plant begins operation. "Some of the industries here are going to be in trouble, and some of them may fold or move away," one of the Mid-America planners says. Businesses that were considering opening plants in Parsons have shied away from competing with defense-industry salaries. Those in Parsons who are involved in industrial development are afraid that if the ordnance plant stays open long enough and then closes suddenly, Parsons could be back where it started from.

Under the circumstances, the people who run Parsons say, they remained strictly neutral instead of lobbying in Washington for a place at the head of the line for reopening ordnance plants. They react strongly to suggestions that the Vietnam war came along in time to save a sinking ship. When the editor emeritus of the Hutchinson *News* wrote a column saying that Parsons, being in the economic doldrums, would undoubtedly be delighted with the reactivation and would hope for a long war, the Parsons *Sun* replied, "Parsons is neither delighted nor is it in the economic doldrums. As was pointed out carefully and widely for all who care to read, the city neither sought nor discouraged reactivation of the ammunition plant. . . . It would be happy, as would all Americans, if the war were to end tomorrow. . . . Parsons will set about to do the task assigned it as best and as diligently as it knows how. It will thank the editor emeritus of the *News* if he will devote his future interest to such subjects as sex life in Italy, on which he recently wrote and about which his endless globetrotting possibly qualifies him as an expert."

The most common phrase in Parsons for the reactivation is "a mixed blessing." Merchants are saying that anything that brings that much money into the town has to be good. The industrial-development men—who are, as a species, optimistic in practically any circumstances—talk about trying to bring in industries that use skilled workers who would be paid enough to be

Edwin O. Reischauer, University Professor, Harvard, and former Ambassador to Japan

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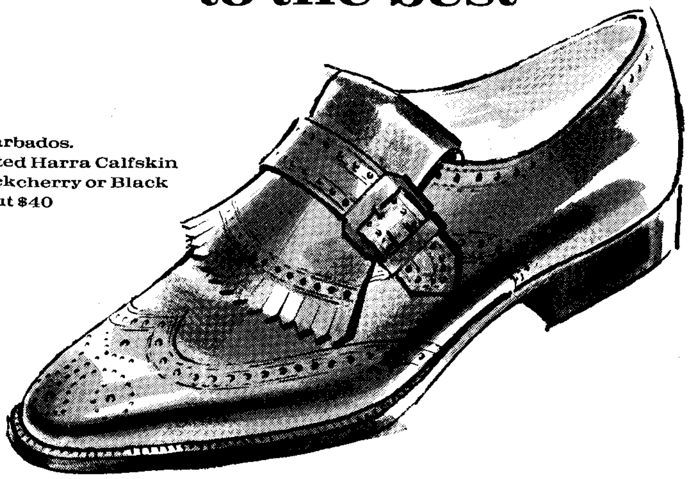

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held despite the ordnance plant, and about launching an industrial-training program that would produce skilled workers in Southeast Kansas. "We accept it fatalistically," Derrill Pierce, the executive vice-president of Mid-America, says of the ordnance plant's reopening. "We can't oppose it. We can't say we don't want the working people here to make two dollars and seventy-five cents an hour. We can't say we don't want to build things for our boys fighting in Vietnam. I had one guy just about come over his desk at me. He said, 'I got a boy in Vietnam, and he should have anything he needs.' And he should. Still, it's going to hurt."

LAWRENCE: The founders of the Kansas Peace Forum, most of whom live in Lawrence, resemble the founders of the Manhattan Vietnam Committee in that they are, for the most part, connected with a university, they tend to use the Wesley Foundation as a headquarters, and they have had some difficulty finding an effective channel for their opposition to the war. One project that was suggested at the Peace Forum's first meeting last December was a Workshop on Peace Action, and one Saturday three months later the workshop was held at the University of Kansas. About seventy-five people, representing several different Kansas towns, gathered in a few rooms of the K.U. Student Union to discuss such subjects as "Reaching Other People" and "The Church and the War." An immediate result of the workshop was that twenty or so people were sufficiently aroused to gather in front of the Methodist church in downtown Lawrence the following morning for a peace vigil—the first demonstration in Lawrence in many months. Eventually, the group outside the church decided to make Sunday vigils a regular thing, and to add a weekday vigil in front of the K.U. library. They did not make the decision in the expectation of drawing a lot of response from K.U. students. A few weeks before the workshop, the *Daily Kansan*, the K.U. newspaper, ran a questionnaire for a psychology graduate student who was interested in testing student opinion on Vietnam. Readers were asked to check off the answers to three questions and drop the questionnaire into boxes provided in several campus buildings. Three-quarters of those replying favored a more vigorous military policy. The graduate student who conducted the poll, a member of the Peace Forum, thought that the students' sentiments were less signifi-

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cant than the fact that only three hundred and fifty—out of more than eight thousand who see the paper—bothered to fill out the questionnaire at all. "We expected at least a thousand," he said. "It's this fantastic brute apathy."

NEWTON: There is good reason for Mennonites to be well thought of in Kansas. For one thing, they brought the wheat. Like the German-Russians in the area around Russell, they had originally left Germany for Russia, lured by Catherine the Great's promise of immunity from taxes and conscription. When they resettled in south-central Kansas, they brought with them a strain of wheat called Turkey Red. Wheat had not been grown in Kansas with great success until then, but the strain developed by the Mennonites for the dry Ukrainian steppes turned out to be ideal for the soil and climate of the Kansas plains. It became the basis of a winter-wheat crop that now accounts for a seventh of the wheat grown in the world. Also, the Mennonites are good neighbors. People in Topeka say that after a tornado wrecked part of their city last year, the Mennonites suddenly appeared and began the job of cleaning up, as if they had some sort of contract. In Reno County, just south of Hutchinson, there is a small colony of Amish Mennonites, migrants from Pennsylvania, who still wear beards and drive horse-and-buggies, but the vast majority of the Mennonites in Kansas long ago adopted American customs. Many of them have branched out from farming to business. Some have married outside the church and raised their children as Methodists or Presbyterians.

One American custom that most Mennonites have not adopted is fighting wars. If a boy from a small Mennonite town in south-central Kansas decides to go into the Army, the decision becomes, in the words of one Mennonite student, "the talk of the Ladies' Aid." Mennonites, more than any other religious group in the country, tend to fulfill their military obligation through a program of "alternative service"—working for two years in some place like an Army hospital or a relief center. The Kansas Selective Service people speak highly of the Mennonites. The Selective Service System has been having trouble with the Jehovah's Witnesses in Kansas for at least twenty years; Witnesses who are denied ministerial exemption and accept alternative service sometimes do not show up for it and have to be jailed. The Mennonites, on the other hand,

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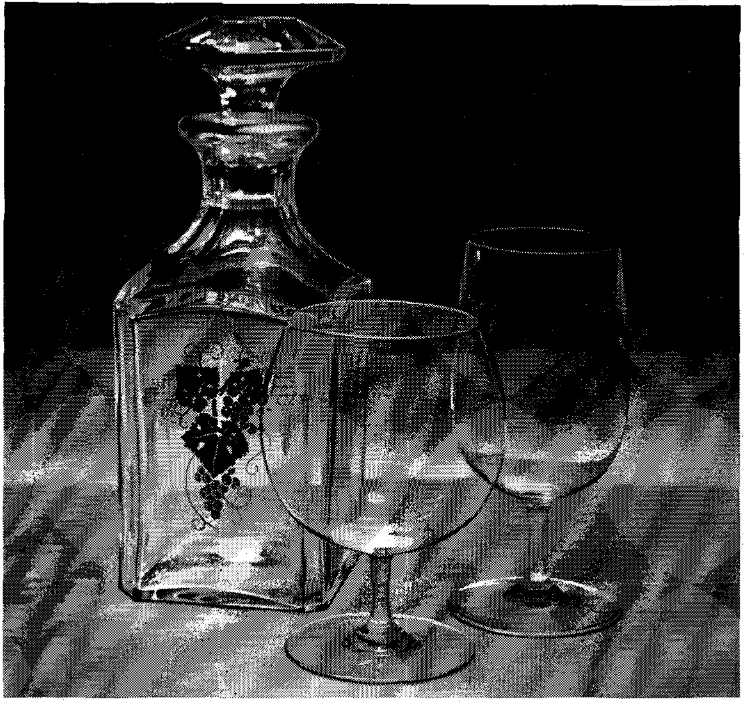

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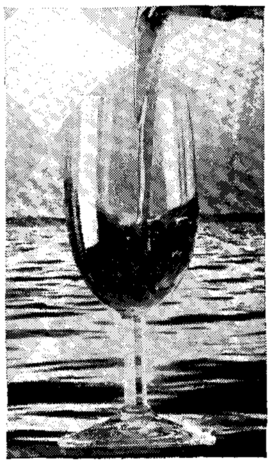

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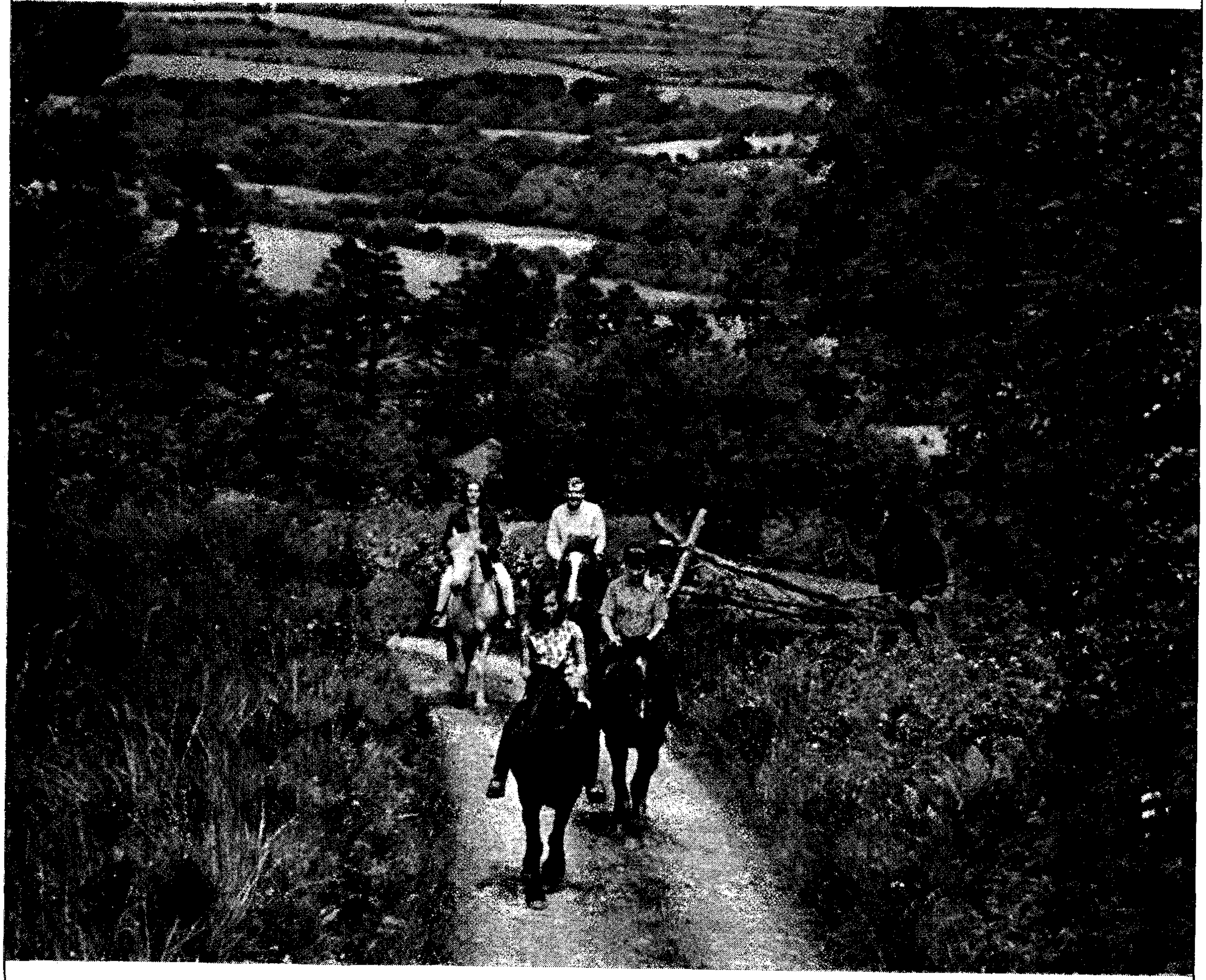

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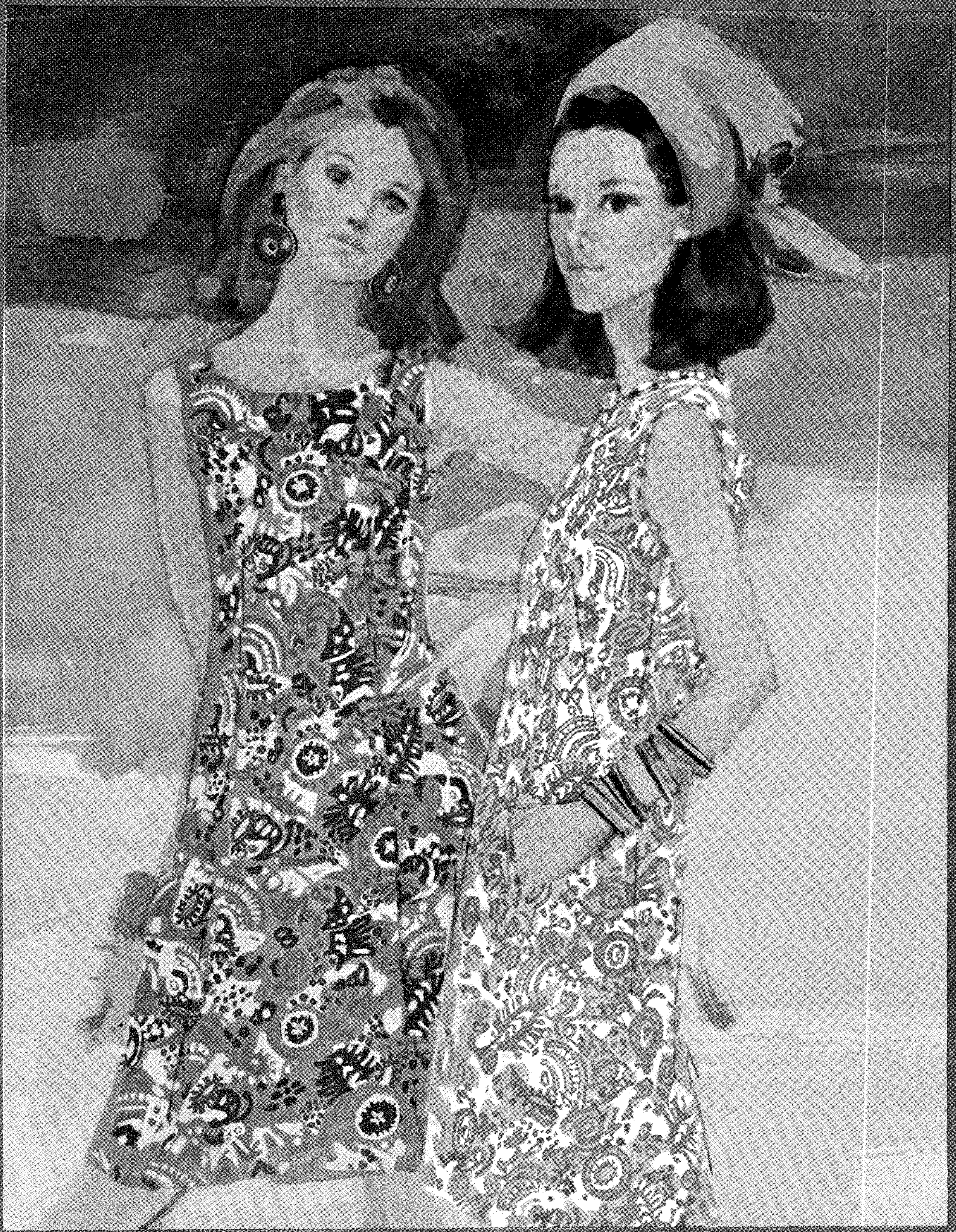

Two wonderful ways to spend the summer, designed by Dorothy Cox in a summer sunset print on cotton piqué. Left: The princess shift with a parade of bows on one side. Right: The A-line shift with matching piping. Both in blue breeze or pink cloud, sizes 8 to 18, about $36.00.

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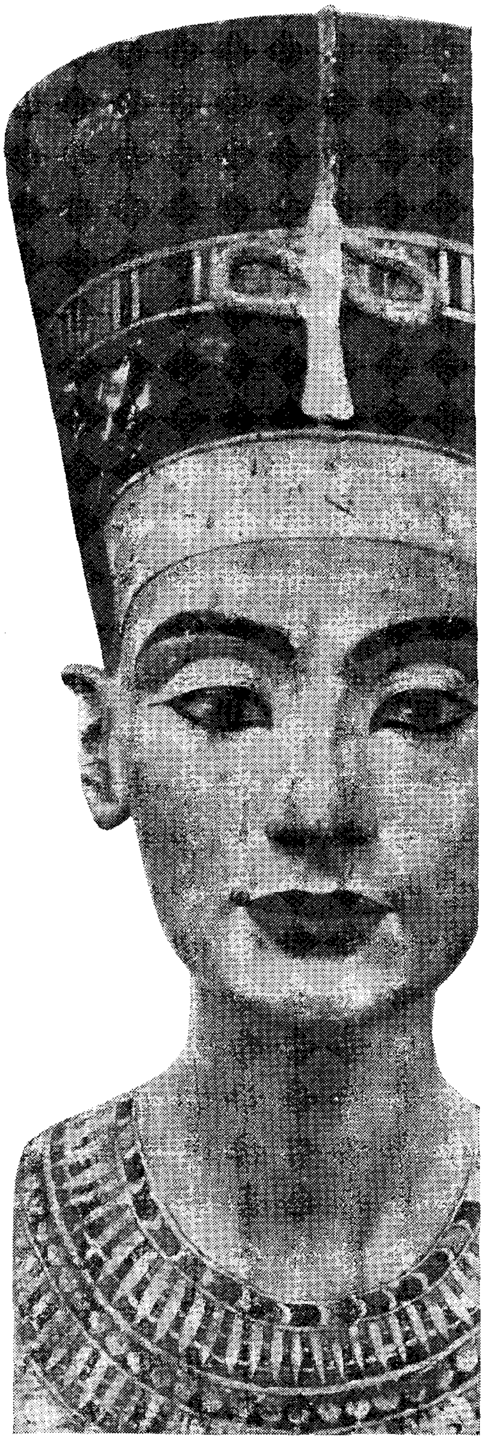
arrange their own alternative service with such dependability that the draft board hardly needs to become involved.

Accepting the Mennonites' conscientious objection as routine has been easier for the state draft-board officials in Topeka than it has been for the Mennonites' neighbors in Newton. A trading town of some sixteen thousand people, thirty miles north of Wichita, Newton is the headquarters of the General Conference Mennonite Church (the religion's most progressive branch); about fifteen per cent of the people are Mennonites. "We don't deny them this choice of not going in," says Mrs. Patti Burnette, a non-Mennonite, who is the city treasurer and the only female American Legion post commander in Kansas. "But it is a little hard to live around." Another non-Mennonite citizen of Newton says, "People here get along all right until a war gets near. The conscientious-objection business has always stirred up animosity, and when it gets closer to wartime the animosity always comes out. Someone might send their son and he gets the hell shot out of him, and the boy next door didn't go." Mennonites have a long memory for the animosity brought to Newton by war; they still tell stories of the First World War, when they were accused of being not only slackers but German slackers.

The hostility was not brought on by any public opposition to the war on the part of the Mennonites. Traditionally, their pacifism has taken the form not of actively opposing the government's participation in war but of separating themselves from it. In the last couple of years, there have been some signs of a subtle change in this tradition. In the past, travelling ministers of the General Conference Mennonites' Peace and Social Concerns Committee have spoken to congregations about peace and conscientious objection in general religious terms; the ministers now include references to the history and background of the Vietnam war—although, the head of the committee says, "there is still some suspicion of this in the churches." The *Mennonite*, a weekly magazine published by the General Conference, put out a special issue on Vietnam. The cover picture was of a weeping Vietnamese mother clutching her baby as South Vietnamese soldiers casually walked through a village; the lead article, written by a Mennonite pastor, was called "The Moral Bankruptcy of America's Vietnam Policy" and was a strong attack on the American in-



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volvement in Vietnam in historical and political terms. Maynard Shelly, the editor of the *Mennonite*, believes that a number of Mennonites object to the war in Vietnam specifically as well as to war in general, but he thinks a factor of at least equal importance is that the Vietnam war has come at a time when some Mennonites have begun to question the traditional Mennonite reluctance to become involved in political action. This has been particularly true at Bethel College. Bethel is in North Newton, a virtually all-Mennonite community separated from Newton proper by a line that is invisible to all but the Newton or North Newton eye. In the last few years, Bethel students have gone to Selma to participate in the civil-rights march and to Washington to demonstrate for a nuclear-test ban. Involved Mennonite students now scorn the idea of taking alternative service in a convenient American hospital, and they arrange to spend their two years working someplace that is at least uncomfortable and preferably dangerous. Some of them work in Vietnam.

Most of the twenty or thirty students who belong to the Peace Club at Bethel are the kind of young Mennonites who believe that social and peace concerns must be demonstrated. "I think some young people begin to feel that it's a fine Christian witness to go to Vietnam and bind up the wounds, but perhaps it would be better if we could keep them from being wounded," Shelly says. There is some reason to believe that the Peace Club members would feel a need to bear witness against any war that came up at this point in the history of the Mennonites, but there is no doubt that they believe the war in Vietnam to be particularly immoral. Last fall, after some discussion about Vietnam, the students in the Peace Club decided to stage what they called a Repentance Walk and Mail—a walk to the post office in downtown Newton, where they planned to mail protests against the war to Washington. They were repenting—they later said in an advertisement in the Newton paper—"as individuals who have stood by in apathy while our country became increasingly involved in an unnecessary and unjust war." They chose November 11th, Veterans Day, as an appropriate time to walk to Newton.

Newton war veterans, among others, were outraged. "The torch has been flung," Patti Burnette, the American Legion commander, informed the membership in a newsletter. The Le-

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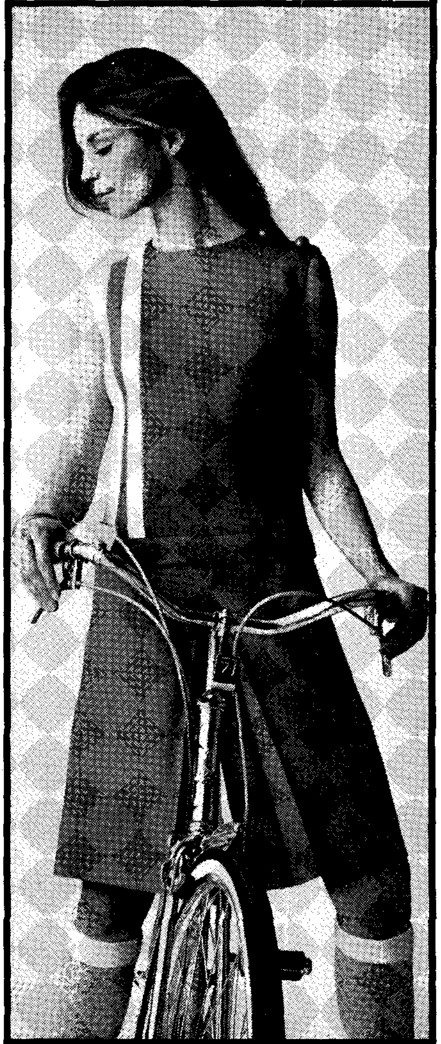

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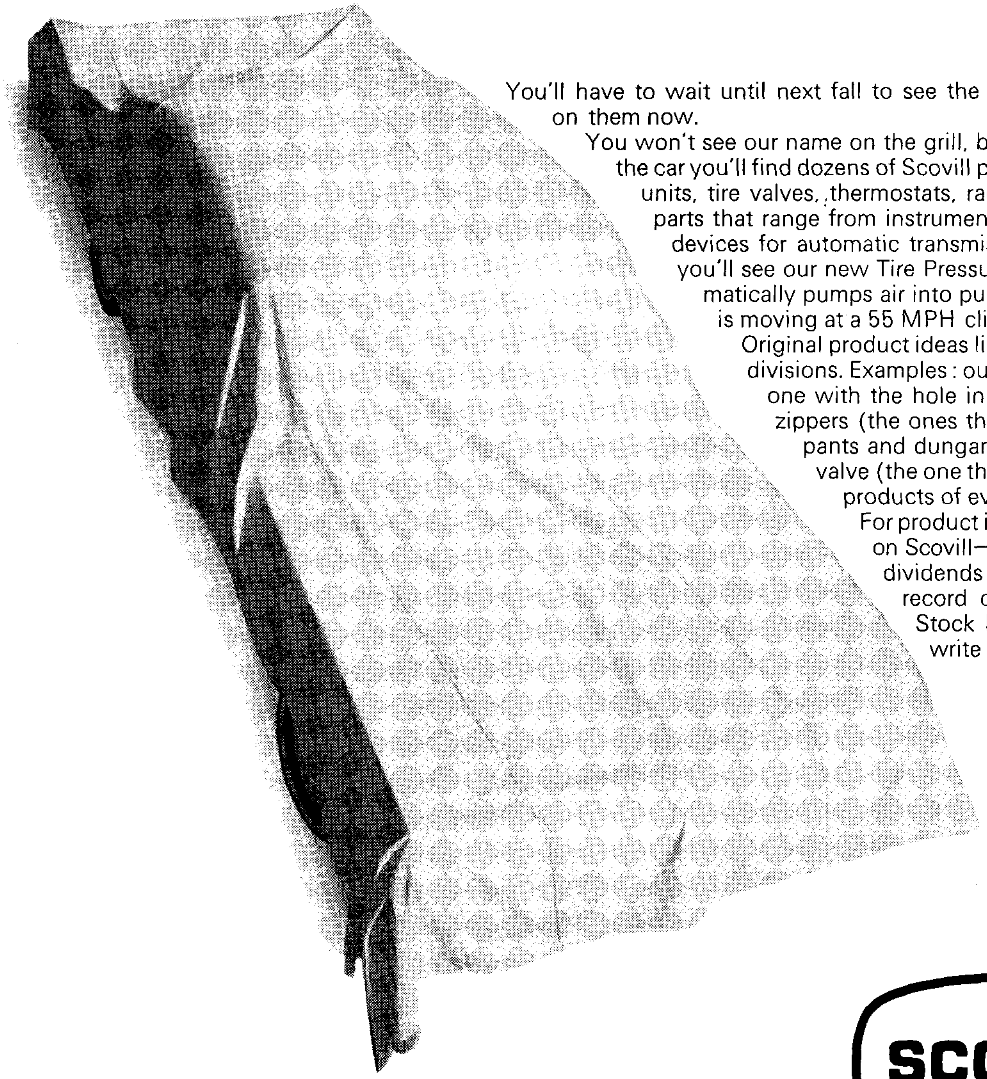

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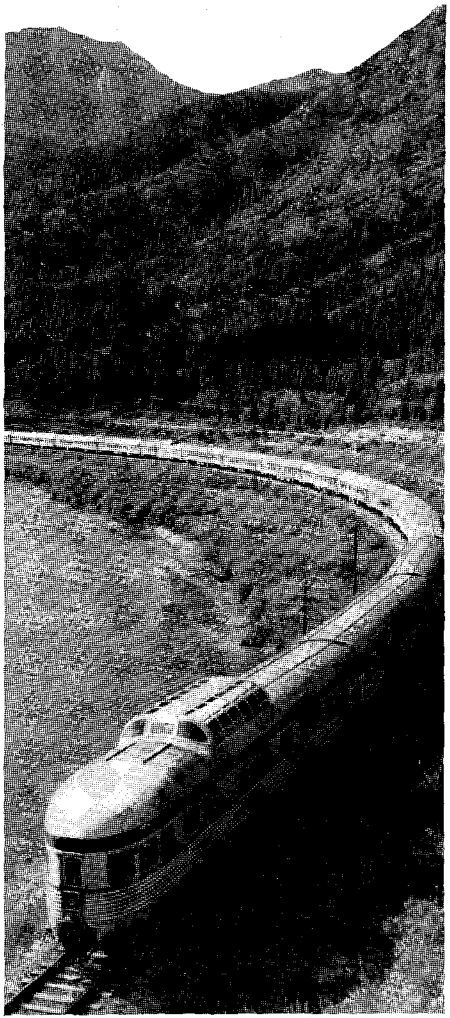

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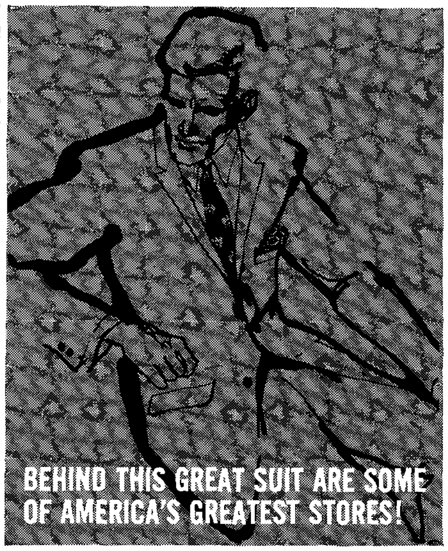
gion and the V.F.W. decided to stage a Veterans Day parade on November 11th. It would be the first time in a number of years that the veterans' patriotism had manifested itself in such a display, and the commander told her men, "It is regrettable that it must take such action to get us 'off our chairs' and 'on our feet.' " The membership was informed that the Legion and the V.F.W. had worked diligently "toward the final accomplishment of having the Protest March called off."

There were many people not in the Legion who believed that the relations built up between Newton and North Newton since the last war were fragile enough without flaunting the one Mennonite position that Newton people had always found "a little hard to live around." Some Mennonites began to see the old signs of wartime in Newton. "They started calling Bethel 'K.U.'—'Kraut University,' " a member of the Peace Club said later. "And somebody put a sign on the North Newton line saying 'Entering Red Zone.' " There was talk of the peace walkers' being met in downtown Newton by young men bearing baseball bats. In an editorial that accompanied the *Mennonite's* thorough history of the events surrounding the walk, Shelly wrote, "The cost of the peace walk . . . was being tallied in terms of baseball bats, yellow paint, cancelled pledges, loss of future students, possible dissension in the church, and ill-will of the community. One financial adviser to the college placed the possible loss at a half-million dollars. Others worried openly about the future existence of the school. Was the price too high for a one-hour walk to Newton?" The student paper carried an editorial opposing the walk, on the ground that it would do more harm than good, and the editorial was immediately reprinted in the Newton paper. There is a very small group of students at Bethel who actually favor the present American involvement in Vietnam, but the real pressure against the march came from a much larger group of students who are firmly pacifist but believe that Mennonites should take no part in secular protest—particularly in Newton. "They kept coming into my room," one of the organizers of the peace walk recalls. "They'd say, 'What are you going to do to our college? Who's going to wash the yellow paint off our cars?' The majority of the students were against it."

According to the *Mennonite's* account, the president of Bethel, asserting the right of the students to make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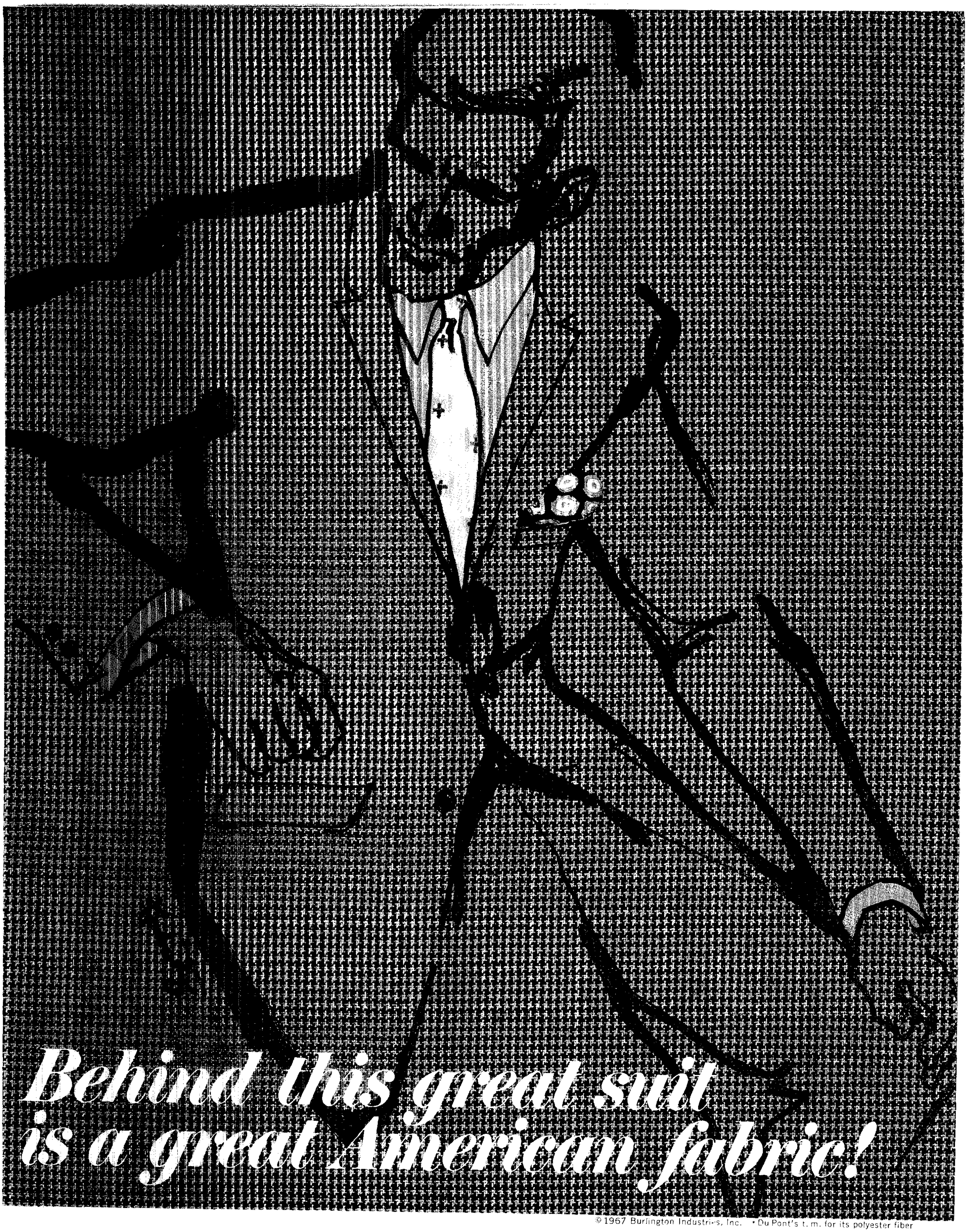
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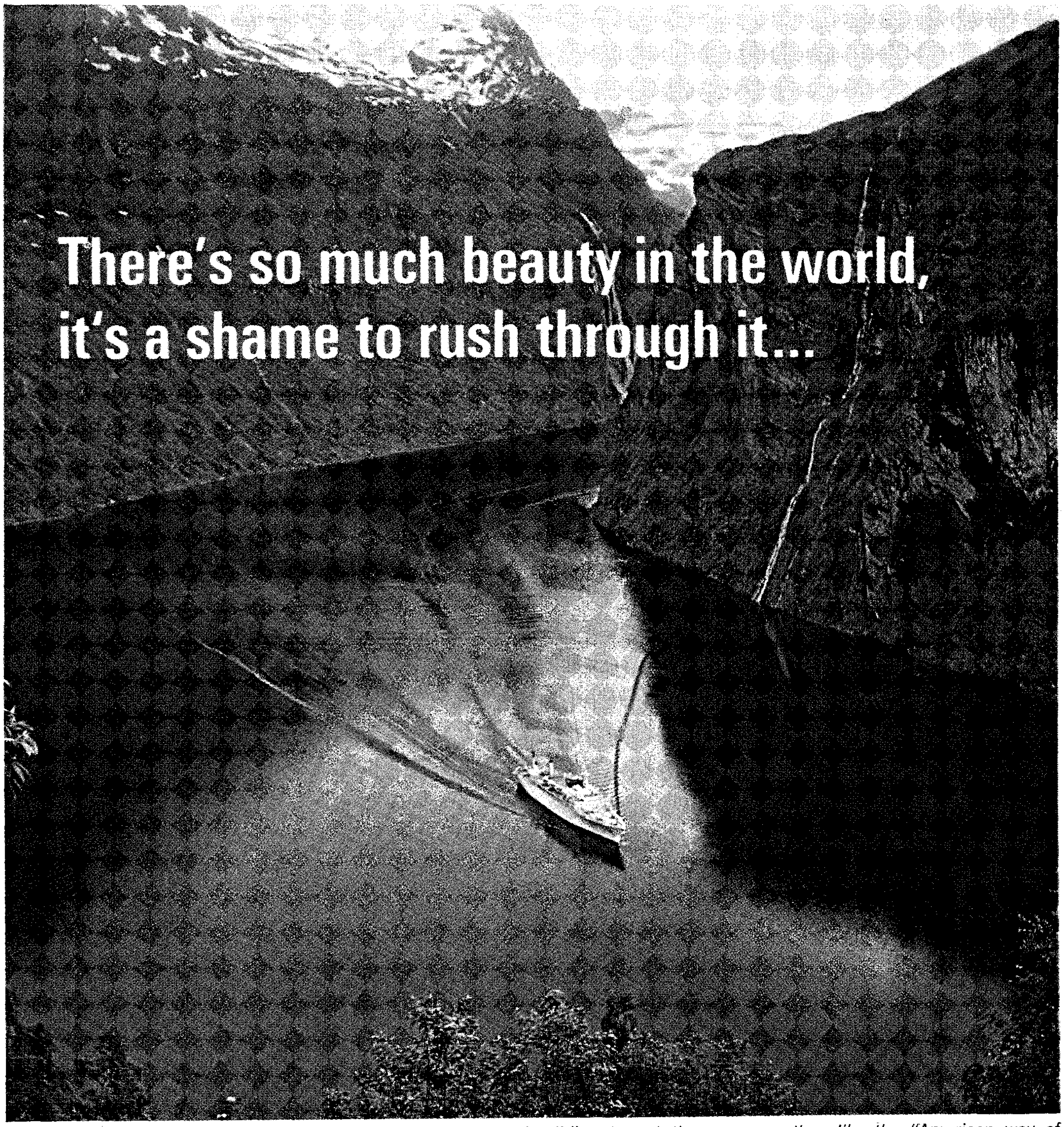
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the walk if they wanted to, spoke during a Peace Club meeting on some of the disadvantages entailed, and later admitted that he had hoped his words would lead the students to call off the walk. A few days later, he asked directly that the walk be cancelled, and finally he put his request in writing. After some discussion, the Peace Club members agreed to compromise by limiting the walk to North Newton and mailing their letters from the North Newton post office. On Veterans Day, about ninety people, including the dean and a number of student leaders, walked from the campus to the tiny North Newton post office, a few blocks away. Three hours later, the shops in downtown Newton closed and the veterans' parade began. It included color guards from the National Guard, the American Legion, the Gold Star Mothers, the Daughters of Union Veterans, and the V.F.W. Auxiliary; four Vietnam veterans; a Spanish-American War veteran; the Newton Blue Angels; the Scarlet Lancers of Wichita; three Air National Guard airplanes flying overhead; and a .50-calibre machine gun firing blanks from the bed of a truck. The veterans felt they had won the day. "Choosing November 11th was a direct insult to every veteran," Commander Burnette said later. "We weren't denying them their right to march. But on that day! Downtown! We had spent twenty years building up this feeling, and we didn't want a stigma on the community."

Readers of the *Mennonite* had mixed reactions to the events reported by Shelly. Some wrote that they were proud of the students for translating the church's beliefs into action and disappointed at the failure of the church and the college administration to give them more support. Others took the traditional view: "Does world peace not have to stem from individual peace? Can peace in Vietnam be achieved by starting a small-scale war in Newton because of a proposed peace walk? Is our message to the world one of peace marches and demonstrations or is it the message of the saving knowledge of Christ as Saviour and Lord of our lives?" Although the *Mennonite's* account of the walk was carefully objective, the accompanying editorial left no doubt where the magazine stood. "In its action on the Peace Walk the Bethel College administration has passed judgment on the Mennonite church," the editorial said. "When the chips are down, the Mennonite church will not put its money

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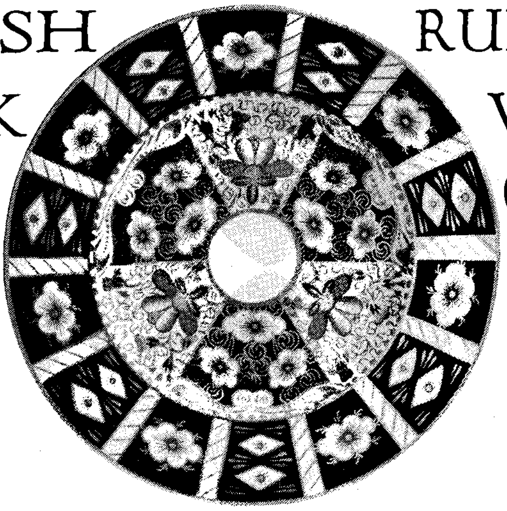

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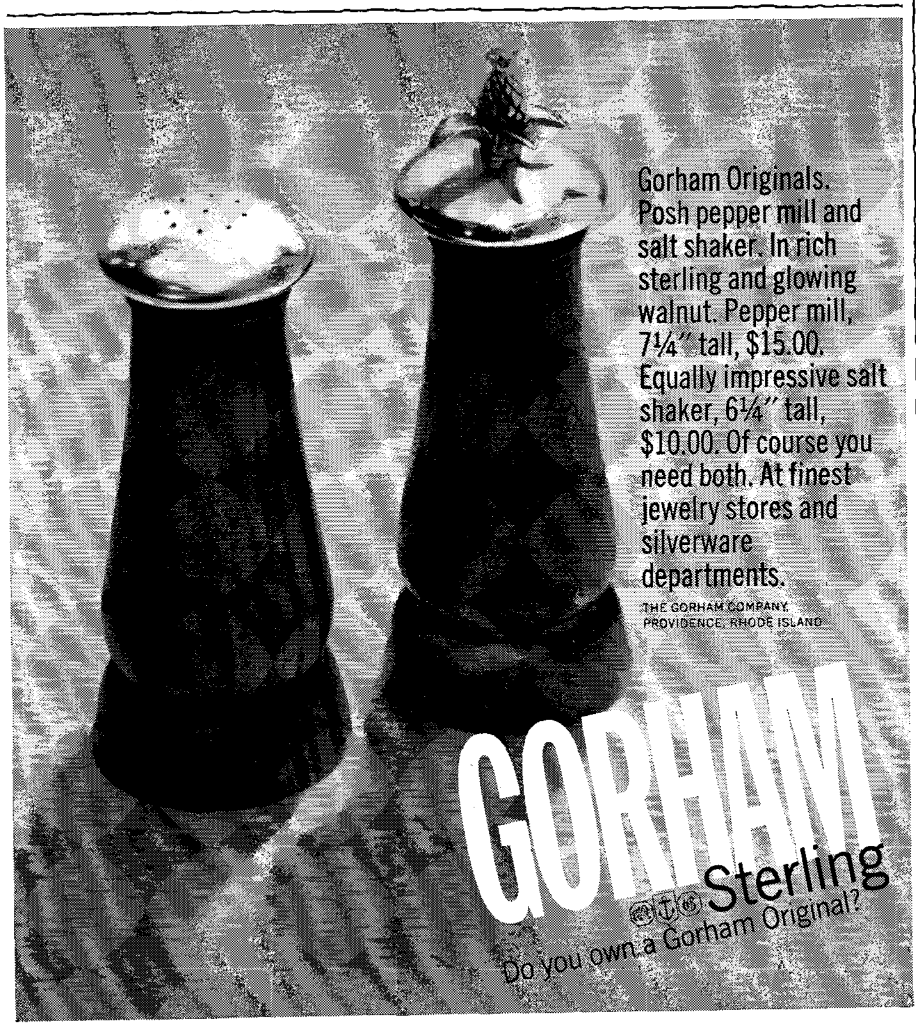

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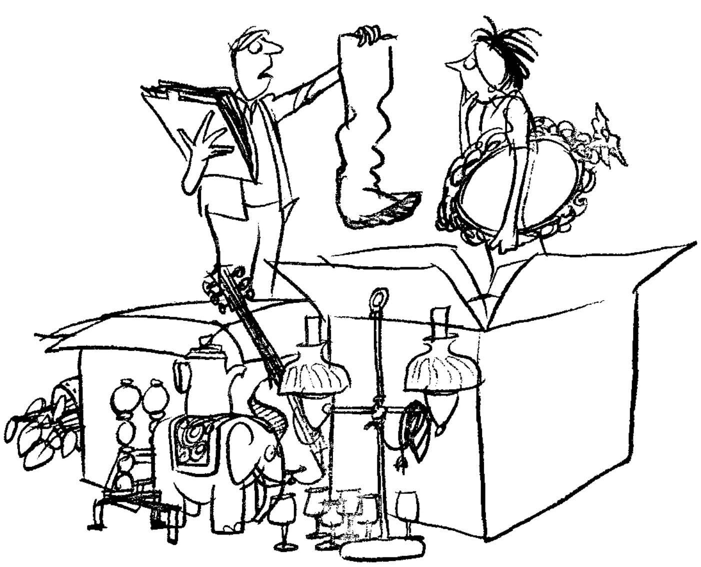
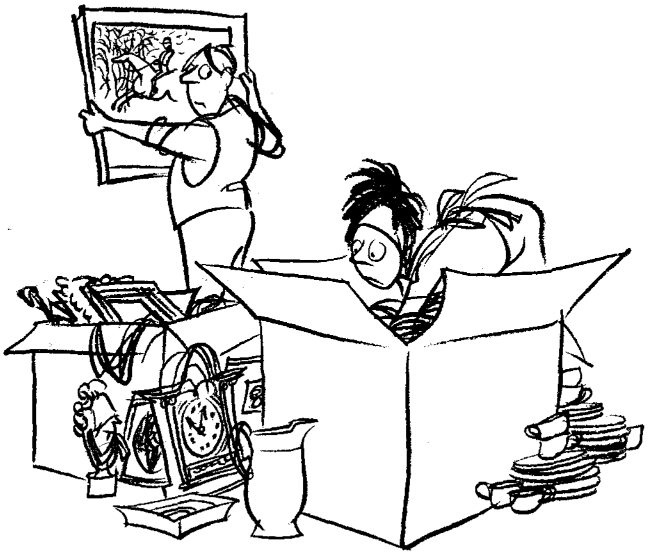
Some people in Newton think that relations with North Newton have been damaged slightly by the controversy surrounding Veterans Day—a banker who has been trying to raise money in the community for a fine-arts building at Bethel says some potential donors have used the controversy as an excuse not to contribute—but it is thought that the town has avoided the kind of bitterness that was predicted if the peace walk went downtown. The Peace Club has invited the American Legion to come to Bethel for a discussion on the Vietnam war, and the American Legion leaders have agreed that such a discussion would be a good idea, although so far they have not managed to find a convenient time. A week or so before Veterans Day, the Newton paper reported that the Bethel director of development, Merle L. Bender, had appeared before the city commission to notify it officially that the peace walk into Newton had been cancelled. "Bender told the commissioners that the college had not stood in favor of the march," the item reported. "He said 606 students had enrolled at Bethel College this year, and that only 10 to 12 were members of the Peace Club." Visitors to Newton are often reminded that the march was indeed the work of a minority, and that relations between Newton and North Newton are now pretty good, though not as good as in peacetime.

MANHATTAN: In Kansas, a suspicion of Administration statements on Vietnam is not limited to those who oppose the war. Paul Roth, an instructor of horticulture who serves as an adviser to the Young Republican Club at Kansas State, believes that the United States should use whatever practical means it has at its disposal to win the war, beginning with the blockade of the harbor at Haiphong; he also believes that "the news we get is so contradictory it's hard to know what to think occasionally." Kansas newspaper editors ask how anybody can expect to fool the public with the kind of transparent statistics-juggling that went on when the



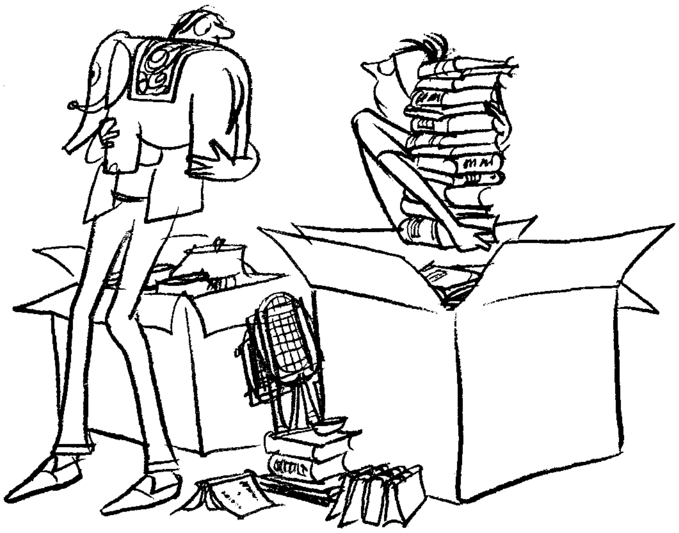
1. I knew this would turn up when we moved.

I threw the other one away last week.



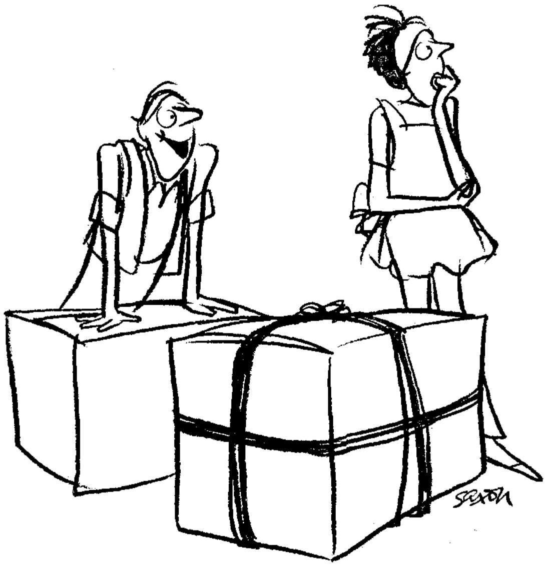
2. What happened to the decoy your mother sent me?

I found it in the freezer.



3. My hunting license was in the stuffed owl.

The stuffed owl was in your overnight bag.



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tally of American air losses was suddenly changed drastically, and Kansas veterans ask how anybody can expect to convince the public that civilian casualties do not inevitably accompany bombing raids. Frank Naylor, the chairman of the American Legion Vietnam Veterans Committee, who gave a number of speeches on Vietnam around the state last year, says that public understanding and support of the war is handicapped by the fact that people do not know what to believe. Joe Skubitz, a conservative Republican congressman from the southeastern part of Kansas, has said, "How can you expect people to understand why we're in Vietnam when they're given a different reason every time somebody in Washington makes a speech?" Roth believes he does understand why we're in Vietnam, but, he says, "*I think* no matter what you're in favor of, you feel you're getting erroneous information."

SALINA: Schilling Manor, on the edge of Salina, is a Defense Department installation that consists almost entirely of some seven hundred women and their children. Women whose husbands are serving an "unaccompanied tour" anywhere in the world can apply for housing at Schilling Manor, but most of those who live there have husbands serving in Vietnam. The post commander is Major Elliott Samuels, an Army engineer who built part of what turned out to be the Ho Chi Minh Trail during his tour in Vietnam several years ago. He is a tall man who wears a mustache, smokes a pipe, and smiles often at children. There are a lot of children to smile at. At Schilling, families average three to four children, and families with eight or ten are not unusual. Ceremonies at Schilling tend to be Girl Scout programs or nursery open houses, and Samuels is almost always there, enthusiastically leading the applause and smiling benevolently. When the Girl Scout program is a celebration of World Friendship Day, as it was about the time that Operation Junction City began in Vietnam, the Girl Scouts are equipped with real Japanese to represent Japan, real Koreans to represent Korea, and real Germans to represent Germany. About sixty per cent of the women living at Schilling Manor were born outside the United States. Some of them have come there to wait because it would have been impractical to go back to Darmstadt or Pusan. Even the women whose home towns are more conveniently located find it impractical to

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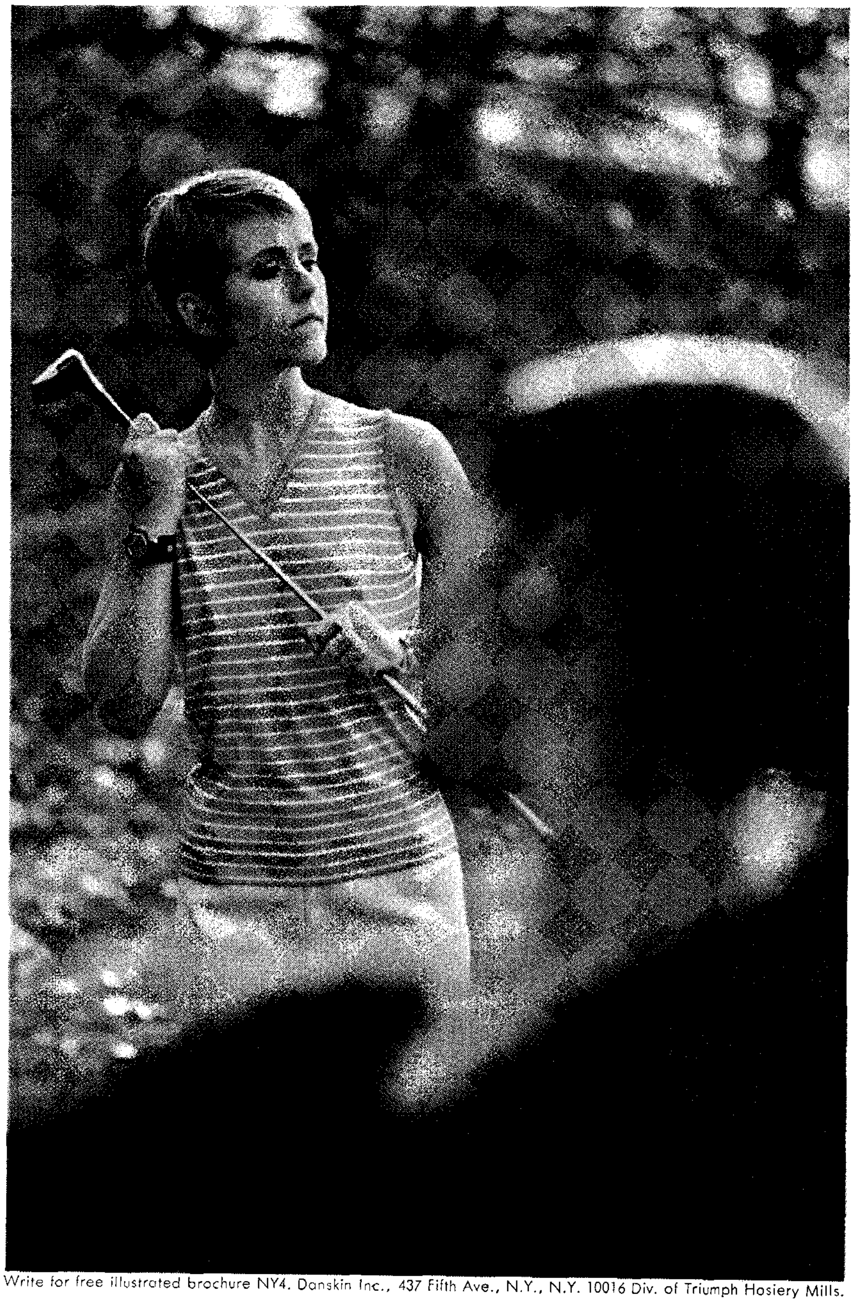

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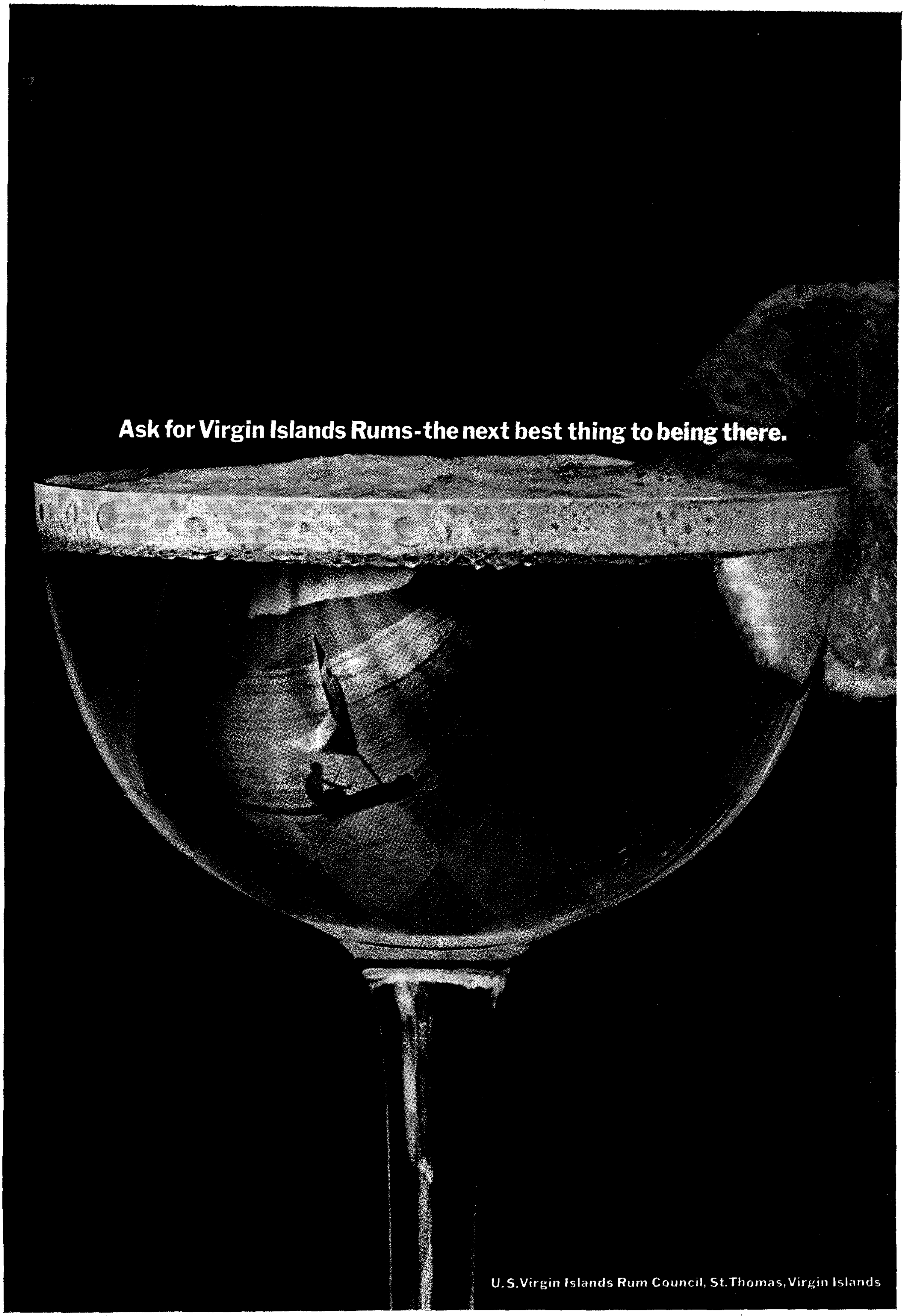
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live in them with five or six children on the money provided by housing and separation allowances. In exchange for those payments, Schilling Manor provides them with a two- or three-bedroom house equipped with the appropriate appliances, and supplies somebody to shovel the walk, mow the grass, change the light bulbs, and, to some extent, entertain the children.

For some women, Schilling Manor holds the promise of psychological as well as material comfort. They have come with the thought that waiting will be less lonely where others are in the same position, and where their children will not be the only ones on the block whose father does not come home at dinnertime. Many Army wives are somewhat lonely and uncomfortable in a civilian community even if their husbands are with them. They often say that they no longer speak the same language as the people in their home towns. War sometimes extends the military reference to the civilian population, but that has not happened yet in the Vietnam war. One of the wives at Schilling says, "If you tell people downtown your husband is serving in Vietnam, they ask if that's near Saigon."

Schilling Manor came into being because the 1st Division was going to Vietnam from Fort Riley, sixty miles away, at about the same time Schilling Air Force Base was in the process of closing, and the Schilling commander permitted a few 1st Division families to move into the empty Capehart housing next to the base. Eventually, the Defense Department agreed to establish Schilling Manor officially and opened it to the families of men in all services and all ranks. (Families of officers and families of enlisted men live in separate neighborhoods, but the rest of Schilling Manor's activities are integrated.) At first, the residents of Schilling Manor were limited to the Capehart housing—a tract only slightly more repetitious than some of the civilian subdivisions built on flat farmland in Kansas—but gradually, as the experiment proved to be more popular than the Defense Department had anticipated, they were permitted to use some of the buildings of the air base. They reclaimed the swimming pool, the chapel, the movie theatre, the post nursery, an administration building, a commissary, the Service Club (now the Community Center), and the dental office (which became a dispensary). Schilling Manor uses the grade school that was built for the air base, but there are so many children now that the school will hold only

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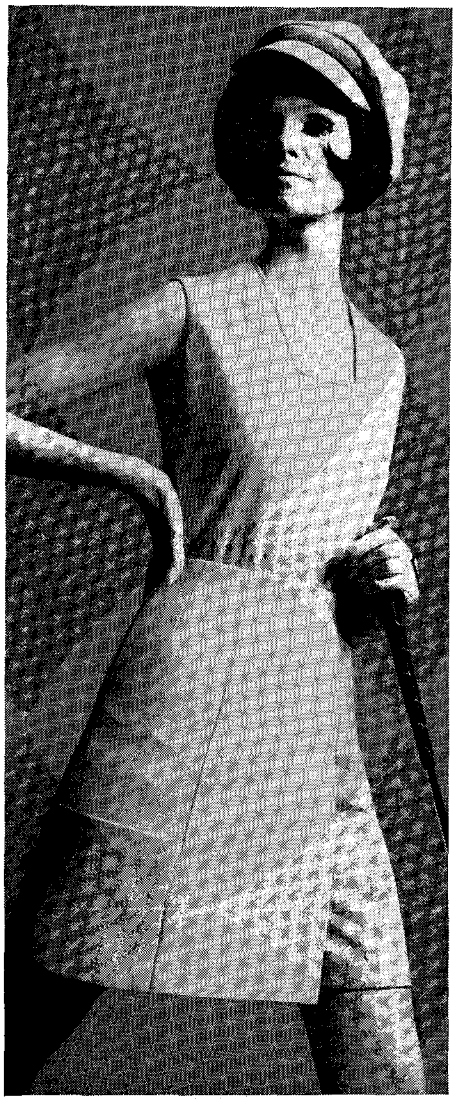

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four grades instead of six, and the rest of the children have to be bussed into Salina. There is now a waiting list at Schilling Manor, and the Defense Department is considering the conversion of other closed bases into housing for waiting families.

"They say Sunday is the most depressing day there," Mrs. Lauri, of the Junction City Waiting Wives Club, has said. "Church with all women and children, and then everyone goes home and cries all afternoon." Nobody at Schilling Manor claims that life is idyllic. "We have a lot of ladies with a bunch of problems," says Captain Samuel Reid, a doctor who has been at Schilling Manor almost since it opened. "They're all worried about their husbands. A lot of them are foreign. Most of them have too many kids to take care of—trying to be a father and mother at the same time. They're from military families, where ordinarily the father keeps discipline. Some of them say, 'Well, everyone's in the same boat; it can't be that bad.' Others just look around at other people with the same problems and get depressed, and some break under the strain. The majority, as far as I can see, aren't affected by the environment one way or the other."

Lieutenant Colonel Roy Prince, a tall, very thin, extraordinarily patient man with a Master's degree in social work, is assigned to Schilling Manor as a full-time psychiatric social worker. His office is in the Community Center—a large building that has an auditorium, a ceramics room, a game room with ping-pong and pool tables, a television room, and a small library. "My first function is to be available to ladies with social and emotional problems," Prince says. "The problems are primarily in the child-parent relationships, often with teen-age sons. A boy seventeen, or maybe only thirteen, is told to take care of Mom. Well, what did Dad really mean? The boy starts to take over, Mom draws the line, and the boy rebels." Prince also performs some of the simple duties a father would ordinarily take care of; if a ten-year-old boy has to be told that he will not be permitted to carry a pocket knife until he learns that it is not to be pulled out during a fight, it is often Prince who does the telling. Prince considers community activities an important part of his job, and he says proudly that "there are so many activities over here they're hard to keep up with." The calendar on the Community Center bulletin board lists citizenship classes, pinochle and bridge games, women's bowling, cake-decorating classes, "slim-

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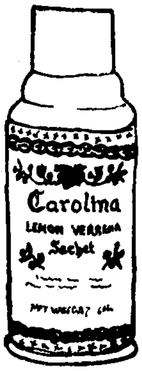

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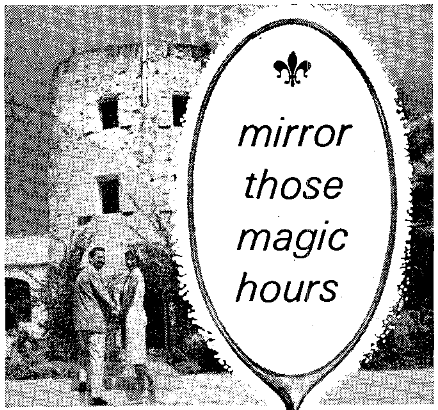

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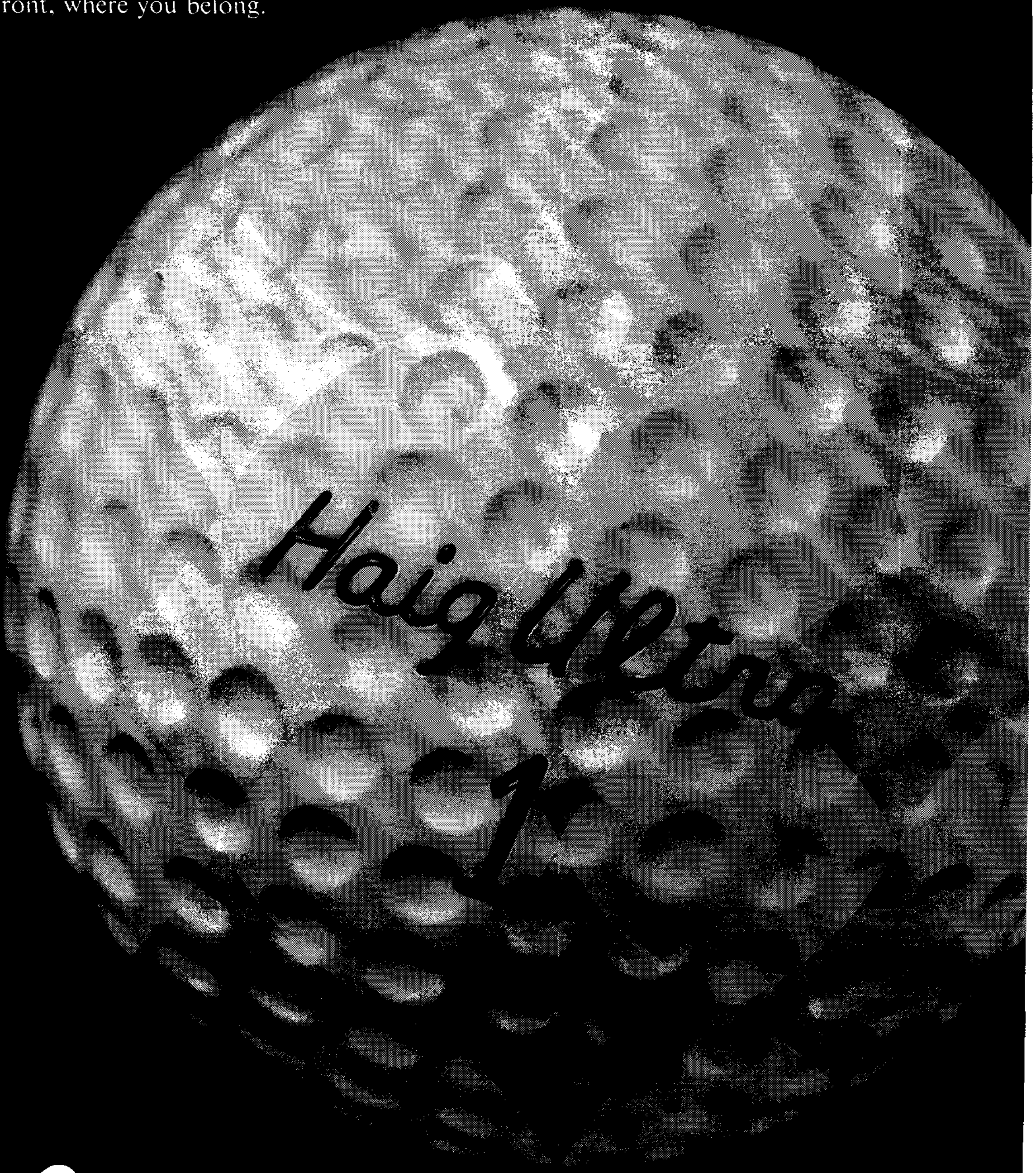

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nastics," ceramics classes, and dances of the Teen Club and the Tween Club. (Tweens are human beings between the ages of nine and twelve—too young to be teen-agers and unwilling to be children.) There are, among other clubs, seventeen dens of Cub Scouts. Occasionally, the activities designed to make the absence of men more bearable suffer from the absence of men. The women are delighted to serve as den mothers, and Prince has managed to scrape together enough Boy Scout leaders from among the men assigned to run the post, but there is a shortage of Little League coaches and umpires. "We were talking about getting some kind of Big Brother program started with some of the men downtown for that kind of thing," Prince says. "There was some opposition from the military, though. People are worried about letters to Vietnam saying, 'Mr. So-and-So is coaching the Little League team,' and the men over there wondering, 'Who the hell is Mr. So-and-So?' We do need some male representation, but I'm thinking about training some female umpires for Little League. I don't see why we can't have female umpires." Both the Army and the residents are sensitive about what kind of reputation Schilling Manor has among civilians, but, Prince says, "We do not see ourselves as guardians of morals here." Some wives obviously prefer to do their waiting in beer halls rather than in Cub Scout meetings. The Army believes that the percentage of infidelity among Schilling wives is about the same as it would be if they were living in civilian communities. There is an uneasy awareness among some of the women at the post that stories are bound to be told about Schilling Manor no matter how few of the women patronize beer halls, the fantasy of cutting a swath through hundreds of lonely, available women being as appealing as it is. The Waiting Wives Club, which sponsors many of the activities at the Community Center, recently considered changing its name to the Wives Club, partly because of a tendency among some Salina humorists to refer to waiting wives as "willing wives."

Prince hears little about Vietnam from the wives, but he thinks it is a frequent subject of conversation when the women gather in each other's kitchens for morning coffee. He says that many children are not certain what part of Vietnam their fathers are in, although all of them are aware that their fathers may not come back. For the first fifteen months of the post's existence, the most important subject among its residents

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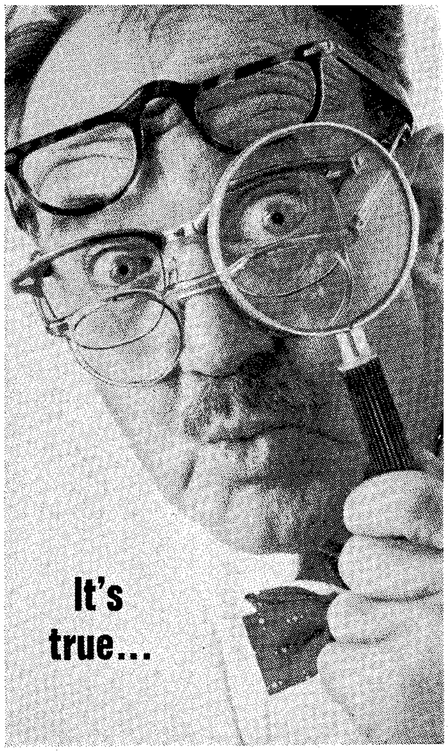

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was still tinged with unreality: to the amazement of those in charge, there were no combat deaths among the soldiers whose wives were living at Schilling Manor. Two deaths from heart attacks and one from an accident had been reported, but nobody's husband had died in the way that women at Schilling spend so much time thinking about. Those in charge of the post were not quite certain what would happen when the first combat death occurred. "This is an anxious community," Samuels said, during Schilling's fifteenth month of operation. "We'll probably have two hundred gals in front of my doc's for tranquillizers. Thank God it hasn't happened." Then, last month, Second Lieutenant Oscar Chambers, of the 9th Infantry Division, whose wife and four sons had lived at Schilling Manor since the fall of last year, was killed while on a patrol in the Mekong Delta. "Referrals here and to the dispensary went up," Prince said. "The number of tranquillizers handed out went up for a couple of weeks. I think the women worked off some of their own anxieties—through coming here or to the dispensary, or through the efforts to be of help to the widow."

"The reaction was far different than I had expected," Samuels said. "I was afraid it would be like a block of dominoes, but it wasn't. We didn't get the splatter-out, the emotional problems and hysteria I was afraid we would. It hit 'em. It hit 'em hard. For a period of a week, it was pretty intense, especially in her neighborhood. But it quieted down."

Samuels and Prince arranged to keep Mrs. Chambers' children in the Schilling school, but the family moved into Salina. Government regulations require that a family whose sponsor has died vacate government housing within thirty days if the housing is in demand, and Schilling Manor, of course, has a waiting list.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI: A few draft boards in the northwestern part of Kansas send their draftees to Omaha for induction, but most Kansas draftees report to the Armed Forces Examining and Entrance Station in Kansas City, Missouri. It is a small, relatively new building constructed of light-colored brick that on three sides is unbroken by windows. The interior is modern—there are pale walls and the kind of salmon-colored fibre-glass chairs associated with newly redecorated bus stations—and it has a cloying smell, as if it had been sprayed with household room deodorant. At one point during

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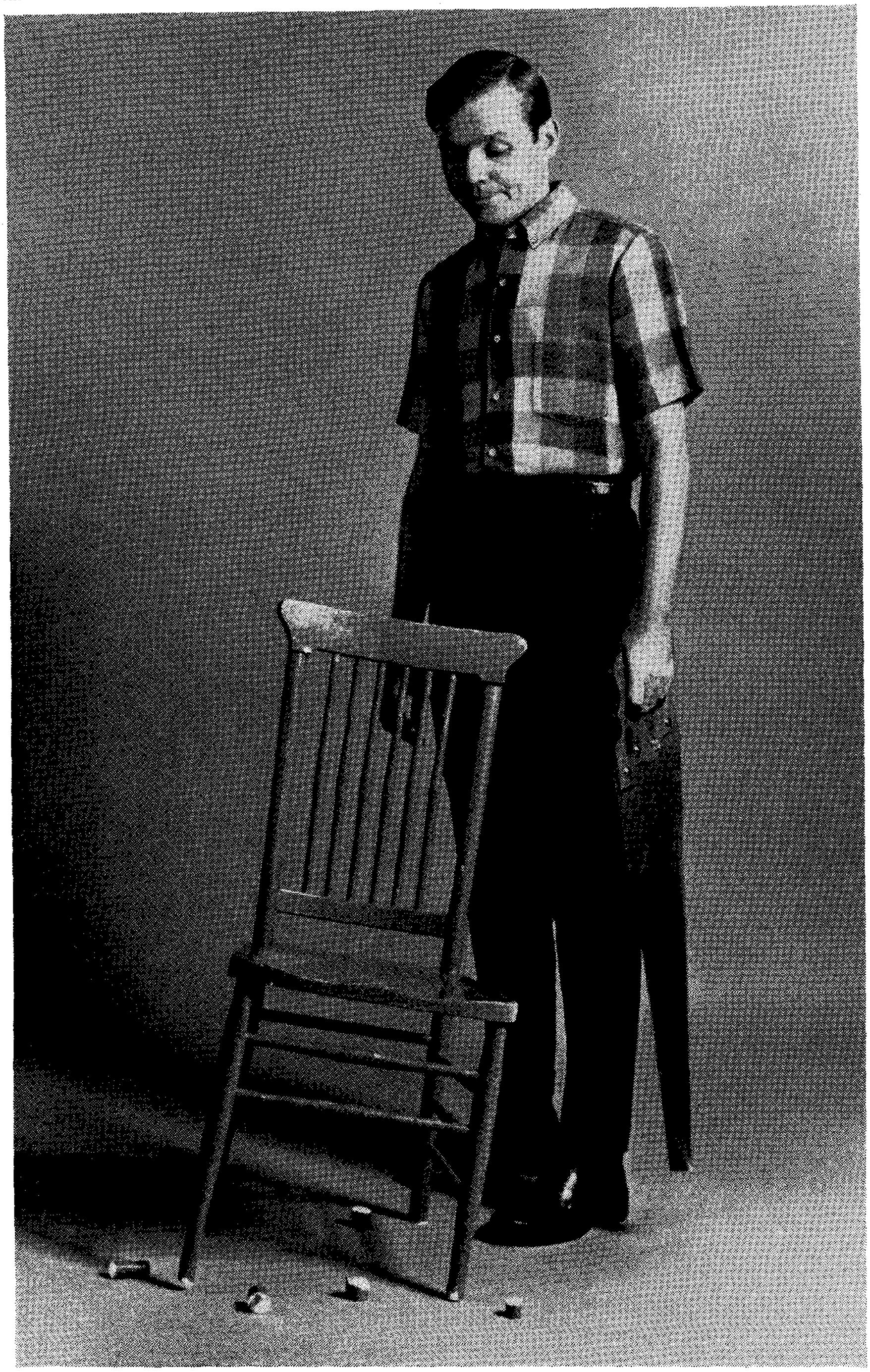
the troop buildup, the induction center was processing draftees and enlistees at a rate that represented a hundred and fifty per cent of its theoretical capacity, but lately it has been operating at seventy per cent of capacity.

A dozen draftees from Topeka who reported to the induction center the night before they were due to be sworn into the Army shared a glum dinner at a nearby restaurant and spent the rest of the evening in a lounge next to the billeting area, in the induction center's basement. The lounge is a large room with green leatherette chairs, a coin-operated pool table, a jukebox, a television set, two pinball machines, and a huge sign asking that cigarettes be deposited in the proper receptacles. Three of the draftees had been reclassified 1-A after reporting that they were divorced. Another had lost his student deferment when he dropped below the twelve hours a semester that the Topeka draft board requires for qualification as a full-time student.

For those who had taken their pre-induction physical within the previous year, the checkup the following morning required little time, and in a couple of hours they were helping the induction-center staff collate forms or were sitting in one of the waiting rooms. Those who had to take their physical examinations again wandered silently through the maze of rooms on the first floor of the induction center, listening to the singsong voice of the N.C.O. giving the hearing test ("When you hear the tone, you press the button. You hold it as long as you do hear it. When you don't hear it, you release it") or the rote instructions of the N.C.O. in charge of having medical forms filled out ("On Block Seventeen, I want a statement of your health: good, fair, bad, or poor").

A box on the front page of the Kansas City *Times* that day said, "Keeping up with the American forces in Vietnam will be a great deal easier with the help of a large color map which will appear on page 12 in *The Star* this afternoon." The news highlights on the front page noted that the day's combat stories—principally a report of the shelling of an American brigade headquarters—would be found on page 11. The *Times* and the *Star* had three notices of war deaths. A private who had lived in Kansas City, Kansas, before moving to California had been killed while serving with the 9th Division; plans were announced for the funeral of a Marine sergeant from Kansas City, Missouri, who had



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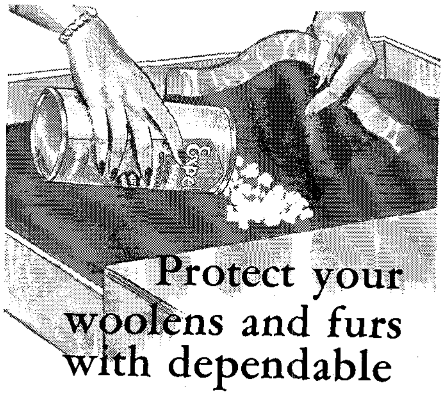
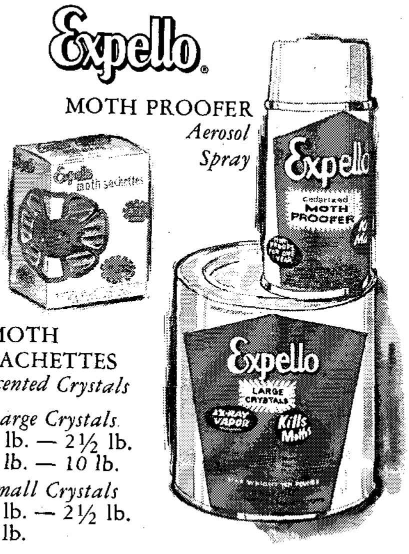
been killed the previous week; a pfc. from Independence, Missouri, who had been assigned to the same unit of the 1st Cavalry Division as his former R.O.T.C. instructor at William Chrisman High School, had been killed. The draftees from Topeka did not read the papers, though. Some of them just stared blankly at the Army forms they always seemed to have in their hands. Others talked of where they might take basic training, how they became 1-A, or whether they had tried to get into the National Guard. Some talked about the measurements of girls they would pass up in return for being home again, but some of them thought they were a lot better off "getting it over with." All in all, they acted neither desperate nor patriotic.

By two in the afternoon, most of the draftees were back in the lounge, playing pool or reading magazines or trying to sleep. At about three, a Specialist 4/C came in and said, "O.K., you men, put out your cigarettes and come to the ceremony room." The ceremony room, just off the lounge, is built like a long windowless chute, and the dozen draftees seemed lost in it as they gathered in three ranks in front of some lecterns and flags that had been set up at one end. The commanding officer of the induction center—a tall, crew-cut captain named Ronnie Larson—came in and began explaining the Universal Code of Military Justice provisions about falsifying information given to an induction center. He then announced that he would call each man by name, and that the man called would take one step forward and thereby become inducted into the United States Army. After each man had taken his step forward, Larson asked the inductees to repeat an oath of allegiance after him, noting that the oath had nothing to do with being inducted—they were already in. He also pointed out that anybody who wanted to affirm rather than swear could do so, and that anybody who did not want to repeat the final line—which would be "So help me God"—had a right to remain silent. The inductees repeated the oath, including the last line, and then Larson explained two more points in the Universal Code of Military Justice—the ones about desertion and A.W.O.L. He reminded the inductees that during basic training they would still have a chance to enlist, which would extend their obligation for one year but give them their choice of career training. He suggested that some of them might find it a good idea to prepare in the Army for whatever career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they planned to follow when they went back to civilian life. Then Larson wished the inductees luck and walked out of the ceremony room. As the inductees walked out after him, a man from the Salvation Army handed each of them a box containing shaving articles. A reporter asked some of the inductees about the war, and they said that it had not been mentioned among them since they boarded the bus together in Topeka the afternoon before.

TOPEKA: Alf Landon, the Republican candidate for President in 1936, loves to talk politics. He will talk politics to out-of-state visitors in his study and he will talk politics to people who stop him on the street to tell him what they think. Until recently, he would sometimes talk politics all afternoon at the Chocolate Shop, a Topeka restaurant, whose closing he laments. He will talk about the politics of Wabaunsee County or about the politics of the Republican Party or about the politics of Sino-Soviet relations. He is not a monologuist; he likes to argue. He reads five newspapers a day for news and eight for editorials. He has been publicly in favor of the recognition of Communist China since the late forties. He has not made a statement in direct opposition to the war in Vietnam, but last winter, when he inaugurated the Alfred M. Landon Lectures on Public Issues at Kansas State, he included some critical remarks about the lack of democracy in South Vietnam and the lack of candor in the United States. During a television interview this winter, he told Eric Sevareid that the public could sense the President's "contempt for people and their ability to understand what's going on in government." He believes that the President has not convinced the people of the importance of the war, or even that they are being told the truth about it. "The intellectuals are worried about war fever developing, but there's no war fever in America," he says. "I have a deep feeling that the President hasn't got the people marching yet."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Best footage of the program centered upon Benny Goodman and company, first in practice and then performing at the festival, and upon something called the Junior Hammer Trio from Czechoslovakia. This unusual organization which played fine jazz, consisted of a Czech heart specialist who beat a mean bass fiddle, his wife, and a backup man.—*Clay Gowran in the Chicago Tribune.*

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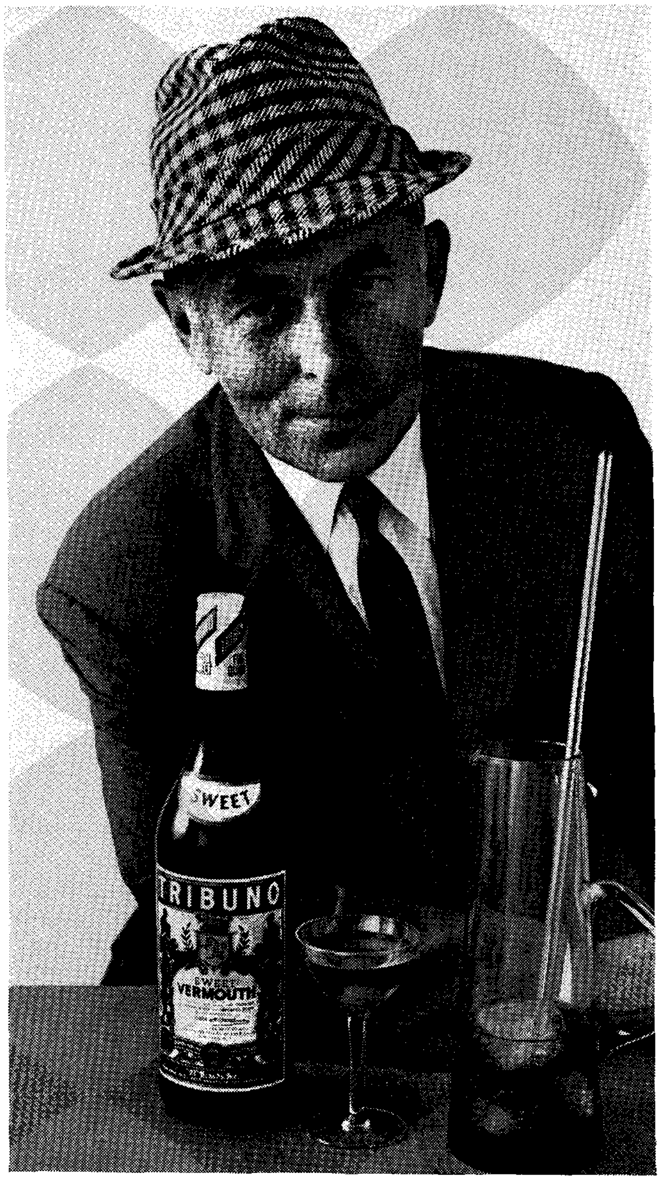

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THE THEATRE

A BIT BETTER

THE final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center at the Vivian Beaumont, Bertolt Brecht's "Galileo," is by long odds the best thing the company has done. This is not to say that the outfit's reach is anywhere near what it wants to grasp, but at least in this Brecht interpretation of the life and times of the Italian scientist there is occasionally some theatrical bounce. In his exposition of Galileo's difficulties with the Church of Rome, Brecht never comes close to the subtlety and sophistication of, say, Shaw's memorable ecclesiastical dialogues in "Saint Joan." Instead, he goes about giving us, with a sometimes heavy hand, a most simpleminded version of the consequences of Copernican astronomy, as supported by Galileo, for the body politic and religious of Italy in the seventeenth century. The production at Lincoln Center does not spare us such Brechtian conceits as having a trio of balladeers preface each scene with a kind of outline of its action, and every now and then there is the let's-have-an-all-hands-gala maneuver so dear to this playwright's heart. But if Brecht seems intent on treating his audiences as people for whom every idea has to be spelled out, he still knows the tricks of his trade, and so, indeed, does Anthony Quayle, the Galileo of the piece. I venture to say that Mr. Quayle is the best actor who has so far been seen at the Vivian Beaumont, and his presence seems to have stimulated the company to rise above its previous, high-school-elocution level. Elementary though Brecht's notion is of how things went with Galileo, Mr. Quayle makes the astronomer a highly sympathetic character, and when, under the pressures of church and state, he denies what are to him self-evident facts of astronomy, he becomes a figure of almost tragic dimensions. The direction of "Galileo," by John Hirsch, is laudable, and the settings, by Robin Wagner, and the costumes, by James Hart Stearns, are arresting.

I WAS reared on the "*Timeo Danaos*" precept concerning the Greeks, but if some philanthropic Hellene ever saw fit to put Melina Mercouri in my birthday gift package I'd cancel all preconceptions. In "Illya Darling," at the Mark Hellinger, Miss Mercouri is a splendid dish. The trouble with the vehicle that is decorated by the lady is that its wheels are weak. An adaptation of the movie called "Never on Sunday," "Illya Darling" has to do with a whore who is as euphoric as all getout in Piraeus until a scholarly American tourist (Orson Bean) comes along and tries to teach her that life is not just a bowl of olives. This one has pleasant enough songs, with music by Manos Hadjidakis and lyrics by Joe Darion, and endless stompings by Piraeans who love Miss Mercouri—as who wouldn't? But as time goes by, "Illya Darling," which was written and directed by Jules Dassin, gets a bit slack. Just the same, the heroine is quite a girl.

"A WARM BODY," which expired after one performance at the Cort, assembled haphazardly a female newspaper columnist; an anthropologist who

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specialized in pygmies and was afflicted with a nymphomaniacal wife; a stuffy educational big wheel; and a pubescent girl anxious to make the scene. Their activities were by no means diverting, although Kevin McCarthy, as the anthropologist, did give the play a bit of verve. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

No Calories

LAST week, after a number of delays and the loss of its original director, "Chocolates," a first play by Ian Bernard (*first full-length play, that is*), opened, and closed, at the Gramercy Arts. These delays always mean trouble, but they can also denote persistence and a confidence in the dramatist by the cast and management. In the case of "Chocolates," there seemed to me just about enough evidence of promise to support such confidence. Right before the final scene, Gabriel Dell, as the hero, stood at the front of the darkened stage, his face lighted by a spotlight, and delivered a long soliloquy of a self-revealing (or, strictly speaking, hero-revealing) nature. It was only then, after an evening of what had seemed to be unbroken prankishness, that it occurred to me that the playwright had really been trying to tell us something—that he meant all that obvious whimsey to be taken seriously. Before the soliloquy, there was what appeared to be a psychedelic interlude—a kind of trip to Pooh Corner—with the hero and one of those blank, high-pitched, abstract girls, who had come to live with him in his Pop-decorated flat and be his love, whiling away her spare time by making abstract sculptures out of bubble gum. And before *that*, to continue this reverse chronology, he had strangled his frigid wife, who had come to see him at an institution, which was where we first met him. He had been sent there to be cured, or broken, of his "individualism," and his cell bore a non-accidental (I'd think) resemblance to a modernistic motel room. (Motels may well have become a symbol and a password among *us* to describe *them*. That awful one-acter in "America Hurrah" comes to mind.) "Chocolates," as should be evident by now, was an allegory, whose theme was tipped off by a song that was sung before the curtain rose and that began, "Won't you come with me to the ever increasing sameness? . . . No one has a thing to say." Well, Mr. Bernard didn't have much to say, either, if he was trying to make any sort of philosophical point. Such talent as he

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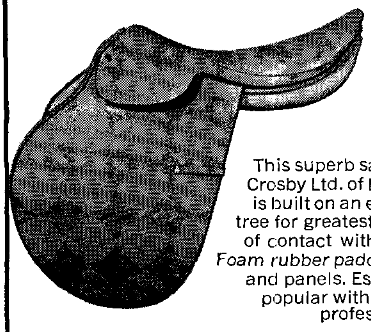

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showed was for the particular rather than the general, and there was a sprinkling of comic and imaginative touches in his lines and business.

It must have been hard on the players to do much with the non-characters assigned them. The hero and his bubble-gum girl seemed just as impersonal as everyone else, but Mr. Dell is always an interesting actor to have around, and Hope Stansbury, a former model for Salvador Dali, was decorative, and good, too, in an odd kind of way. Michael Allen Hampshire's sets were extremely ingenious.

THE mixture of old burlesque routines and new songs which went by the dreadful name "Skits-Oh-Frantics!" and which closed last week at the Bert Wheeler may not have made much of a show, but it was the only show in town with Irving Harmon in it. Mr. Harmon is a skinny comedian, well along in years but as nimble as need be. He is a roguish fellow and a natural disrupter of the peace whose eager, amiable demeanor is misleading, sinister, and awfully funny. We saw him as a marked man (and slyboots) switching glasses at a clip joint; as Pierre, the Great Lover, in a breakaway bedroom farce; as a low, leering judge scrambling all over the bench; and, finally, in his own person, as an expert juggler able to keep three balls aloft while he ate an apple and chattered away to his partner, a portly chap named Barney Martin, who was also pleasant to have around. There were several other comedians, some amusing and some not, at various points on the banana tree, and there were also girls—five of them—named Bobbi Baird, Patti Karr, Mona Crawford, Bes-Arlene, and Geene Courtney-James. Miss C.-J., in a gold bikini, was a show-stopper. —EDITH OLIVER

•

BONN. March 23—A distant early warning system manned by more than 100 West Germans is on the alert today for the passage of 20,000 cranes across the country. The cranes (genus Grus) have proved a menace to fast-flying aircraft. —*The Times.*

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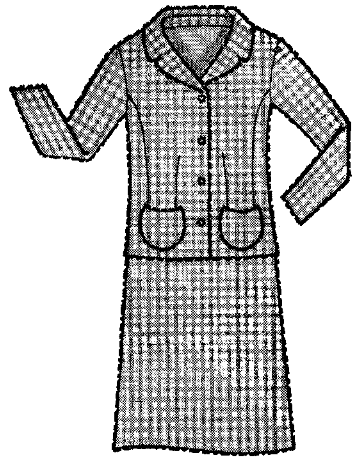

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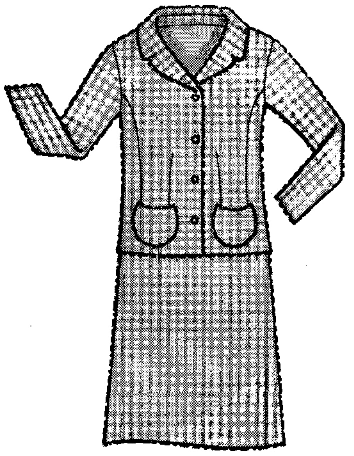

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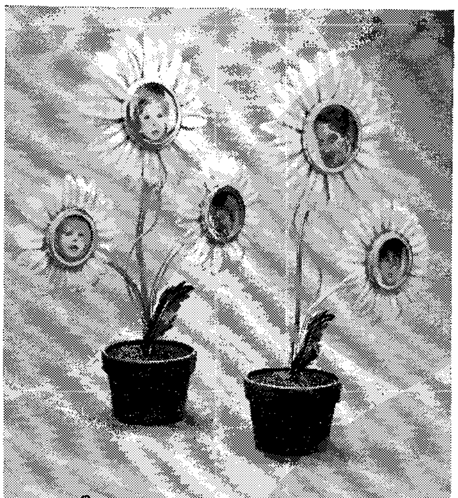
JOSEPH LOSEY'S admirable new movie, curtly entitled "Accident," begins and ends with long shots of a snug, rosy brick, many-windowed Georgian house set in the green countryside a few miles from elmy Oxford. The master of the house is a good-looking don, skittishly approaching the middle years; his tacky, sensible wife, less good-looking than he is and bitchy enough when the occasion warrants, is about to bear their third child. One of the undergraduates whom the don tutors is an athletic aristocrat, who has fallen in love with a severely beautiful Austrian princess, also an undergraduate. The princess being exceptional in her sexual ambitions as well as in her looks, the aristocrat proves insufficient booty; she makes a prize of one of the don's colleagues—not a very savory chap and so not much of a prize—and does her best to place the don himself under her rule, which is all the more imperious for seeming so permissive. The rosy house stands for that private redoubt of domesticity in which the conventional kindnesses offered to outsiders—food, drink, talk, a night's lodging—can be taken unfair advantage of only at high cost. For domesticity, though it gives a smiling welcome, is hostile to strangers, and the embrace it offers is a form of courteous exclusion, warning "Thus far and no farther." The princess is a threat to the house, and sooner or later the evil she brings into it must be purged—in this case, by the sacrificial death of an innocent, in the accident that gives the picture its name. The unuttered, invisible motto of the don's house, and indeed of every house, is that marriage and the family are imperfect and sometimes horrifying inventions but that they are all we have; we tamper with them at our peril.

The screenplay of "Accident" is by Harold Pinter, who has based it on a novel by Nicholas Mosley. Mr. Pinter is fantastically clever at presenting family scenes that, under a smooth surface, are so charged with the ability to ravage and destroy that even Count Dracula might hesitate to pull up a chair and join the group. In a characteristic scene in "Accident," Mr. Pinter sketches for



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us a pleasant, lazy Sunday in the country: drinks, lunch, tennis, an hour or so of dozing and idle chatter on the lawn, more drinks, perhaps a walk, a pickup supper, drinks again . . . It is so harmless and so commonplace, but somewhere along the way the gates of Hell have secretly, silently swung ajar, and devils swoop and chitter like swallows in the evening air. Mr. Pinter appears to believe that evil is an entity and that man is capable of being invaded and possessed by it—we are fallen creatures who slowly bleed ourselves to death by the infliction upon each other of innumerable small spiritual injuries. Mr. Pinter conveys this progressive, irreversible disaster with words, and Mr. Losey conveys it with precise pictorial correlatives. The two men make an exceptionally gifted and intelligent team, and I hope they will go on working together for a long time to come. (An earlier Losey-Pinter collaboration was that brilliant study of corruption "The Servant," in which, as in "Accident," a house played a role so important that it became, in effect, one of the leading characters.)

In the cast of "Accident" are Dirk Bogarde, as the don; Vivien Merchant, as his wife; Jacqueline Sassard, as the princess; Stanley Baker, as the don's shady, aggressive colleague; Michael York, as the aristocrat; and Delphine Seyrig, as a lonely ex-girl friend of the don. Mr. Bogarde and Mr. Baker give superb performances; I wish I could say as much for Miss Sassard, a newcomer to whom the adjective "promising" does not instantly affix itself. We also catch a glimpse of Mr. Pinter, playing the role of a high-powered television executive in London; he is extremely funny. The excellent camerawork in "Accident" is by Gerry Fisher.

BY coincidence, the theme of a delightful Japanese movie, "She and He," first shown at the Festival here in 1964, has much in common with that of "Accident." Again, it is a story of the hazards involved in allowing the privacies of marriage and the household to be violated by strangers. A warmhearted, childless young housewife spends much of her time befriending unfortunates in her neighborhood; at first, her husband is touched by the sweetness and simplicity of her daily round of good deeds, but he discovers that one can become impatient with goodness and envious of those upon whom benevolence is being bestowed. "She and He" was written and directed by Susumu Hani; its pace is slow, and the events depicted are trivial

He never tasted milk

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and familiar, but Mr. Hani is an artist, and at every dangerous corner (we are often in the presence of a gallant rag-picker, his blind daughter, and his faithful dog) he manages to escape the sentimentalities that I feared would engulf him. The movie stars an enchanting actress named Sachiko Hidari. Her husband is played by Eiji Okada, the architect in "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."

JEAN-LUC GODARD'S "Le Petit Soldat," filmed in 1960 and shown at the Festival here in 1965, is making its belated local commercial début at the New Yorker Theatre. It is a movie that you will find fascinating if you are interested in Godard and irritating if you are not. The setting is Geneva, and the plot concerns a desperate struggle between rival bands of terrorists. The picture stars Michel Subor and Anna Karina, who is pretty enough for all practical purposes. —BRENDAN GILL

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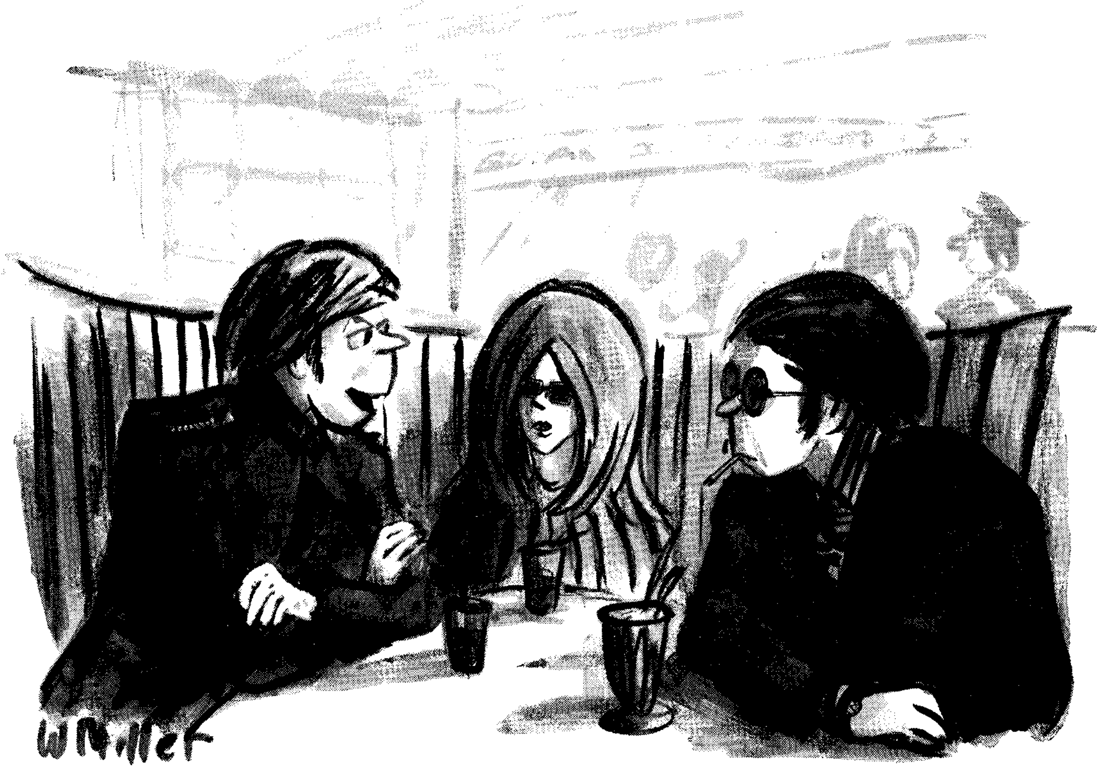
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 14

IT is now quite generally agreed that if President Johnson seeks reëlection next year, he may be denied it. As a rule, the electorate is reluctant to turn down an incumbent President who wants another term, but it has evicted two tenants from the White House in this century—William Howard Taft, in 1912, and Herbert Hoover, in 1932—and in the troubled spring of 1967 it seems eager to retire Lyndon Johnson. For months now, the opinion polls have shown him enjoying the confidence of less than half of his national constituency. The latest Gallup Poll holds that his support is down to forty-five per cent. If he could do no better than that in a national election, and if there were no strong third-party candidate to divide the Republican opposition, his opponent would win by what, in American politics, is generally regarded as a landslide. A Harris Survey released this week reports that in an election held now with George Romney at the head of the Republican ticket, Romney would win with fifty-three per cent of the popular vote. Such findings establish the approximate extent of the President's vulnerability; they cannot be taken as a measure of the problems that face Romney or any other Republican candidate. Of Romney, the public now knows only that he is a personable man of a familiar and widely admired American type, that his platitudes seldom give offense, and that he is rumored to have performed creditably in his four years as Governor of Michigan. On this basis, a majority of voters would now favor him as an alternative to Johnson. There is, however, little reason to believe that a majority of the delegates to the 1968 Republican National Convention will favor him for the nomination or be much impressed by evidence of his popularity. In 1964, the delegates chose the man whose standing in the polls was the lowest of all the potential candidates, and, as Barry Goldwater keeps pointing out, most of the 1964 delegates will be back in 1968. While Romney has been out seeking the good opinion of voters from Alaska to Connecticut, Richard Nixon has been abroad getting himself photographed with movers and shakers in world affairs, and Nixon's agents have been seeking—and, it has been reliably reported, getting—support for his candidacy from those who will choose or control the 1968 delegations. It is estimated here that if Nixon stopped all solicitation now, he would go to the Convention with at least four hundred of the six hundred and sixty-seven votes needed for the nomination. He is playing the game exactly as Goldwater did four years ago, and the result could be the same—nomination on the first ballot. Moreover, even if Romney should hold or extend his present lead over the President, and eventually overtake Nixon on the Convention floor, it would not follow that he would then defeat Johnson in the election. For if Romney or anyone else who has been sympathetic to the civil-rights movement is the Republican candidate, then George Wallace, the husband of the Governor of Alabama, will enter the contest, and in all likelihood will carry four or five of the six states the Republicans carried in 1964 and perhaps upset the prevailing balances in several states outside the South, thereby making it possible for Johnson to be returned with a minority of the popular vote and a majority of the electoral vote. Not many of those who think a Republican victory possible next year are now willing to call it probable.

An incumbent President may be voted out of office, but it is difficult to conceive of circumstances in which his party would decline to renominate him. The President, however, could decline to run, and there have been times in the past two years when a good many people have thought it altogether possible that President Johnson would retire at the end of this term. Before the 1964 election, an astute student of the President's approach to life and politics said that if Johnson lost ten or more states, it would be quite in character for him to refuse to serve on the ground that if he couldn't be President of *all* the people, he simply wouldn't want to hold the office. Now his consensus is shattered and he is opposed by a majority. He cannot control the Ninetieth Congress, and he has had to face at the Punta del Este summit conference a host of clamorous politicians who know that the legislative branch of his government refused to support him with the modest resolution he asked of it. The chances are that even if he is reëlected next year he will never again have a Congress that will give him the support he wants. President Eisenhower faced the same situation after 1954 and was undeterred in 1956, but Eisenhower never wanted very much from Congress, and Johnson has always wanted a great deal. From all that is known of his temper-



"I guess back in the fifties, and like that, even teen-agers were square."

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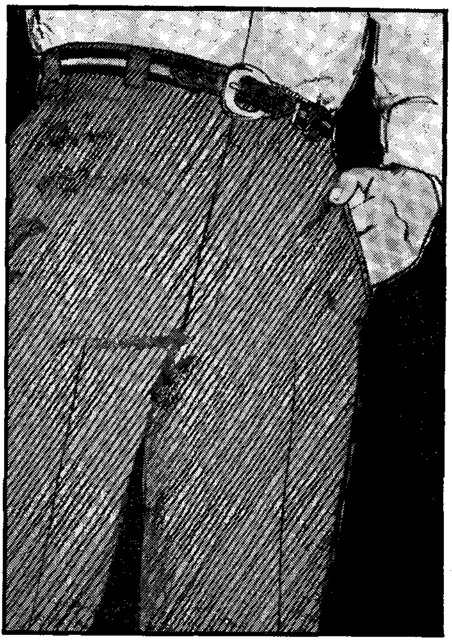
ament and his ambitions, it must be concluded that the prospect of staying in office until January 20, 1973, often seems grim to him and that the temptation to resign is powerful. He may yield to it sometime this year or next, but the general feeling here is that he will continue to resist it, partly for reasons of self-esteem and vanity, partly for reasons of conscience. It is said that where once he saw his place in history as that of an innovative national leader like Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt in the early, peaceful years of their Presidencies, he may now see his place—much as both of them later came to see theirs—as that of a commander-in-chief fighting a just war in the interests of a stable world order. Moreover, as has been demonstrated in the past year or two, great changes in public sentiment can come to pass within the span of a single Presidential term, and no one can rule out the possibility of developments that would restore the consensus of 1964 and win back to his side most of those who now think they would prefer George Romney or some other Republican. At any rate, the present indications are that his own campaign is already well under way. If this were not the case, it would be all but impossible to explain the presence of Hubert Humphrey in Georgia this week complimenting Governor Maddox on being "a good Democrat" and on having "reasonable and constructive attitudes." Lester Maddox has been conspicuously restrained both in his enthusiasm for George Wallace and in his criticisms of the President; his support or his benevolent neutrality could be very helpful to a Johnson-Humphrey ticket next year. It may be, of course, that Maddox is simply playing his own game and that he sees himself as a rival to both Wallace and Johnson. Though untested in politics outside Georgia, he may yet become a power in the South. Two days before the Vice-President's arrival, Maddox's office announced that he had officially requested all ministers of God in Georgia to join him in praying for an end to the drought that threatened the spring crops; when he received the Vice-President, the ground was soaked, and rain was still falling.

Both parties, it is clear, will be plagued by factionalism at least through next year's elections. The Democrats are split over Vietnam, civil rights, the war on poverty—indeed, over almost every issue of any importance. If the President campaigns as a war leader rather than as an innovator, he may



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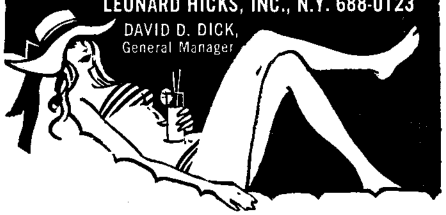

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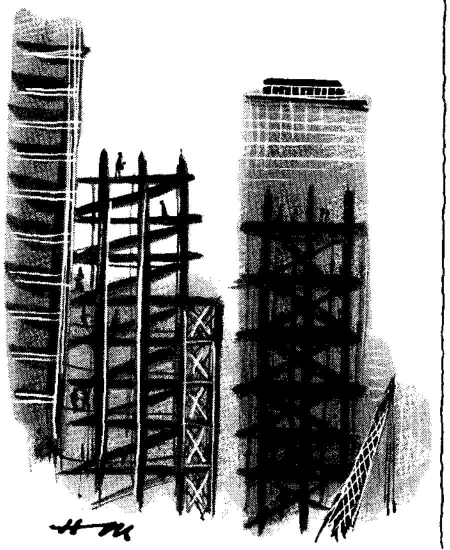
improve his position in the South and the West, but in the process he will deepen the existing splits everywhere else. He is more likely to campaign as both, in which case he may regain some support from the left wing of his 1964 coalition while again losing the South and continuing to face division over Vietnam. Robert Kennedy has pledged his support to Johnson and Humphrey in 1968, but this does not mean that the anti-war people who have accepted Kennedy's leadership will flock to the Democratic clubhouses to lick stamps and crank the mimeograph machines for the national ticket. In sheer number and diversity of factions, the Republicans are no match for the Democrats, but the basic Republican split between the rightists and those who like to describe themselves as "moderates" seems even deeper and more damaging. The disaster of 1964 had been predicted by the moderates, who were, immediately after the event, denounced by Goldwater and his leading supporters for having done everything they could to make their prophecies come true. A new national chairman, Ray Bliss, was brought in as a peacemaker, and here and there he has met with success—though not so much in making peace between the factions as in helping individual adherents of one faction or the other get elected to public office. In any case, the 1968 Convention will feature much the same cast of characters as the 1964 Convention. The state organizations are mostly run by the people who ran them four years ago, and this means that on the Convention floor the moderates will be greatly outnumbered, as they were last time, by the rightists. (Actually, this has been true of every Republican Convention for more than thirty years. What made 1964 different was that



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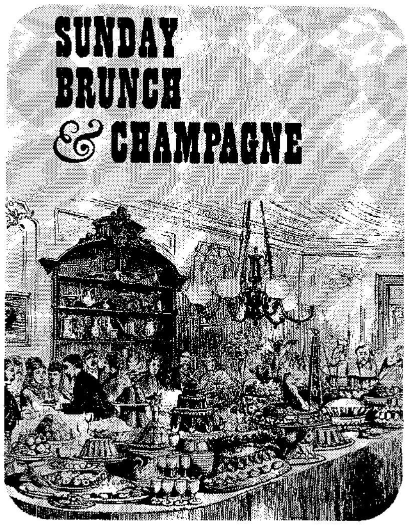
for the first time the Party could get all the money and other sinews of political warfare it needed from sources other than those New Yorkers and New Englanders who had been footing the bills and choosing the candidates through most of this century.) It is said that the rightists, for reasons of strategy—which probably means for fear of what would happen to them if 1964 repeated itself in 1968—are now resigned to giving the nomination to a moderate. However, only Barry Goldwater and a few of his associates have publicly agreed to this, and their idea of a moderate—as well as their current favorite—is Nixon. Some of them have said that unity can be achieved under a Nixon-Reagan ticket.

Nixon is cornering all the delegates he can before the primaries. This worked for Goldwater, and it may work for Nixon. It is believed here, however, that Nixon, who has not won an election on his own for seventeen years, cannot win the nomination unless he demonstrates in the primaries that he can attract the rank and file as effectively as he attracts national committeemen. The Romney supporters are persuaded that the primaries will show Nixon to be still a loser, and that in the end the Convention will have no choice but to reject Nixon and accept Romney or some other candidate who by Romney's standards qualifies as a moderate. Until recently, the nomination of anyone who opposed or failed to give any kind of support to the national ticket in 1964 seemed inconceivable. It is not in the nature of either soldiers or politicians to make the defector in one campaign the commander in the next. But the Romney strategists think they have a way of overcoming, or circumventing, the hostility of the majority of the delegates. While it is true that the Convention will be predominantly conservative, they say, it so happens that the leaders of many large delegations will be governors who won their own elections as Republican moderates. These governors lack the power to commit the delegations they head to Romney or anyone else, but they can ask a traditional courtesy—that their own names be placed before the Convention as favorite-son candidates. This would give them the power to tie things up for perhaps two or three ballots and conduct a war of attrition against the rightists. They would offer to withdraw their own candidacies only in exchange for support for Romney—or, if Romney should be out of the picture by then, for Charles Percy or Nelson Rockefeller or anyone else they



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found acceptable. The strategy has been used many times before, though never very seriously in conventions covered by television; prolonged balloting, as a cover for prolonged horse trading, bores and alienates the television audiences, for whom conventions are nowadays mainly staged. But even if such a strategy was effective in forcing the delegates to accept a candidate they disliked, the Party would still be divided, perhaps more bitterly than ever. For if the conservatives found themselves saddled with a candidate they regarded as a betrayer, they would behave precisely as the moderates did in 1964: they would either sit out the 1968 campaign altogether or, as Romney and several others did in 1964, campaign only for themselves and for those whom they found ideologically acceptable. In the Republican Party, disaffection among the conservatives is probably more harmful than disaffection among the moderates. When properly motivated, they are the Party's most untiring and uncomplaining workers, and they also tend—in this decade, anyway—to be the most generous contributors of money.

It is probably too late now for the Republicans to solve their problems by a means that some of them, in the aftermath of Goldwater's defeat, thought to be ideal. When it seems desirable to bring an end to prolonged factional conflict, it is generally a good idea to cast about for someone outside the ranks of all factions—someone who has had no combat history of any sort. In the past, the Republicans have often found leadership in this way—Charles Evans Hughes in 1916, Wendell Willkie in 1940, Dwight Eisenhower in 1952. Military men have been particularly favored for this role (in many countries besides this one) and from time to time it has been reported that a campaign would soon be mounted for the nomination of General William Westmoreland, who is said to be a Republican. This might have happened if things had gone better for the General in Vietnam, and it could still happen if his troops produced a clear victory. But that seems unlikely in the months—or even the years—ahead, and his candidacy, or that of anyone else involved with the Vietnam war, might at this stage be painfully reminiscent of General McClellan's on the Democratic ticket in 1864. There is no sign of a new Wendell Willkie anywhere, though a year and a half before the 1940 election that year's Republican candidate had yet to burst from obscurity. Perhaps the closest thing to a Willkie today

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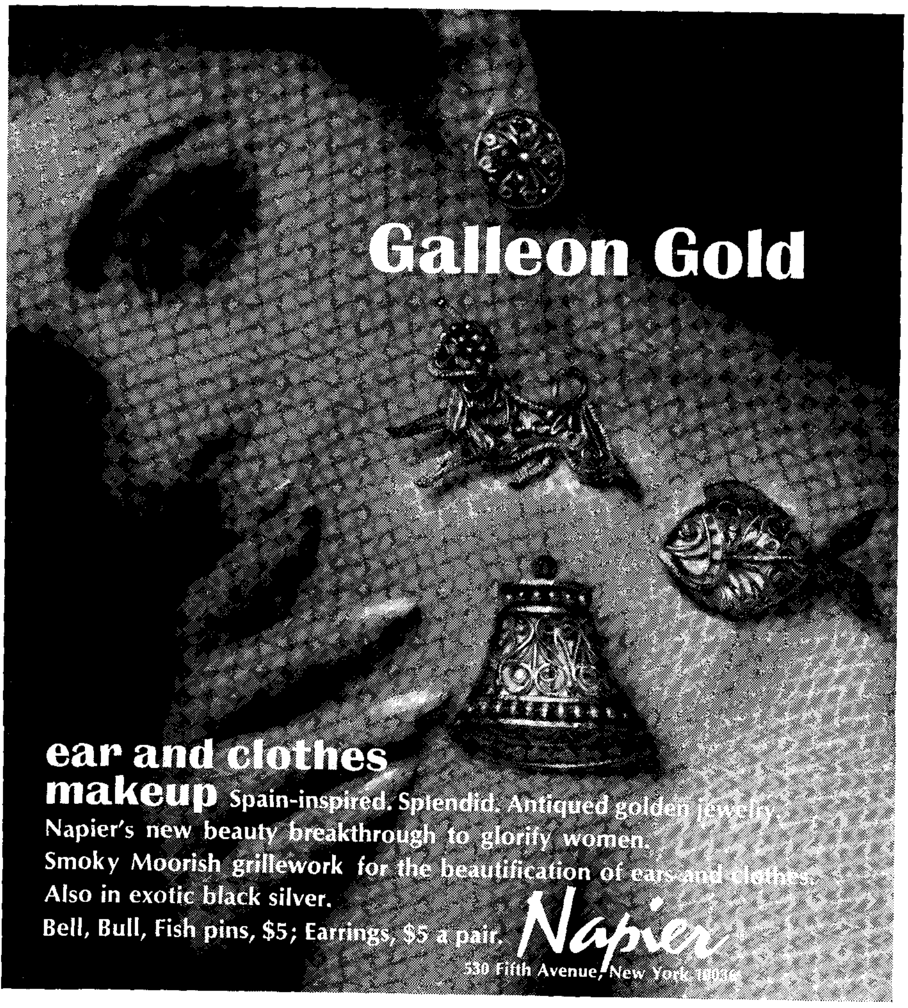

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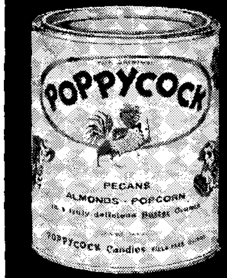

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is Senator Percy, of Illinois. He is an attractive and successful businessman, and although he has not stood wholly apart from the wrangling of the last few years, he has not been very heavily involved. While running unsuccessfully for governor of Illinois in 1964, he supported the national ticket but managed to contain any ardor he may have felt, and so lost no friends among the moderates. He is probably the one man in the Party—with the possible, and dubious, exception of Nixon—whose nomination would not be a signal for mass defections. It seems unlikely that he can get it. If he has no powerful enemies, he has few powerful friends. He is still too much of an amateur to attract support among the professionals and perhaps too much of a professional to win the kind of support that the amateurs gave Willkie.

It may well be that all the current talk about Democrats and Republicans, doves and hawks, left and right, conservatives and moderates is hardly more relevant to American politics today than talk about York and Lancaster is to contemporary British politics. There is at least a suggestion of this in the Harris Survey that shows Romney running ahead of the President by six points. For example, one of its findings is that the war in Vietnam is—on the surface, at least—of minor concern to those voters who have shifted their loyalties since 1964. In fact, if the President's conduct of the war were the dominant issue in a contest between Johnson and Romney, the President would defeat Romney fifty-three to forty-seven per cent—exactly the reverse of the over-all vote. Since all the polls show that the President has the support of less than a majority for his conduct of the war, the only conclusion that can be reached from the Harris figures is that while the people suspect that Romney would do an even worse job than Johnson in Vietnam, they would still prefer him as President. If "keeping the nation's defenses strong" were the matter of ultimate concern, then Romney would be decisively rejected, receiving a mere forty per cent of the vote. As a man "working for peace in the world," Johnson is preferred by fifty-one per cent. On "handling civil rights and race problems," Johnson is judged more capable by fifty-five per cent. If "helping the poor" seemed the most pressing need, the President would defeat Romney as handsomely as he defeated Goldwater in 1964—sixty-seven to thirty-three per cent. Despite all this, a clear majority would vote for Romney today.

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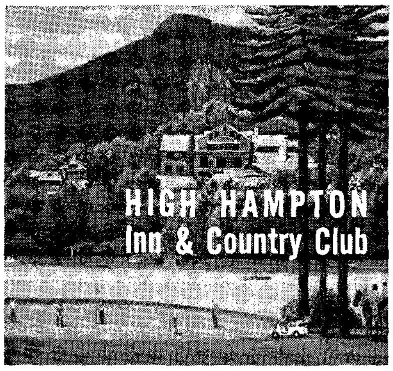

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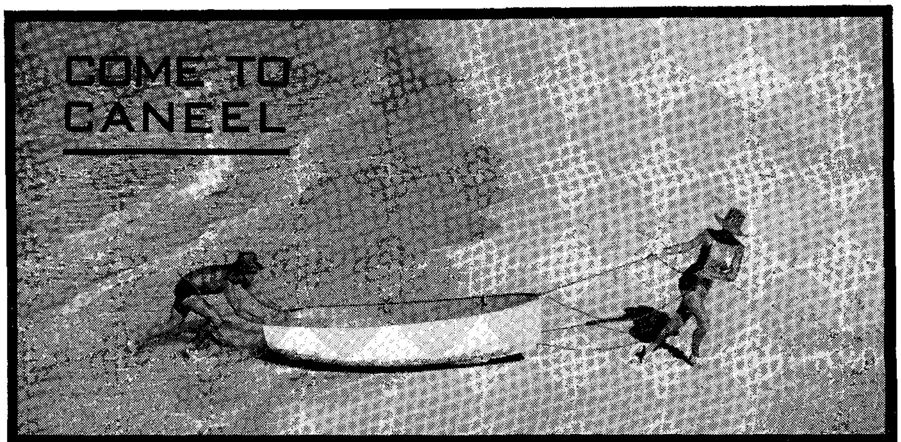
They would do so because they think he would be more successful than Johnson in "keeping the economy healthy," in "keeping down the cost of living," in "keeping spending and taxes in line," and in "inspiring confidence as a President."

If all this describes the political mood in this country today, then politicians of all persuasions are living in the past. The voters, apparently, are more concerned about the state of the economy than they are about war and peace and the state of the world. This, to be sure, was their frame of mind thirty-five years ago, when they declined to renew Herbert Hoover's contract. But thirty-five years ago the economy was falling to pieces, and the country seemed one great disaster area. The economy today is by no means free of disorders, and poverty has yet to be wiped out, but the system produces jobs for all but about four per cent of those who need them, a steadily rising standard of living, and subsidies not only for the American people but for many millions in other parts of the world. Thirty-five years ago, we were not involved in any wars, and the only known threat to the peace—the presence of Japanese armies in Manchuria—was not considered by many to involve American national interests. Today, almost a half-million troops are at war in Vietnam, and many authorities here believe that we are approaching the most dangerous crises in our history. It is passing strange that the electorate should now be reversing the order of political priorities that has been in effect since 1945. In national elections throughout the post-war period, the state of the economy has never been regarded as an issue—with the possible exception of 1960, when there was a certain amount of controversy over the "rate of growth," a subject that excited the candidates but bored the public—for the excellent reason that it was better than it had ever been before. Dwight Eisenhower was not elected President because the people felt he would increase their prosperity; he was elected because he was a hero and a military man who might be able to devise some way of getting us out of the war in Korea. Nearly all the views held by Barry Goldwater were distasteful to large numbers of Americans, but there is little doubt that he was defeated primarily because the people feared that the country might be blown apart if he were President. Now it would seem that in this bloody and perilous moment the voters are prepared to install in the White House a candidate they rate below the incumbent



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as a maker of war, on the one hand, and as a protector of the peace, on the other. In the Harris Survey breakdown, the issue on which Romney gets the biggest vote—sixty-two per cent—is "keeping spending and taxes in line."

It is extraordinary, if true—and not only because of what appears to be a historic shift of priorities. Even in times when the health of the economy has been questionable, it has been hard to agitate the public over public spending and taxation. Many politicians have tried to win elections by denouncing both of these and promising reductions, but the issues have had surprisingly little appeal. They have never counted for much in Presidential elections. Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 promised to balance the budget, and not long after taking office came to the view that there were more important things to be done. Since his day, Eisenhower is the only ardent budget balancer to have won, and three times out of four during his Presidency Democratic Congresses were elected. In general, when voters have wished to pass judgment on matters of economics and finance, they have given their trust to Democrats rather than Republicans. Now, less than three years after an election in which the country seemed to have reached a remarkable degree of agreement about the priorities and about the needs and structure of the welfare state, a new and sharply different consensus seems to be forming. Its shape is anything but clear, especially where foreign policy is concerned, but if it turns out to be true that there is a disposition to regard war and peace, race relations, and the plight of the cities as problems of secondary importance, there may be more cause for alarm than anyone has yet suggested.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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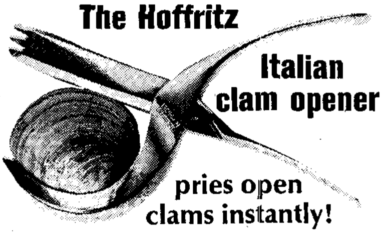

pries open clams instantly!
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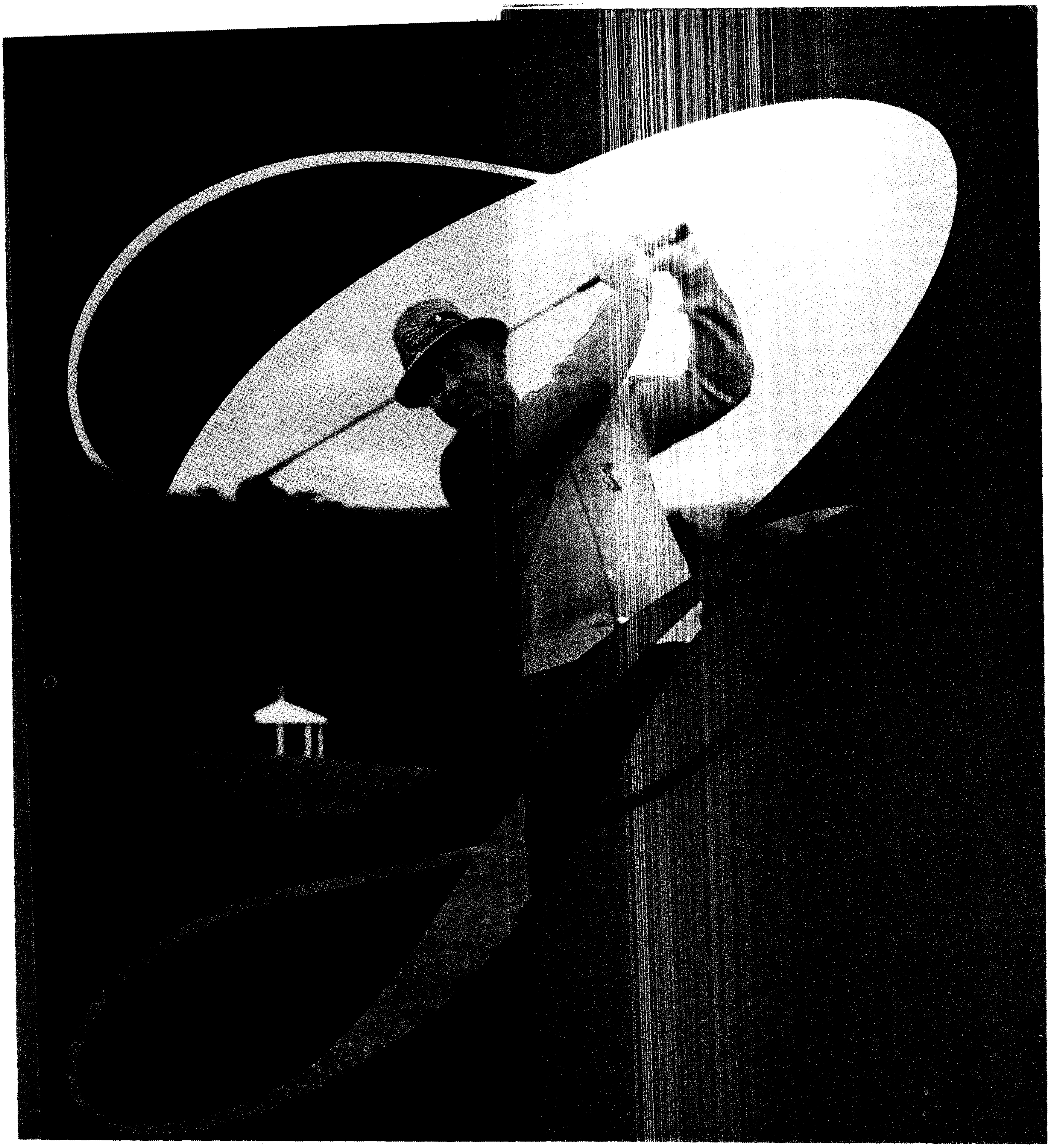

G is for guests who have found The Greenbrier to be so grand, they write and tell us so. Each year we receive hundreds of letters praising the gracious service, elegant decor, gourmet meals and great sports activities. Nothing we can say, says it better than these words from a recent guest's letter . . . *"The finest resort hotel in the world. I can think of no other resort in this country, Europe or Asia in which the pursuit for quality and elegance has been achieved with such notable success."* Truly, The Greenbrier is old-world charm mingled with the new, where there's old world time to enjoy everything you can wish for. Just one nice thing after another is waiting for you at The Greenbrier. Plan today to come visit us soon.

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If you can't beat'em, join'em.

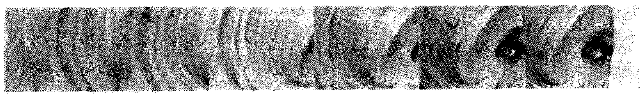
The only way to fight beautiful blonde hair is with beautiful blonde hair. And beautiful blonde hair is usually Clairol® Creme Toner* blonde.

The great blondes have always been Clairol Creme Toner blondes. Because only Creme Toner has 32 pale delicate shades to choose from. Nothing else comes close—as your hairdresser will tell you. And Creme Toner color lasts.

Here our great blonde has lightened her hair and toned it with Creme Toner's Champagne Beige*. She's also wearing Clairol lip color and make-up just for blondes.

The next time a beautiful blonde gets attention you want, don't mutter: "What's she got?" Get some.

The Clairol Creme Toner Blondes



TELL ME, PRETTY BILLBOARD

DRUNKS talk to lampposts. Little girls in Victorian novels talk to imaginary playmates. I talk to the writing on packages and signs. It, of course, has been talking to me ever since I learned to read, but it is only recently that I have started answering. Most of my life I have been a good consumer like any other American, keeping my mouth shut and my ears open. Quietly I pushed my cart down supermarket aisles, listening to the mechanical music and being influenced by point-of-sale displays. Quietly I relaxed at home, watching teleshapes that couldn't see me and hearing electronic voices that I could turn off but not answer. It was all perfectly normal and perfectly one-way. Never was I disturbed by my lack of I-thou relationships with vending machines, or by the fact that though a girl on a poster could stir me, there was no hope of my stirring her.

Then, a couple of years ago, I suddenly found myself wanting to ask a cigarette machine in Keene, New Hampshire, why it charged more for cigarettes than the human beings in the drugstore across the street. Hardly two weeks later, I had an overwhelming urge to tell an electronic voice in my living room that the "nei" of "neither" may have been pronounced "nigh" by the Electors of Hanover, even after they moved to England, but the right way to say it is "knee." Naturally I couldn't do either. The urge grew, though, and before I knew it I found myself writing one letter to the company that owned the vending machine (you can sometimes find the address on the side) and another to the network that employed the rexophile announcer.

I promptly got answers from both, but the answers didn't tell me much, except that public relations is a growing field. Both might have been composed by the man who handles correspondence for my congressman—I had happened to send him a thoughtful letter about Far Eastern policy that same month. All three replies had a kind of customized form-letter quality that I assume is designed to give people like me the illusion that we have got through when we haven't. The congressman said he valued my opinion and would keep it in mind. The network said it was delighted to hear from me and its dictionary approved both the pronunciations I mentioned. The vending-machine company said vending

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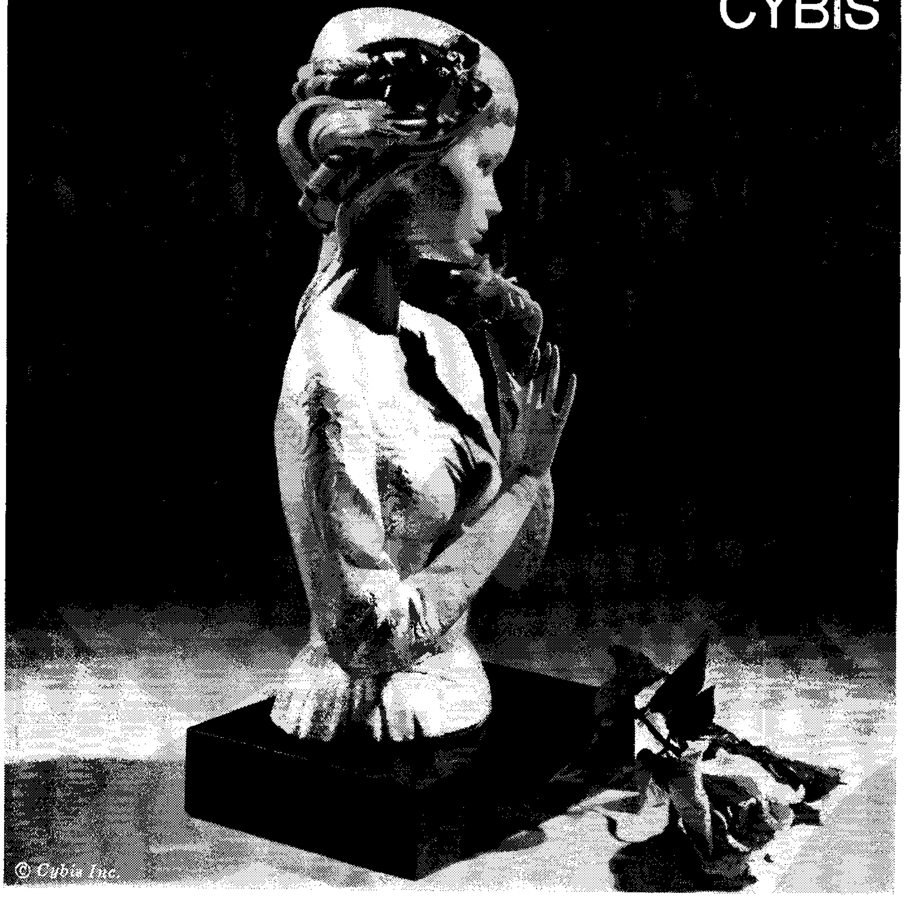

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Sheila comes alive in every home where its brilliance reflects not only the light of today but the light of a thousand yesterdays.

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This clay could be spun into designs of such unearthly delicacy, it made the impossible possible.

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machines were very expensive and tobacco taxes very high. It also said that as I was obviously a very thoughtful person, it was sending me a questionnaire to fill out on what kinds of products I would like to see available in vending machines, and a quarter for my trouble.

It was at this point that I turned to fantasy. If dialogue with the economy has to be an illusion, I decided, it might as well be illusion of my own making. The answers would be more interesting. Ever since, I have been holding frequent conversations with billboards and taped messages and directions on razor-blade packages.

I'll give an example. There is a highway sign I sometimes pass in Connecticut which asserts that there are eight friendly inns on a body of water called Lake Waramaug, and urges me to stay at one of them. In mere reality it would be difficult to ask that sign how friendliness can be offered as a commodity, like clean towels or room service. For the dweller in fantasy it's a snap. The conversation goes like this:

ME: Hello, you friendly sign.

SIGN (*friendlily*): Hello-alo. That's a nice car you're driving, Mister. I like you. Why don't you take your next left and come on to Lake Waramaug?

ME: Maybe I will. Are all eight of the inns really friendly?

SIGN: Are they! Why, Mister, you don't know what friendship means till you've stayed at Lake Waramaug.

ME (*suddenly, at thirty-nine, struck by doubts*): By gosh, you're right. I don't know. What does friendship mean?

SIGN: At our inns, it means that everybody from the bellhop to the manager is sincerely glad to see you, that we have a relaxed, friendly atmosphere—

ME: Hold it. You can't define a word in terms of itself.

SIGN: Oops. I mean a relaxed, *casual* atmosphere, where everything's very informal, where the bartender smiles as he mixes you a Martini, where—well, where everybody from the bellhop to the manager is sincerely glad to see you.

ME: That's great! I love big welcomes. We'll all be real friends, right?

SIGN (*after a second's hesitation*): Sure. Every guest is a friend.

ME: Sign, this is the best news I've had in a long time. It just happens that I'm dead tired, dead broke, and very hungry. A clean bed and a good dinner are just what I need. Which

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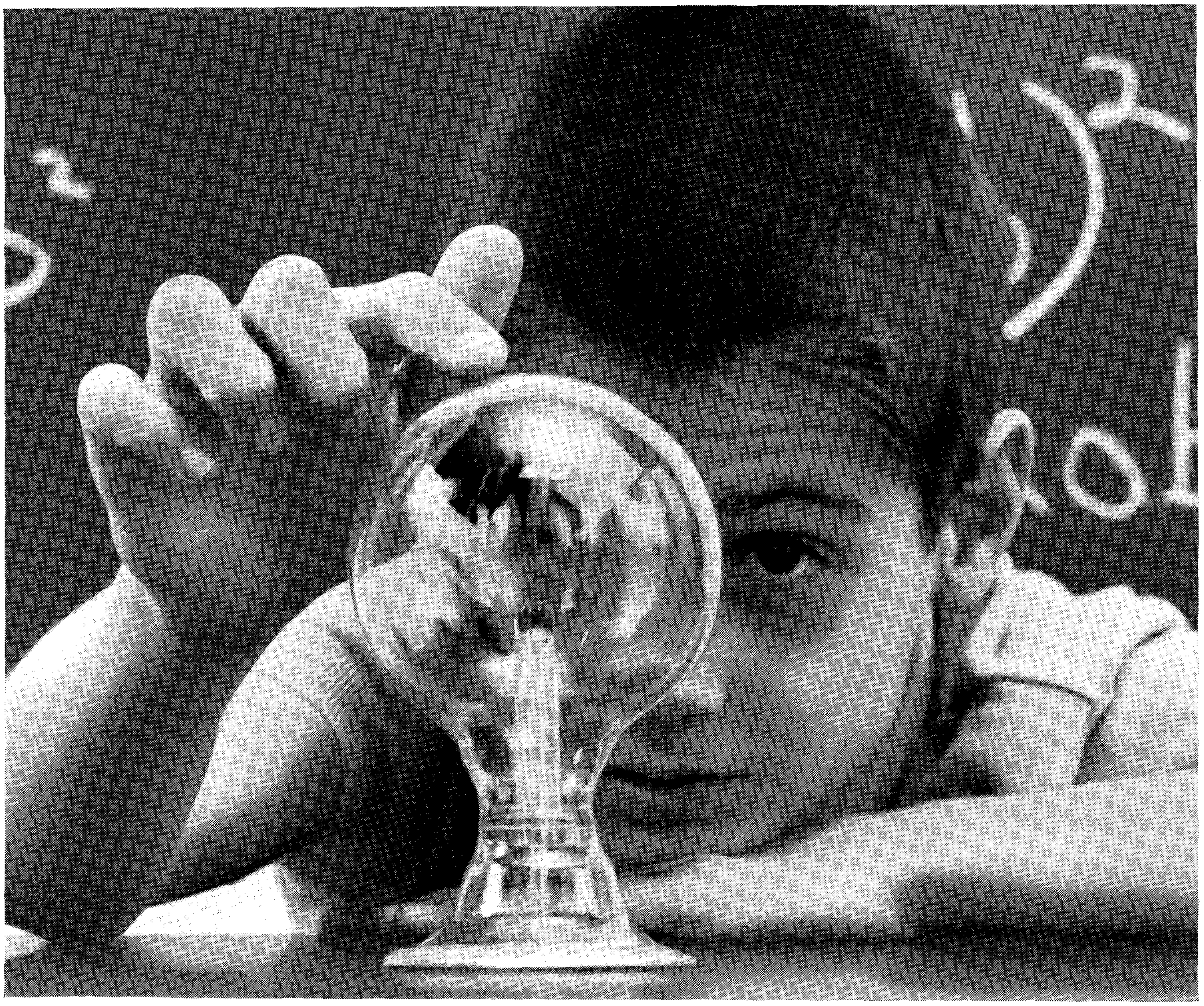

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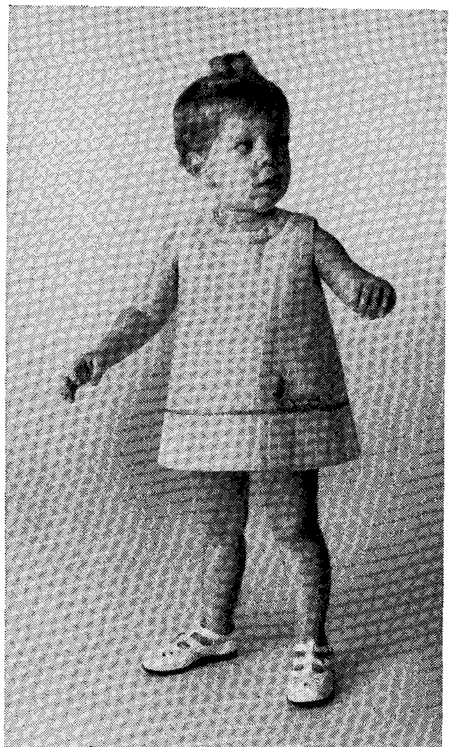

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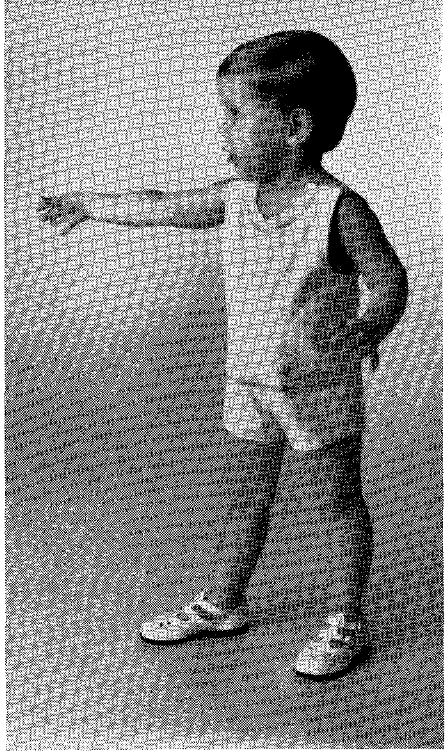


of my new friends shall I stay with?

Sign (*icy*): Listen, buddy, if you're looking for charity, why don't you try Travelers Aid?

Me: When I've got sincere friends all around Lake Waramaug? Why should I?

Sign: O.K., I walked into that one. So they're not your real friends.

Me: But they're still sincerely glad to see me?

Sign: Well, yes, sure. What I meant was, provided you can pay your bill everybody from the bellhop to the manager really does feel sincerely glad to see you, whether they personally like you or not, and any employee that can't feel that way gets fired. Fair enough?

Me: You mean you have to be a hypocrite to work at Lake Waramaug?

Sign: Look, I'm just a sign. I don't know everything. Why don't you ask Marshall McLuhan?

But I don't do that. I drive on to Torrington, where I stop to buy some groceries to take to my cottage with me. (I was lying when I told the sign I was broke. Unlike hotel-keepers, I'm naturally insincere.) The first thing I buy is a package of garden-fresh frozen vegetables.

Me: What does "garden-fresh" mean, package?

Package: Just what it says. What's nicer and fresher than a garden? (*Strikes an attitude*)

> "A Garden is a lovesome thing,
> God wot!
> Rose plot . . ."

Me: Listen, I like gardens, too. I just want to know what "garden-fresh" means on a package of frozen peas.

Package: If I have to spell it out, it means the peas inside me are as fresh as if you'd gone into your own vegetable garden and picked them right off the pea vines ten minutes before dinner.

Me: When were the peas inside you picked?

Package: Oh, about six months ago. But they've been *frozen*, wise guy. They could just as well have been picked today.

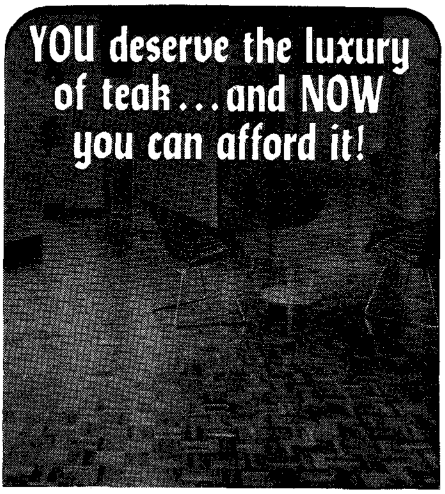
Me: Were they frozen ten minutes after being picked?

Package: It was the same day. We rush them from the fields to the plant—

Me: Ten minutes?

Package: All right, if you're going to be literal about it, the peas inside me are as fresh as if you'd gone into your own vegetable garden and picked them

YOU deserve the luxury of teak...and NOW you can afford it!



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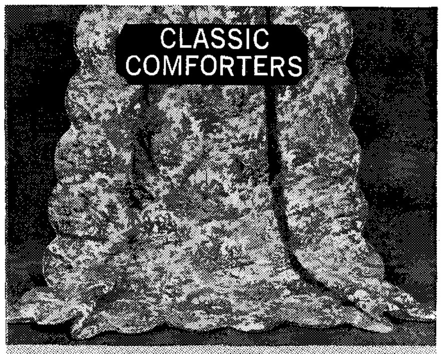

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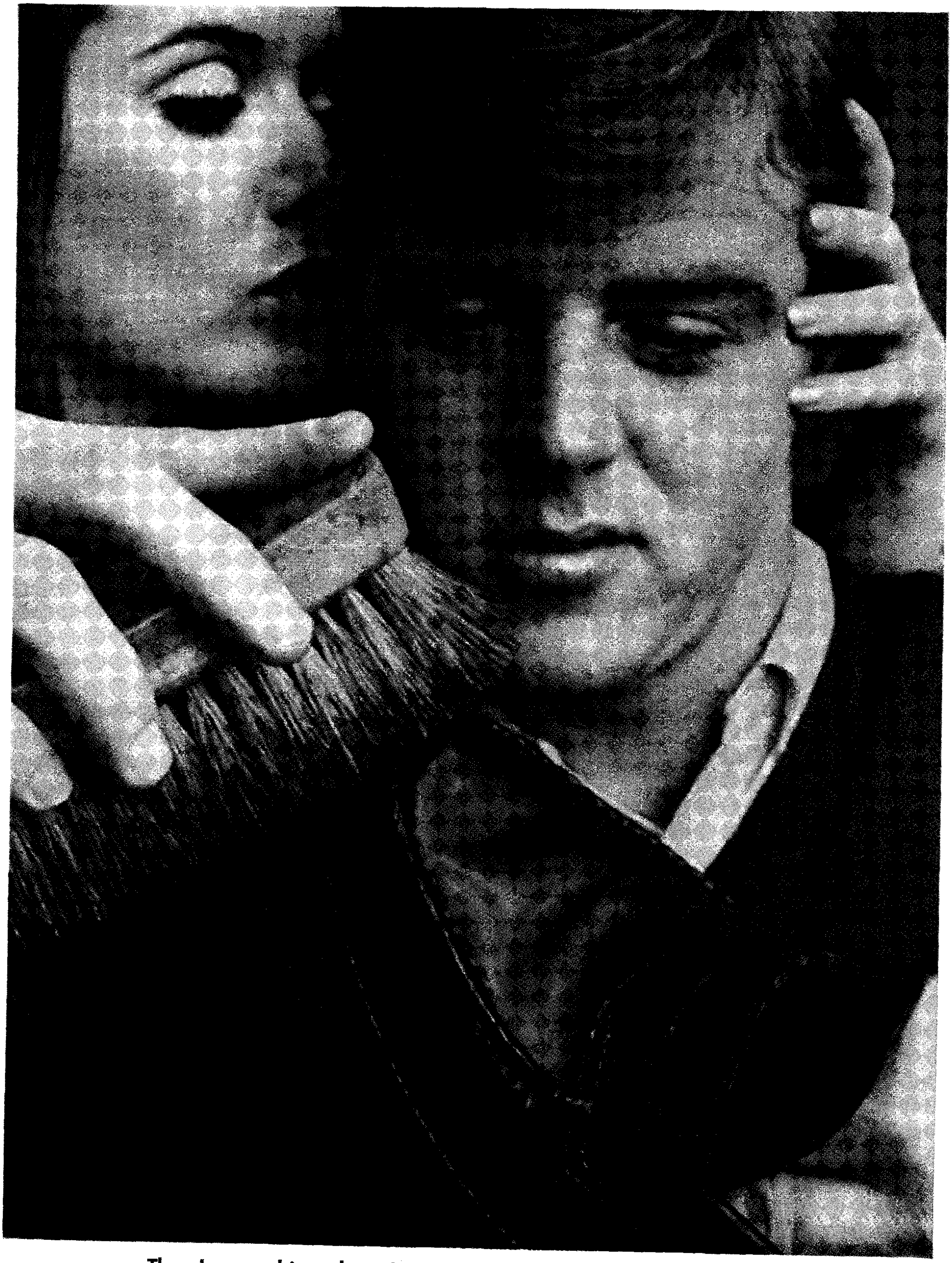

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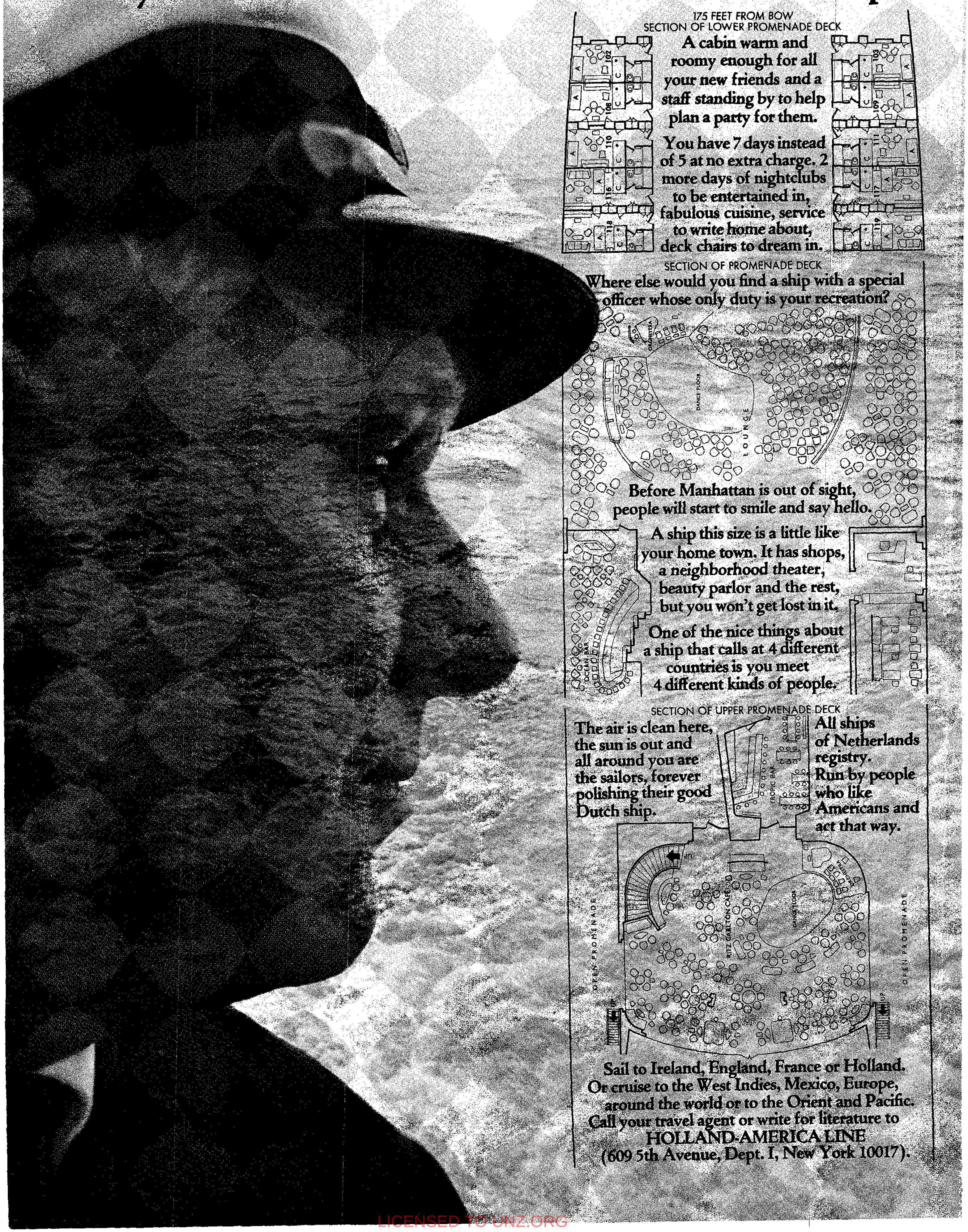
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right off the pea vines within twelve hours before dinner.

Me: And there's been no deterioration at all during the six months?

Package: I said they were frozen.

Me: Biochemical change ceases entirely when peas are frozen?

Package: It goes a lot slower.

Me: But it does occur?

Package: Look, if you don't like frozen foods, grow your own damn peas. *I* don't care.

Me: Are you going to answer the question?

Package (*in a fury*): Sure, there's a little deterioration. But it's well within Department of Agriculture standards, and—

At this point, the woman at the checkout counter shoves the package into a foil-lined bag, and I drive on up to the cottage.

My next conversation takes place on Monday, when I'm back in New York, about to get a cup of coffee out of an automatic machine. There are no less than five choices, with a button to push for each. I can have black, sugar only, cream only, sugar and cream, or sugar and extra cream.

Me: Excuse me, but I was wondering why "cream" is spelled c-r-e-m-e.

Machine: Perfectly good spelling. The French use it, you know. *Voulez-vous un café crème?*

Me: *Oui. Avec sucre.* But why French in New York City?

Machine: I didn't say it *was* French. I said the French use that spelling. As a matter of fact, it has something to do with trademarks.

Me: I don't follow.

Machine: Come on, you haven't grown up in America without knowing

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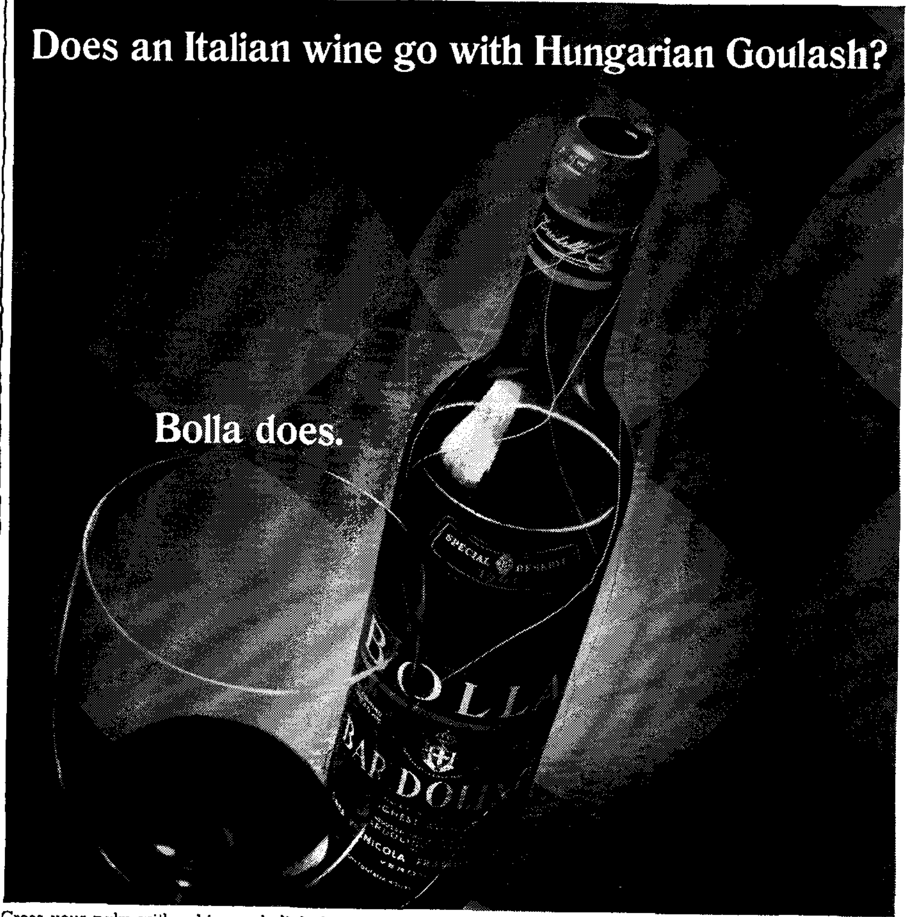
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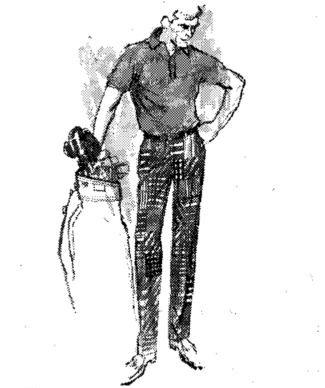

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about trademarks. No company can get exclusive rights to a word unless they figure out a new spelling. That's why there are so many. You don't think serious business executives *like* to name their stuff Wonda Winda or Tas-tee Bitz, do you?

ME: Do you have exclusive rights to c-r-e-m-e? I could swear I'd seen that on some kind of makeup my wife uses.

MACHINE: Sure. That's so your wife won't think her makeup has cream from cows in it. It means a creamy or cream-type preparation.

ME: But you do mean cream from cows, don't you?

MACHINE: I mean it's fresh-made hot coffee, served twenty-four hours a day, which is quite a miracle, when you come to think of it.

ME: Cream from cows?

MACHINE: So it's from soybeans. You know, there's a considerable body of medical opinion that thinks cream from cows is pretty dangerous stuff. Bad for the heart. You ought to be down on your knees thanking me.

ME (*still upright*): I also know about that study of Irish twin brothers where one brother stayed in Ireland and the other came to the United States. The ones back home used more butter and cream, but the margarine eaters over here had more heart attacks. What about that?

MACHINE: Easy. There's lots more stresses in American life.

ME: And therefore I've got to drink soybean juice in my coffee? Well, why not say plainly that's what you serve, and why? Maybe you'd pull the trade from the dairy restaurants.

MACHINE: Mister, you think we got room for health lectures on the panel above a lousy push button? C-r-e-m-e fits on the panel, everybody knows what it means, everybody's happy.

ME: But—

MACHINE (*going right on*): What else could we do? You've got to think about customer recognition. Say we put your phrase—"soybean juice," was it?—on the panel. Does it sound like something to go in coffee? Or does it confuse the hell out of everybody? Or maybe you'd suggest "soy sauce"? Listen, the stupes we get would be coming with plates and silverware, looking for the chow mein.

ME: But—

MACHINE: And if we put "cream substitute made from soybeans—better for you," I ask you, how are we going to get it all on?

ME: But what I've been trying to

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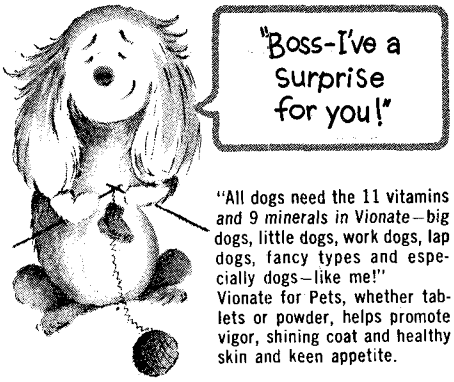
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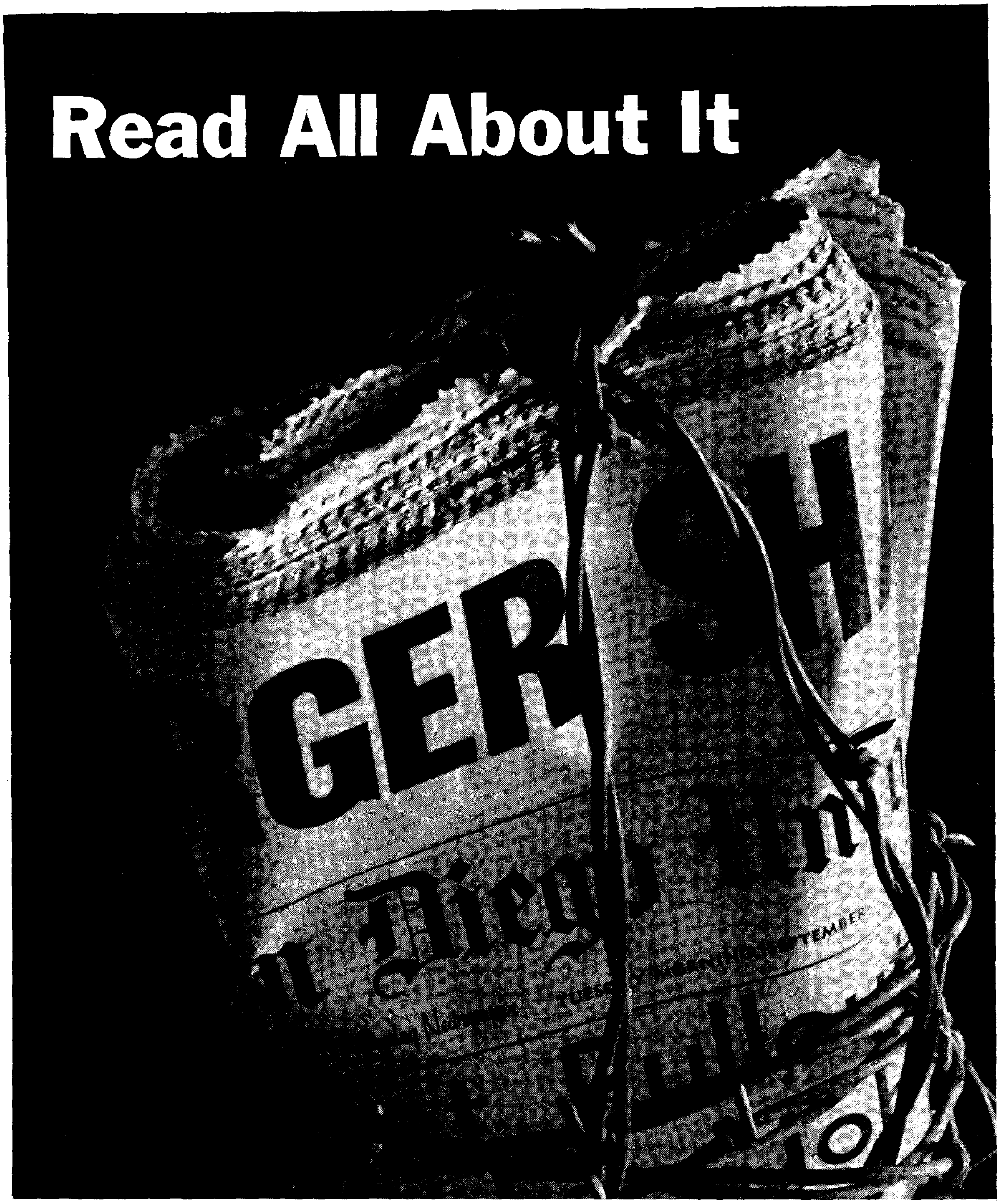

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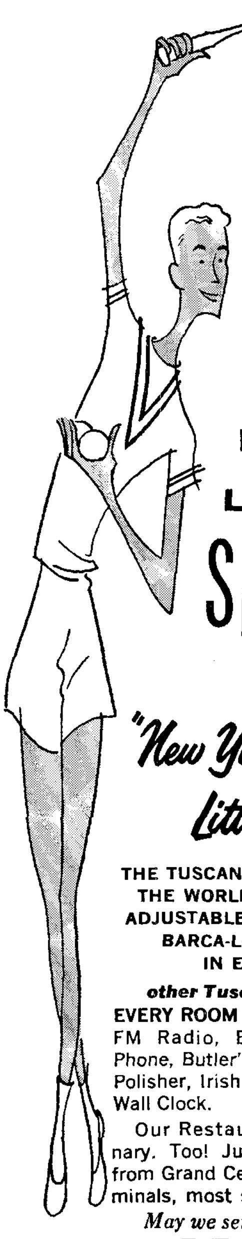

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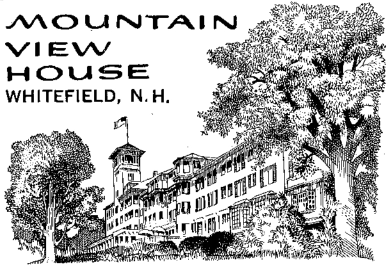

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—NOEL PERRIN

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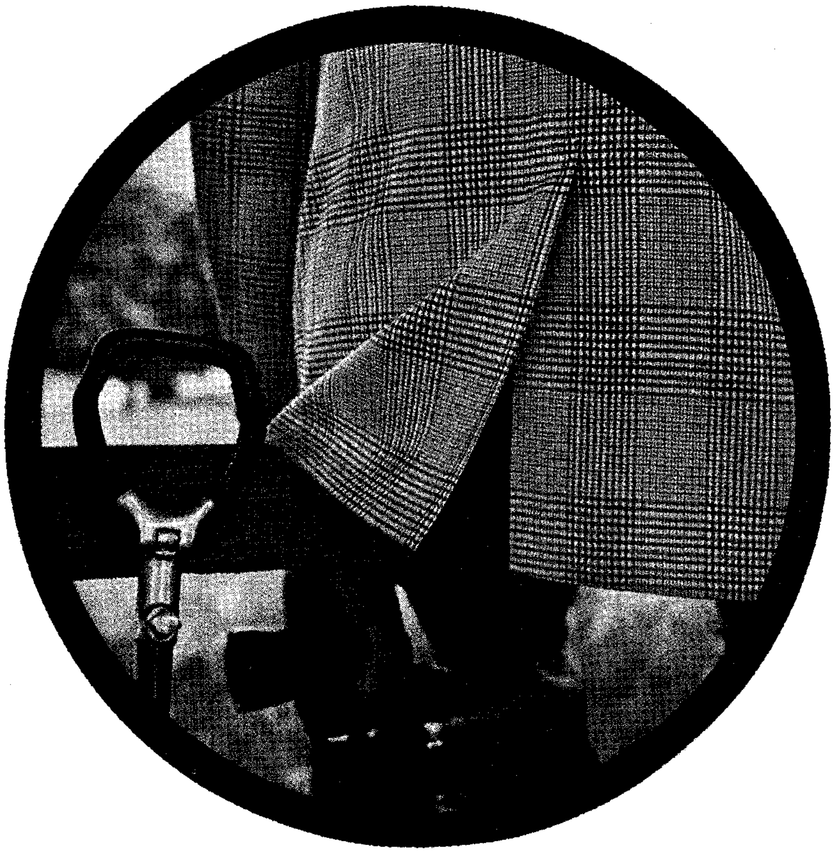

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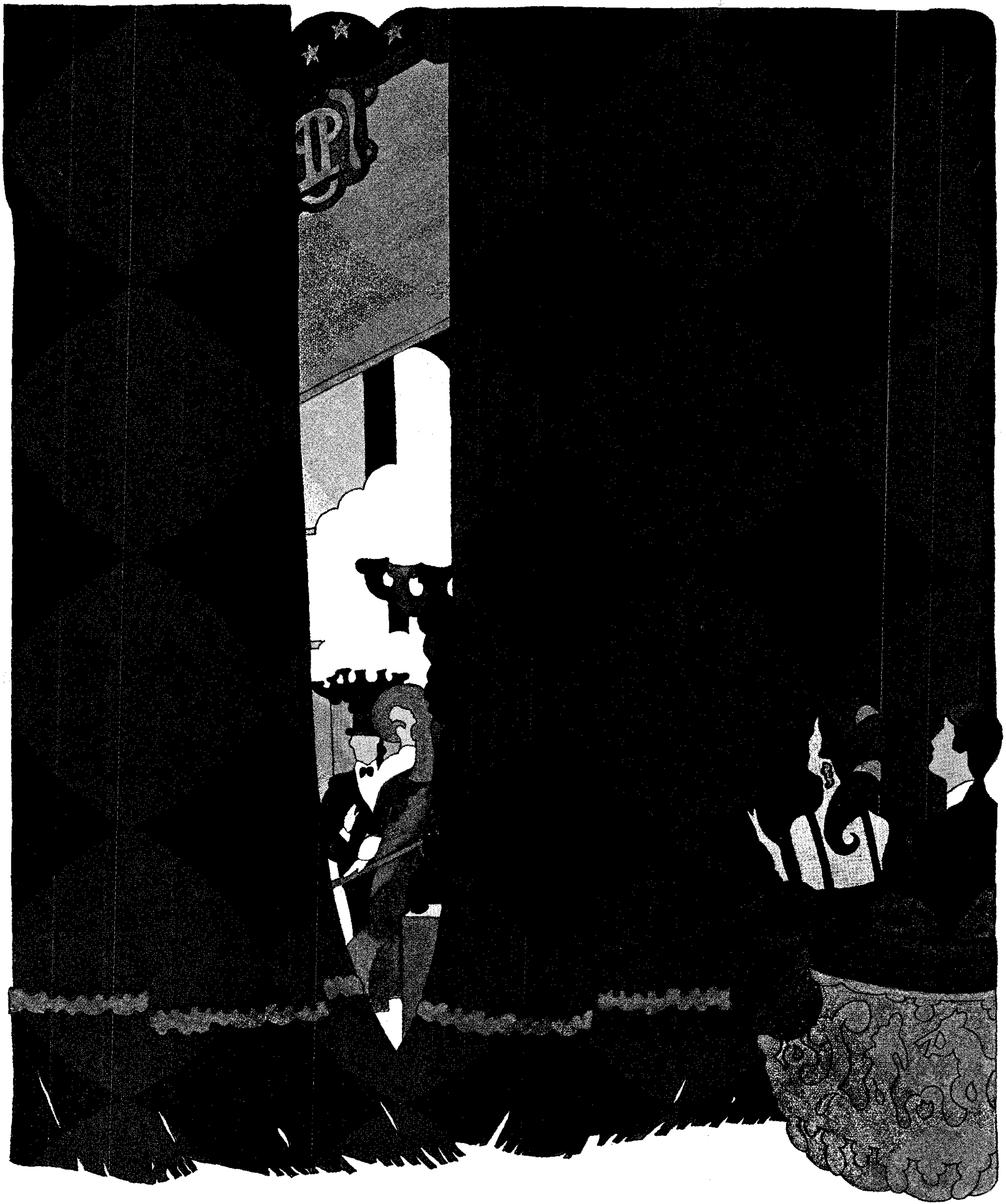

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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THE position of Richard Strauss under the Nazi regime has been rather left under the rug. There was no outcry against him at the time, and no lack of performance of his works in England and America. He was too great a figure to be criticized. Nevertheless, some people were unhappy, among them George Marek, who has just published "Richard Strauss, the Life of a Non-Hero" (Simon & Schuster), in which he discusses Strauss and his environment and lays some stress on this period of his life. It is a good biography and it contains some new material. Moreover, Mr. Marek writes gently about his subject; he is a tremendous admirer of Strauss's music. There were extenuating circumstances that Mr. Marek does *not* stress. Strauss was nearly seventy when Hitler came to power, and exile was probably harder to contemplate for a man of his age than it was for many younger artists, Jews and non-Jews, who left the country. Still, his continual shilly-shallying seemed an undignified tragicomic spectacle for such a respected figure. Strauss was, Mr. Marek makes evident, no hero. He was not exactly a villain, either. He took a position in between—one that made him merely weak, vacillating, and opportunistic. He agreed to conduct in Berlin as a substitute for Bruno Walter when Walter was threatened with a demonstration because he was a Jew; he agreed to conduct in Bayreuth after Toscanini had resigned in disapproval of the Nazi regime. Both times, he claimed that he was doing what he did for the sake of the institutions involved, and he *did* turn over all the money he made from the Berlin concert to the musicians in the orchestra. He clearly disliked the Nazis, and he was conscious of criticism from abroad. But his disagreements with the Nazis were covert. When Hitler's cultural minions threatened to prohibit the performance of his "Die Schweigsame Frau" because the author of its libretto, Stefan Zweig, was a Jew (an Austrian, not yet affected by Anschluss), he wrote to Zweig complaining about them. Parts of the letter amounted to a denunciation. It was intercepted by the authorities, who had been suspicious of Strauss all along. The noble thing would have been to ignore this episode and hope that the Nazis would forget it. But Strauss, frightened, wrote to "Mein Führer" apologizing for the letter to Zweig. Then he apologized to himself for apologizing to Hitler; *this* apology was kept among his notes, being intended, presumably, for posterity. He was obviously preparing for any eventuality, and his real attitude toward the German government was that it was a nuisance because it interfered with the orderly prosecution of his own career, and that someday it might go away. Like many Germans of his period, he was not only ignorant of politics but proud of that ignorance, since politics was no concern of "idealists." Once the Nazis were safely defeated, his denunciations of them were loud. The picture Mr. Marek draws is a slightly unpleasant one—an old man making peace with whatever powers there were, interested only in the furtherance of his own music, and just a shade sly and shifty. Mr. Marek indicates that this side of his personality developed earlier in life. He was not a dependable friend; even his relations with his celebrated librettist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, were strangely aloof. He was faithful only to his wife, Pauline, a shrew of incredible aggressiveness and pertinacity.

Yet Strauss was a genius—the last, or very nearly the last, of the composers to whom the adjective "great" can be properly applied. The disparity between the man and the artist, which caused Toscanini to say, "For Strauss the composer, I take off my hat; for Strauss the man, I put it on again," troubled a great many people. The key to the paradox is presented by Mr. Marek when he says, in passing, "In the Teutonic view, music, at its best, contains not only moral but patriotic value." The concept of the composer as a moral hero attained vast eminence after the time of Beethoven, but it must always have been unsound. Geniuses can be scamps as well as men of great probity—a fact well understood everywhere outside Germany. Strauss was neither. He was a shrewd craftsman who made a quantity of money out of his creations; he was a bourgeois raised in a society ruled by aristocracy. Unquestionably, he would have preferred to forget everything that happened from the First World War onward and to have Kaiser Wilhelm—a more intelligent Kaiser Wilhelm, if possible—still on the throne. Yet he was in some ways

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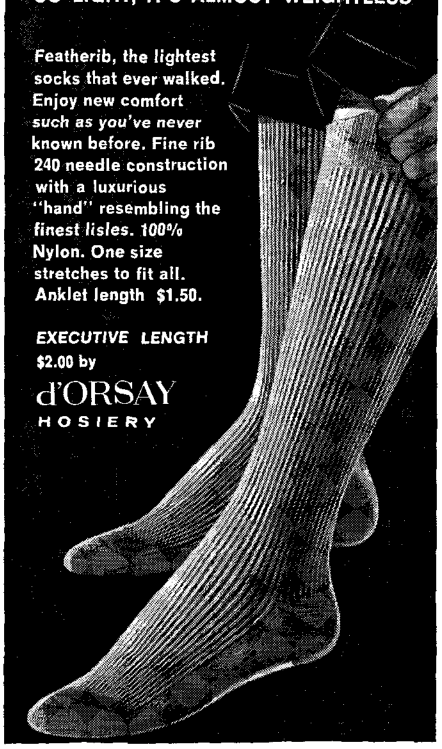

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quite sensitive to the cultural movements of his time, as the Freudian strain in "Elektra" and several other operas shows. Mr. Marek suggests a decline in Strauss's creative powers during the twenties and thirties, and there is support for this view, though not enough to make a clear case. To be sure, "Intermezzo" (1924), "Die Aegyptische Helena" (1928), "Die Schweigsame Frau" (1935), and "Der Friedenstag" (1938) are considerable letdowns after "Der Rosenkavalier." But "Arabella" (1933) is not. And I disagree with Mr. Marek's low opinion of some other works of Strauss's later years.

On Tuesday evening of last week, in Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Scherman and the Little Orchestra Society revived "Die Aegyptische Helena" in concert form. It has always been regarded as one of Strauss's weaker operas, and it *is*, but it is remarkable how the touch of genius adheres to his work even when he is not at his best. The libretto of this opera is so confusing as to be almost incomprehensible. It concerns what happened to Helen and Menelaus immediately after the Trojan War, when, according to some sources, the two were shipwrecked on an Egyptian island and Menelaus fell in love again with a quite new Helen, an Egyptian, after having become convinced that the face that launched a thousand ships was a mere phantom of his imagination. The situation gave von Hofmannsthal an opportunity for numerous switches between reality and illusion (the two Helens are merely different aspects of the same woman), and a chance to comment on married life in a post-Freudian way. But the result is not really a success; the opera has many silly moments as drama and many dull ones as music. Yet Strauss's uncanny mastery of technique is evident everywhere, and if he falters occasionally there are moments—notably the sorceress Aithra's first-act solo, Helen's aria "Zweite Brautnacht," and a trio in the last act—that are supremely inspired. It was interesting to hear "Die Aegyptische Helena" again, and Mr. Scherman has put us in his debt by reviving it. The simple staging, by William Wymetal, was all this opera needs, the orchestral performance was certainly adequate, and at least the female singers were excellent. Ingrid Bjoner had the looks, the placidity, and the vocal technique to make a good Helen; Elisabeth Carron nearly stole the show as Aithra, singing her extraordinarily difficult high florid passages with ease; Mary Davenport, singing through an

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electronic device as the supernatural, omniscient Sea Shell, which acts as Aithra's radar, sounded eerie, as she should—sometimes like a baritone. The males were not so fortunate. William Olvis, the Menelaus, had a regrettable tendency toward constricted tone, and Adib Fazah and Kenneth Riegel, as a couple of desert sheiks, were unimpressive.

LAST Thursday night, George Balanchine and the New York City Ballet trotted out a brand-new magnum opus at the State Theatre. It had no title; the place in the program where the title ordinarily appears was blank. Publicity had let us know that the ballet was about jewels—emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. Not that it mattered, for the subject was quite incidental. Mr. Balanchine was again concerned with abstract ballet, and with a big work in that vein—three acts long and taking up most of the evening. The mood of the first act (emeralds) is contemplative, the second (rubies) is humorous and athletic, and the third (diamonds) is triumphal, and the music has been chosen accordingly: Gabriel Fauré for the first, Stravinsky for the second, Tchaikovsky for the third. There is nothing in this big work that Balanchine buffs have not seen before, but the cumulative effect of the choreography, by which I mean Balanchine's power of sustaining interest in abstract bodily movement (if bodily movement can ever really be abstract), plus the number of fine dancers, made this a tour de force as well as a highly enjoyable spectacle, and I suspect that it will become a popular one. Nearly all of the company's leading dancers were involved. The emeralds were led by Violette Verdy, Conrad Ludlow, Mimi Paul, and Francisco Moncion; the rubies by Patricia McBride and Edward Villella; the diamonds by Suzanne Farrell and Jacques d'Amboise. Among the many notable moments were some spectacular end-running by Mr. Villella in Act II and the climactic buildup of Act III, in which a pas de deux by Miss Farrell and Mr. d'Amboise was succeeded by a polonaise and then by a grand fugue—the sort of musical episode that only Balanchine can set dancing to effectively.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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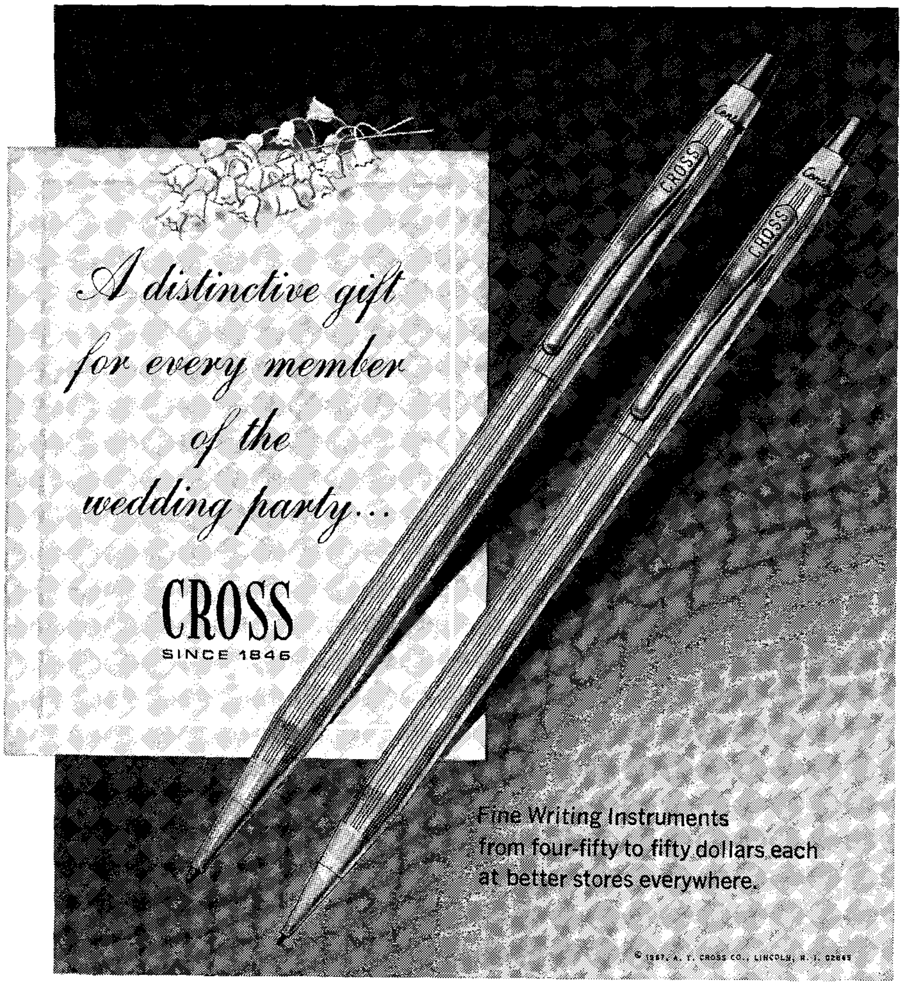

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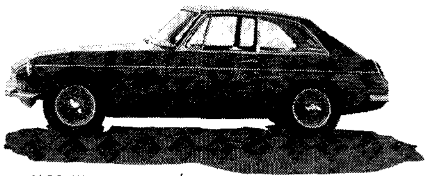

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THE RACE TRACK

There's a Doctor in the House

THE long-awaited meeting between Dr. Fager and Damascus came off in the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday, and it was as enthralling a race as you'll see in a month of Sundays. Dr. Fager won it by half a length after a head-and-head struggle for the last three furlongs of the mile, and Reason to Hail was a distant third. At saddling time, two of the nine three-year-olds stood out—Dr. Fager, a strapping bay who looked a size bigger and stronger than any of his rivals, and Damascus, a picture horse. There was no delay at the post, and the "White, red dots" of Damascus's silks were the first to show as the runners left the gate. Dr. Fager was third. After a furlong or so, Royal Malabar scooted into a lead of several lengths, and he held it to the far turn, where Damascus and Dr. Fager bore down on him. From there on, those two went stride for stride, and in the last sixteenth Dr. Fager drew away. The time was 1:35⅕—far from a record. It was Dr. Fager's first start this year, and the first defeat of Damascus since his maiden effort last September.

Dr. Fager, a top two-year-old last season, is by Rough 'n Tumble out of Aspidistra. He was bred and is owned by William L. McKnight, founder of the Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co., and is trained by Johnny Nerud, an impish little horseman with a penchant for sports cars, bright-colored caps, and doing the unexpected. He hasn't said why, but he announced after the Gotham that he was doubtful about starting Dr. Fager in the Kentucky Derby on May 6th, and that the colt certainly wouldn't go in the Wood Memorial this weekend. For one reason or another, Dr. Fager didn't run in Florida, and when he came to Belmont Park bad weather slowed his training. As you may have heard, about ten days before the Gotham, Nerud sent Dr. Fager, ridden by Ycaza, out for a six-furlong run at a racing pace in company with Aforethought, a four-year-old half brother, and Gaylord's Feather, another three-year-old. Aforethought led to the stretch, where Dr. Fager passed him and went on to finish a length to the good in 1:10⅕. As a

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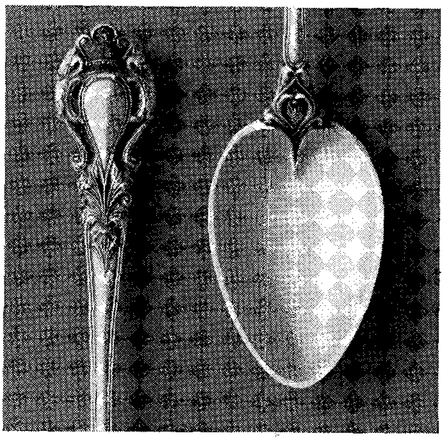

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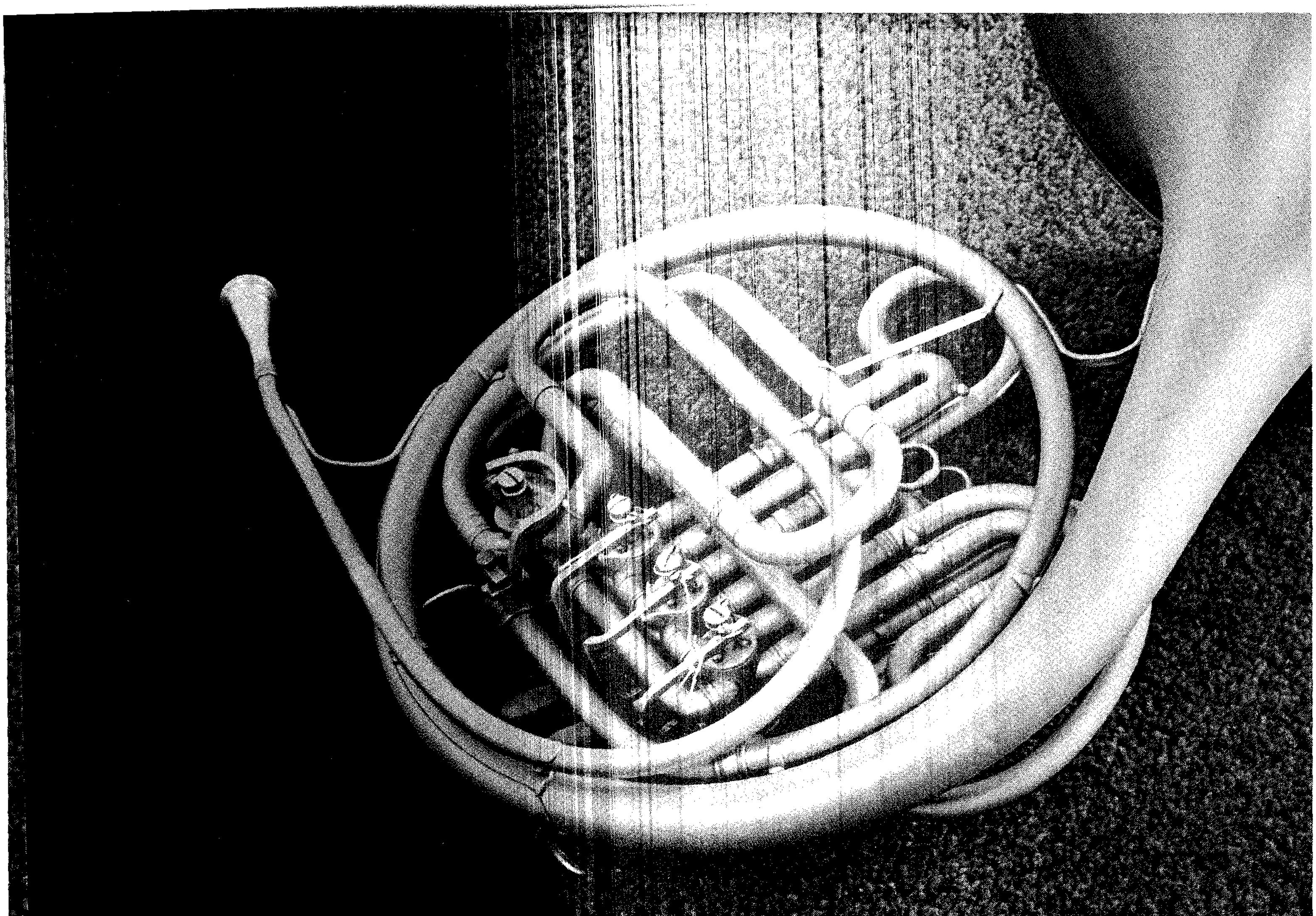

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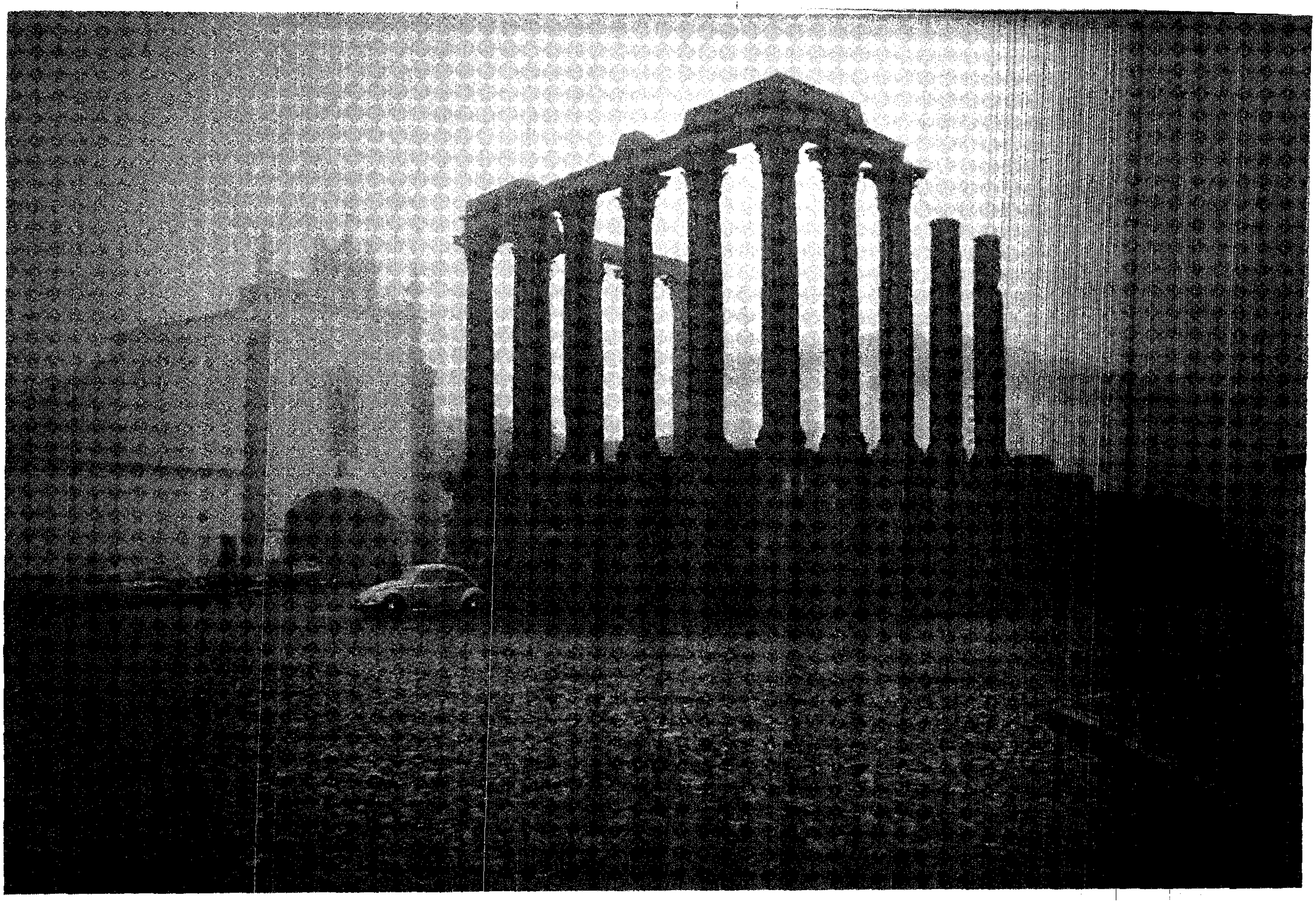

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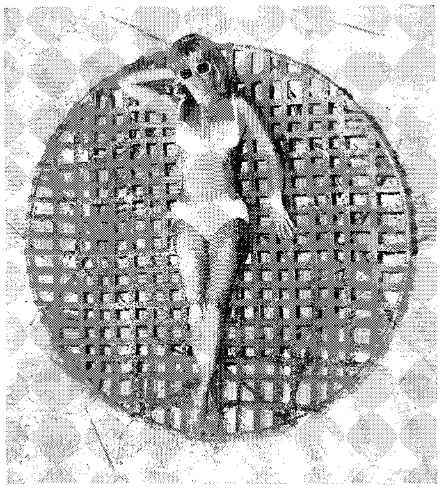

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winding-up gallop for Dr. Fager, that did the trick. Incidentally, in another six-furlong race, just before the Gotham, Aforethought lost by a scant neck to Stupendous, winner of the Gotham last year, in 1:09⅘.

I suppose Damascus may still be the favorite in the future betting on the Kentucky Derby, though Shoemaker, who rode him in the Gotham, wasn't enthusiastic about him after the race. Or perhaps he's been succeeded by Ruken, the winner of the Santa Anita Derby, who beat Successor in a seven-furlong gallop at Keeneland in Lexington last weekend. From all accounts, Ruken wore the Wheatley Stable colt down in the stretch and won by a nose. Balouf, the early pacemaker, was third, six lengths behind. Well, well, well!

RACING at Aqueduct resumed early last week, after the horsemen accepted a purse-increase plan proposed by Governor Rockefeller and the political leaders in Albany. The New York Racing Association will borrow three and a half million dollars for the immediate increase of prize money in the races for everyday horses, and there was assurance that legislation would be passed at the next session to set aside one half of one per cent of the state's take from the pari-mutuels for that purpose. The owners and trainers needed coaxing before they lifted the boycott, but Jack Dreyfus, Jr., acting president of the New York division of the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association, and its spokesman in the controversy, won them over. Offhand, I'd bet this was the first time that what has loosely been called a strike has been led by a rich Wall Streeter. Mr. Dreyfus, who races the Hobeau Farm stable, trained by Allen Jerkens, and breeds his horses at his stud in Florida, is the senior partner of Dreyfus & Co. and chairman of the board of directors of the Dreyfus Fund. It's generally agreed that the settlement was a victory for the H.B.P.A. Anyhow, the new state lottery, which will raise a lot of money—for education, of course—is coming up in July. Since its payoff will be decided by the order of finish in races at Aqueduct and/or Saratoga, the politicians will need the coöperation of the horsemen.

A MEMO FOR DAILY-DOUBLE PLAYERS: When Dance Me Loose won the first race and There and Back the second at Toronto's Greenwood Park one day last week, the combination paid $3.70. That's the nadir.

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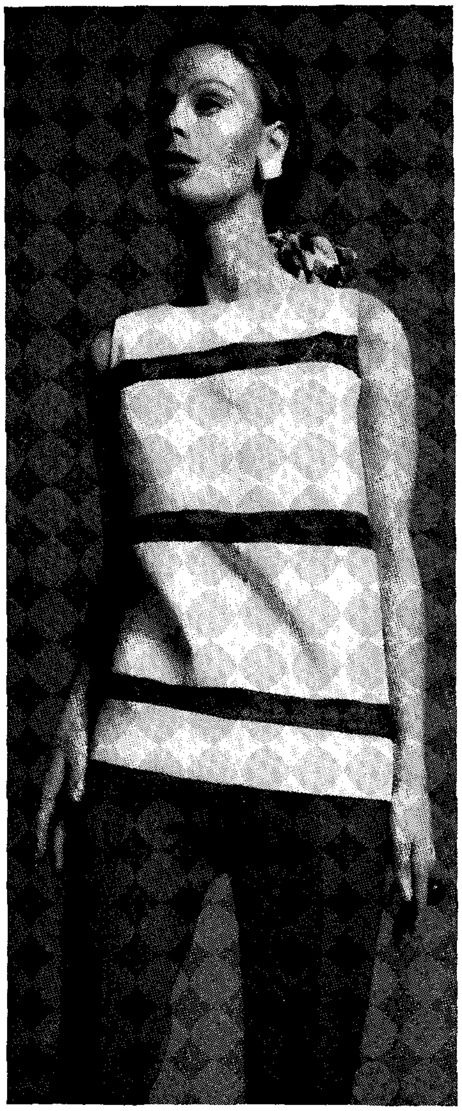

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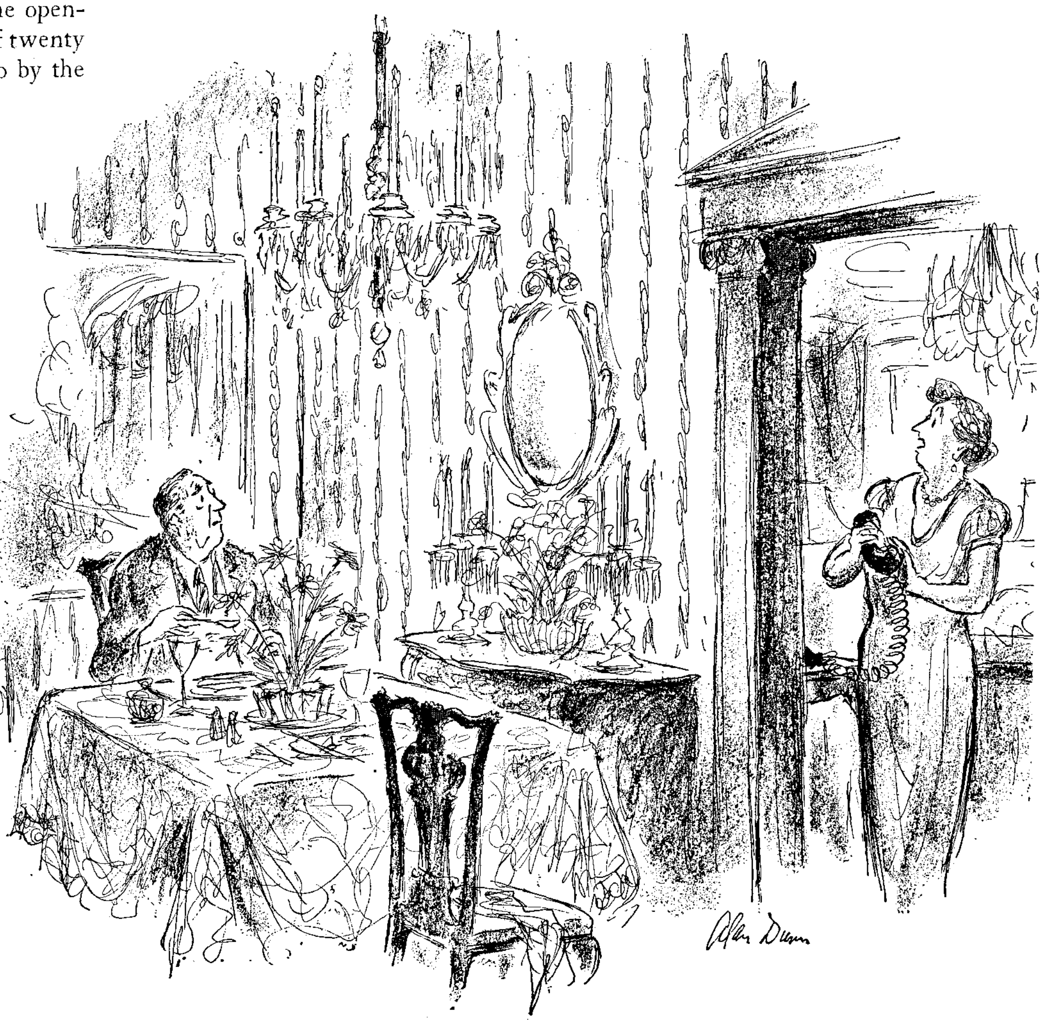
BOOKS

The Art Game

UNTIL recently, the romance of art was focussed upon the person of the artist—the ear of van Gogh, the stumps of Lautrec, the love lives of Picasso. With the growth of public curiosity about art, the artist as "culture hero" was joined by the collector as proud and prescient possessor and as not so proud status seeker. Now, with a good deal of pomp, another significant personage of the art comedy is ushered upstage—the dealer. "Diary of an Art Dealer," by René Gimpel (translated from the French by John Rosenberg, and published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, at ten dollars and ninety-five cents), has been introduced by Sir Herbert Read, who, referring to Gimpel's encounters with Proust, prophesies that the book "will survive as a record of the social life of its period no less precious in this respect than Proust's novel." Gimpel kept his chronicle in the period between the last year of the First World War and the opening day of the Second—a span of twenty years split almost exactly in two by the Wall Street crash. The first half of this period was one of wild success for the European art dealers who were selling paintings and sculptures to American multimillionaires, old and new. Gimpel was of the community of Joseph Duveen (his brother-in-law), Wildenstein, Paul Rosenberg, Durand-Ruel. The big play was in Renaissance masterpieces; the collectors, however, bought everything, down through the better-known Impressionists, and J. P. Morgan paid two hundred thousand dollars for a collection of a hundred and twenty-five eighteenth-century dance cards. After 1929, the action, as they say in gambling, considerably lessened; though Gimpel does not make a point of this, it is evident in the structure of "Diary," for of its four hundred and fifty pages less than one-sixth are devoted to the last ten years.

Considered as a literary work, "Diary" is chiefly an album of verbal snapshots taken in Paris during the twenties and on occasional trips to England and the United States. Like most diaries of active men, its contents were determined by chance; the diarist paid a visit, someone happened along and told an anecdote or delivered an opinion, an event took place and was noted. The people who reappear in Gimpel's pages do so not because an idea or a story is being developed, as in fiction or history, but simply because they showed up from time to time; in terms of the number of pages devoted to a personage, Gimpel's heroine is Marie Laurencin. In that it takes care of the problem of narrative form by a mere sequence of dates, the diary is the ideal genre for the talented non-writer. Keeping a diary comes close to being the literary equivalent of collecting, and Gimpel's logbook reflects its author's gifts as a connoisseur of intellectual tidbits. It is a gallery in which may be found glittering items. Monet told Gimpel that Turner "didn't shape the colors sufficiently, and he put on too much." John D. Rockefeller, Jr., despite all his buying of art, touchingly continued to believe that "the religious objects come straight from the churches," not from dealers or private collectors. Laurencin, who disliked Gertrude Stein, considered her tactless because she published a photograph of Picasso with his first mistress "when he is now married and has a child." Like Degas and Monet, Soutine, after selling paintings, made a practice of trying to recapture them, on the pretext of signing them or improving some passage, and would then work them over until they were ruined. Eastman, king of Kodak, judged a painting by whether it would match a photograph of the subject. Cézanne painted on bedspreads.

Gimpel was good at sketching character and at catching the essence of what people said to him. His accounts of Woodrow Wilson fighting for democracy at Princeton, culled from conversations with Harold McCormick, of



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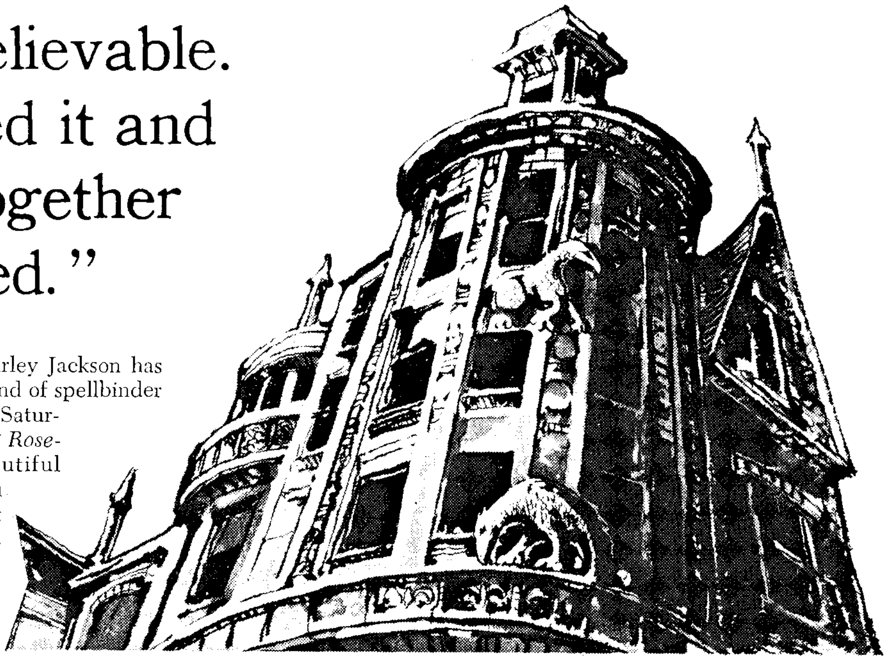

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Chicago, and of Helleu doing a study of the corpse of Proust have the acuity of little scenes under glass. On the other hand, his responses to public events are infrequent and banal, and his attempts at poetic reflection, as in his description of people asleep on the ship's deck during a trip home from America, are forced and fail to come off. Gimpel was a fairly typical "cultured European," sensitive and intelligent but self-conscious about his sensitivity and suspicious of intelligence. He held the usual opinions about the grandeur of the Renaissance, the transcendence of "the Greeks," and the immaturity of Americans; the rich American collectors "have so little personality. They show you all their pictures like rich children showing off their toys." He was a connoisseur who could tell an original from a copy or a fake, and he developed an elaborate theory for spotting the signatures of Vermeer. But as an art critic he was deplorable. He appraised paintings by the emotion aroused in him by their subjects—by the appeal of the model or the beauty of the scene. "The Last Judgment" was to him "an explosion of flesh," while Botticelli's "Spring" embodied "the spell the Renaissance has cast on the world, to be served for all eternity with bended knee and hands clasped on high." His verdicts on twentieth-century art were even worse. Cubism was too cerebral and removed from nature; like Theodore Roosevelt, he was reminded of rug designs. The only contemporary he records buying in quantity was a young Russian named Mintchine, whom he did not hesitate to call a "genius," at the same time that he lectured him on the fundamentals of painting. Matisse, in contrast, he considered "an artist of great talent, but he isn't a genius," nor was he more favorably impressed by Picasso, Léger, and Miró. Of Dada and Surrealism, the art movements that dominated the decades of "Diary," he had nothing to say. When he changed his mind about an artist whose reputation had grown, he was convinced that the artist's work had improved. Yet though he lacked understanding of modern art, Gimpel was not without modern insights. He admired Soutine and divined uneasily that for all his own doubts about Cubism new schools of painting would emerge out of it. He was an early appreciator of the art in advertisements and felt that these "ephemeral art objects . . . images of our time" ought to be collected and not thrown so soon into the wastebasket.

In sum, Gimpel's capacities as an ob-

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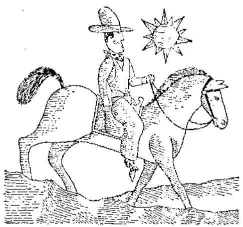
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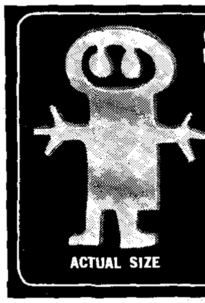
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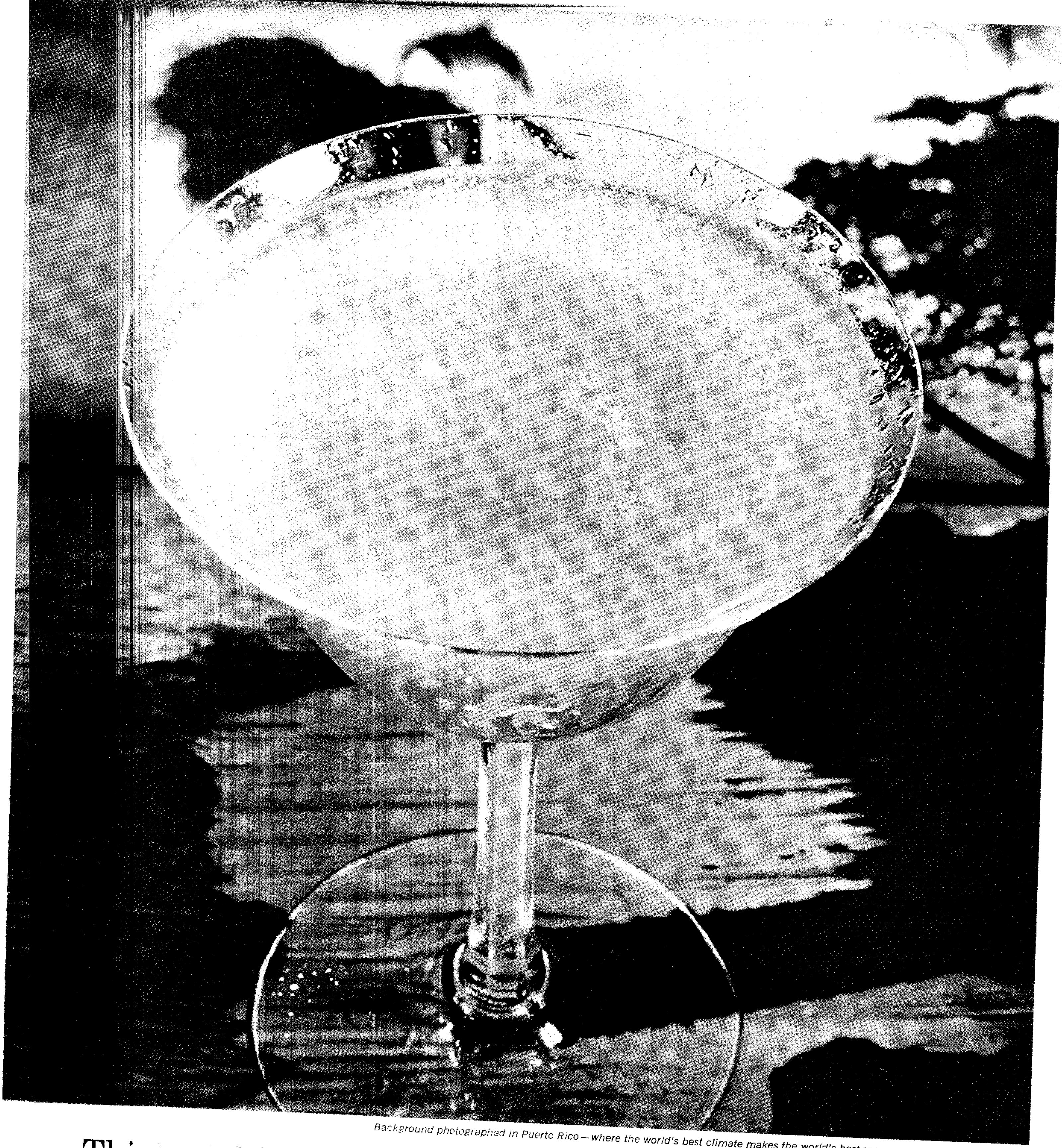

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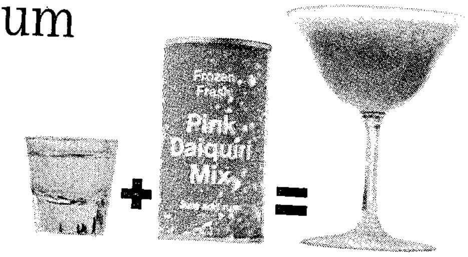
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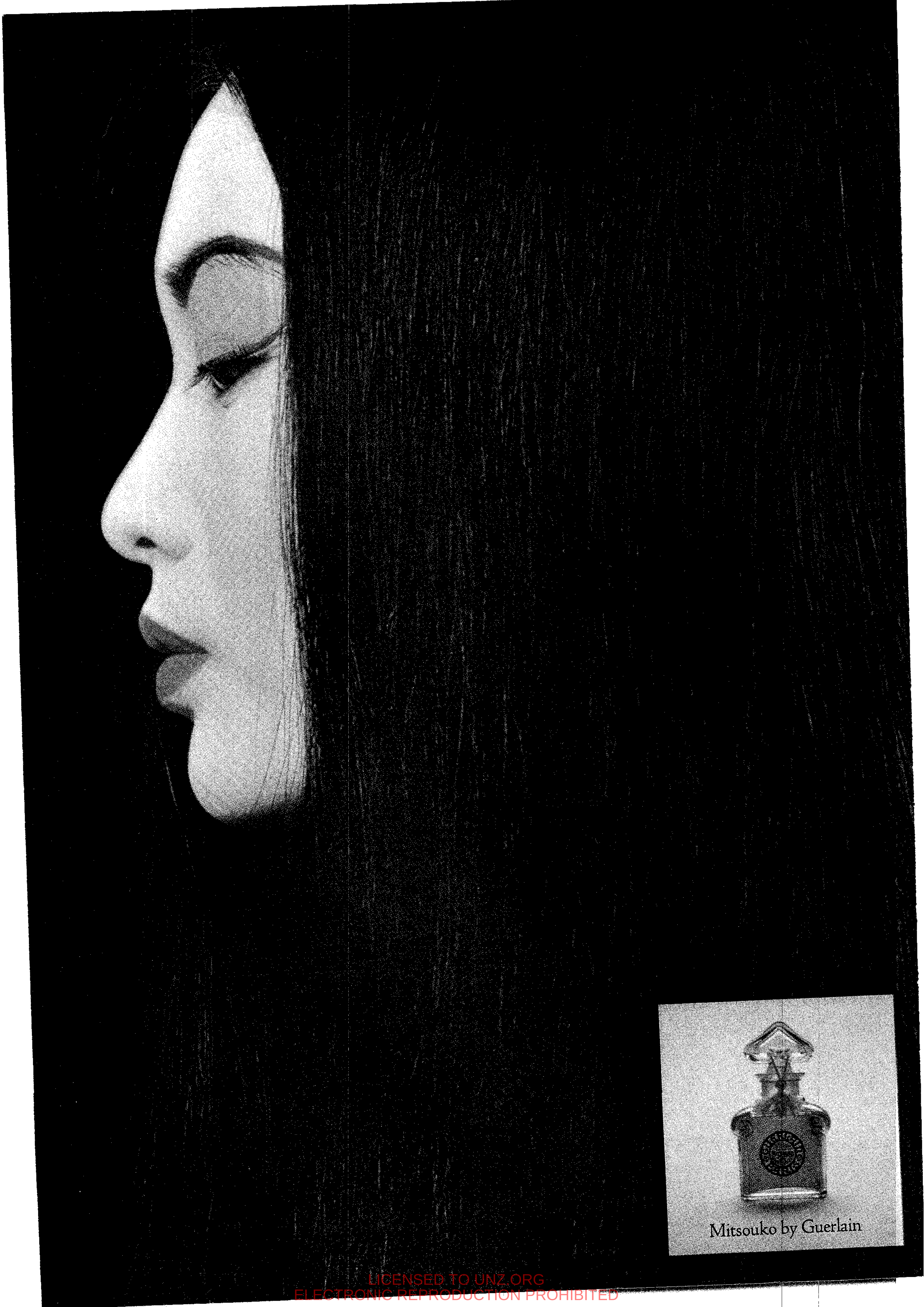
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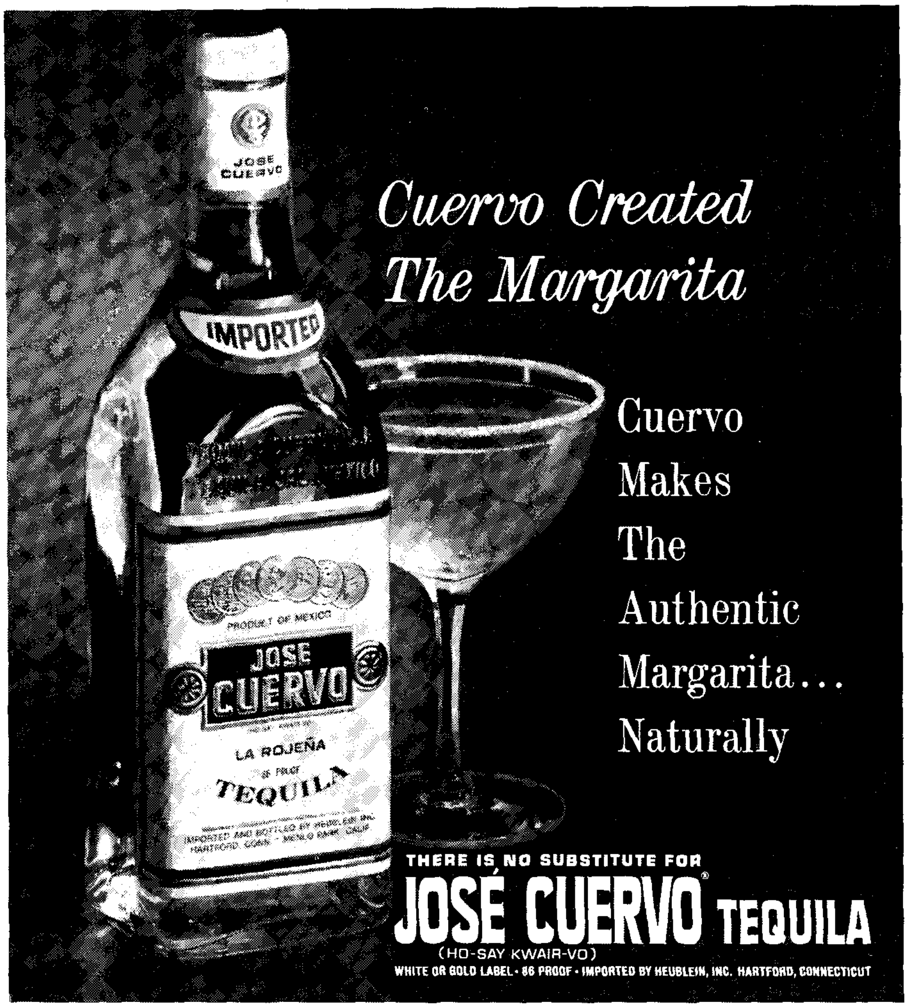
server were mixed, and in comparing him to Proust Sir Herbert was carried away. For all its happy pickings, "Diary" is not a record of its time or even of the life of its author. No "society" is studied in it—either that of the affluent or that of the artists. Gimpel saw people only as individuals. He adored millionaires and the famous, but he viewed them as personalities and as buyers of art works and gave no thought to their existence in the framework of the epoch. So impressed was he by John D., Jr., that he spoke of him as "a marvellous creature" and as "divine," but it required four months and a trip to the United States to make him take note of the Wall Street collapse. His contacts with artists were of the same order: he met them through the art business, he formed attachments to two or three, but he was unaware of the issues agitating the world of art. The realm most real to him was the world of art dealers and experts; Bernard Berenson keeps popping up in "Diary" like Mephistopheles. It was a realm insulated against the twentieth century by the plush carpets and drapes of an auction room. Occasionally, Gimpel experienced foreboding, as when he was confronted with the paintings of the German Expressionists. But he lacked historical perspective and had no grasp of politics or awareness of the crackup of Europe in process between the two wars. It is only in the entry before the last (which, on September 3, 1939, states simply, "We're at war") that, in mentioning an exhibition that included Goya, Velázquez, and El Greco, he is moved to speak of "the conflagration [that] is not far from bursting upon us." All the more admirable that this genial, non-political man should, after the fall of Paris, have become active in the Resistance, and all the more pathetic that his life should have ended in a Nazi concentration camp.

Though Gimpel was not one of the vital minds of his time, the shortcomings of "Diary" stem for the main part not from the limitations of his personality but from the nature of his vocation. To the dealer, regardless of his mental traits, the work of art is essentially a commodity—as to the collector it is an object, to the spectator an experience, to the artist an act of creation; his apprehension of art takes place in terms of price and as an element of a deal. The dealer, not the man of feeling, speaks in Gimpel when he notes of a leading contemporary that "he is no longer a painter to buy but to sell." For all its bright flashes,



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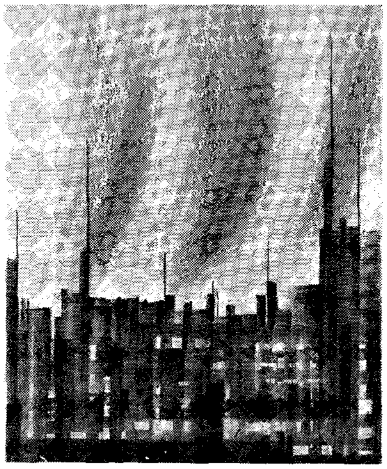
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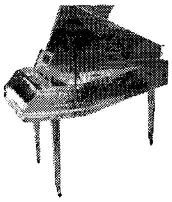
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the substance of "Diary" is its record of works in transit through the art market. It is a book about money and the exchangeability of art into money. It is heavily interlined with price quotations, and its big moments have to do with bargains and bargain hunting; a collector, congratulated on having acquired a certain painting, replies, "I'd *give fifty thousand francs more to have* discovered it for a hundred francs." (Speaking of money, I wish the translator had worked out the prices in dollars instead of forcing the reader to juggle with francs, dollars, and pounds—an operation that becomes particularly trying after the fall of the franc in 1919.) Treated as a commodity, art itself turns into a species of money; one thinks of paintings as colored oblongs that can be rolled up and cashed in another country. Even architecture becomes a transportable medium; Gimpel recalls the assembling of New York's Cloisters in the south of France by the sculptor Barnard, who transferred it to the United States and sold it to Rockefeller for close to a million.

As is true of money, the exchange value of art depends on the authority that guarantees it. "Diary" tells of experts selling certificates of authentication based on the flimsiest evidence or conferring them as gifts on their mistresses. It recalls an artist who would declare copies of his work genuine because he did not wish to admit that he could be imitated. The nightmare of the art dealer, as of the banker, is the counterfeit, and his supreme pleasure is seeing a rival taken in by a fake. Gimpel revels in discoveries of forgeries or misattributions in the great museums and private collections; he recounts contests of authentication among dealers; he swells with pride as he tells of beating his brother-in-law Joe Duveen—who, according to him, knew nothing about paintings but "sells with the support of experts' certificates"—in a bet about two French primitives. The art dealer thus defines himself ideally as a practical art historian who translates the accumulated treasures of mankind into money according to the fluctuating tastes of the wealthy. The clatter of the cash register resounds throughout "Diary" as the monotonous undertone of its anecdotes and reflections. The role of mind in the art business is most tidily summed up in an anecdote about Berenson, whom Gimpel heartily disliked. The renowned expert had remarked to a dealer, "A man as scholarly as yourself shouldn't be a dealer; it's horrible to be a dealer." To which the other replied, "Between you

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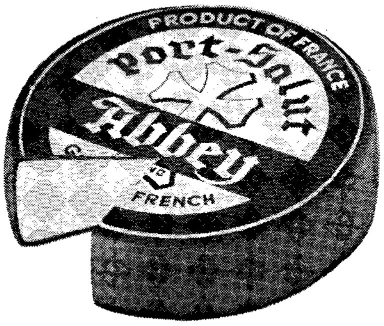

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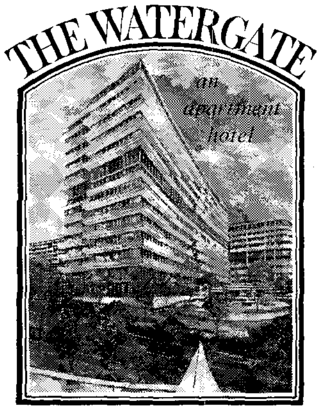

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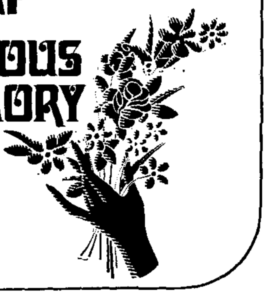

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—HAROLD ROSENBERG

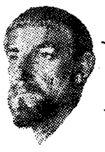
BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE QUICKSAND WAR: PRELUDE TO VIETNAM, by Lucien Bodard, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Little, Brown). The author is a French journalist who was born in the Far East and has been Far Eastern correspondent for the Paris daily *France-Soir* for nearly twenty years. His book describes, historically and from the vantage point of a man who was present, the origins of the French war in Indo-China and the heroic, blundering, and vainglorious course pursued by the French expeditionary force, ending at Dien Bien Phu. Mr. Bodard is a powerful and acutely perceptive writer who takes us everywhere in the world he creates—to the brothels and taxi-dance halls and black markets of Saigon and Cholon, on night marches in the jungle, into the councils of the military. ("Military stupidity is not, as one might suppose, uncomplicated.") Rarely has the infinite calculation of guerrilla warfare been so explicitly and chillingly expounded. Maps.

THE MURDERERS AMONG US: THE SIMON WIESENTHAL MEMOIRS, edited by Joseph Wechsberg (McGraw-Hill). The remarkable story of Simon Wiesenthal, who for the twenty-two years since the end of the war in Europe has worked as an avenging conscience of the six million Jews who died in Hitler's death camps. The narrative is a rather disconnected one: an account of Wiesenthal's life by the editor is constantly being interrupted by Wiesenthal's own accounts of some of his famous "cases"—the tracking down of Adolf Eichmann, for example, and the long search for the S.S. man who arrested Anne Frank. Only by patience do we get to the heart of the matter, which is the character of Simon Wiesenthal. He is revealed as something more than an avenger or a master detective—as, quite simply, an honest man. He was outraged by the crime that deprived innocent people of their lives, and this sense of outrage, and sorrow, has never diminished in him. Twenty years ago, he felt that every person who had a part in that crime should be made to account for his

A candid portrait of a vanished bohemian world...
The two flamboyant figures who dominate the scene are the author's own irrepressibly Irish father, and the great painter, Augustus John. "Everyone who makes an entrance is filliped into life. . . . But through all this parade of personalities [Lawrence of Arabia, Yeats, Lytton Strachey, Lady Gregory, Virginia Woolf, Dylan Thomas] the accent is on character rather than mere anecdote. The consistently developing story is always that of Nicolette Devas, whose life has been made up of highly talented people whom she writes of in a headlong Celtic manner." *—Harry T. Moore, Saturday Review.*
22 photos. At bookstores, $5.00



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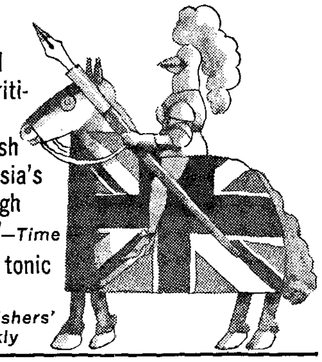

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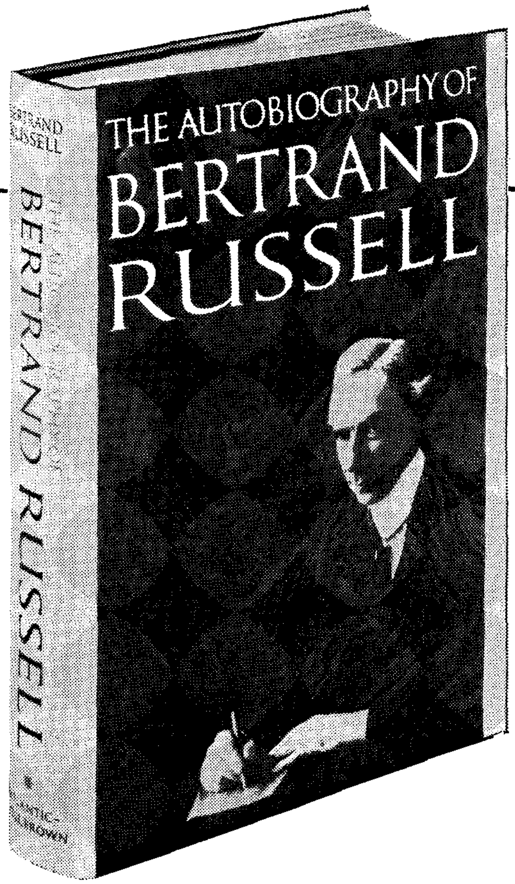
act, and he still does. Photographs.

THE ARTILLERY OF THE PRESS: ITS INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, by James Reston (Harper & Row). The Elihu Root Lectures delivered before the Council on Foreign Relations. The author makes the artillery of the press appear a slingshot. Few American journalists, he says, really report foreign-policy news; foreign policy is increasingly made by the Executive, and in a high-handed manner; and innocent reporters are sometimes taken in by crafty State Department fellows. But then Mr. Reston—topical, practical, and witty—takes some of this back. Instead of battling a Goliath, he says, the press is only coping with the American government, and—partly through the press's own lack of imagination, he admits—it is not doing all it could to inform the public about world news and foreign policy.

THE END OF THE ROMANOVS, by Victor Alexandrov, translated from the Russian by William Sutcliffe (Little, Brown). The final four hundred and ninety-five days of Nicholas II, the last and least of the Russian Czars (his most consuming interests were cards and dominoes), his impossible wife (whose confidante Anna Virubova noted, "She . . . thought that a single drop of royal blood was more precious than the lives of millions of common people"), their five children, and their King Charles spaniel, Jimmy—that is to say, from their confinement at Tsarskoye-Selo on March 9, 1917, through their confinement in the Siberian town of Tobolsk, to their execution in a basement at Ekaterinburg (now Sverdlovsk) on the early morning of July 17, 1918, eight days before the capture of the town by the White Army. This is not an unfamiliar story, but Mr. Alexandrov has sharpened it with many unfamiliar details, and he includes sixty unfamiliar photographs of the royal family in their various confinements, most of them taken by the Czar.

THE PEOPLE OF THE SEA, by David Thomson, with a foreword by Gavin Maxwell (World). This is a magical book. Mr. Thomson, a Scotsman, has been obsessed since childhood with the Celtic legends that the seal was once a man (and can still on occasion resume human guise), and he has sought the legends out in the Hebrides, on the west coast of Ireland, on the east coast of Scotland, and in the Shetlands and the



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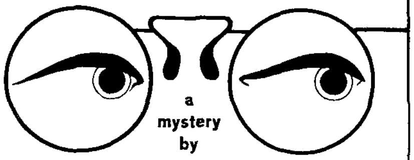
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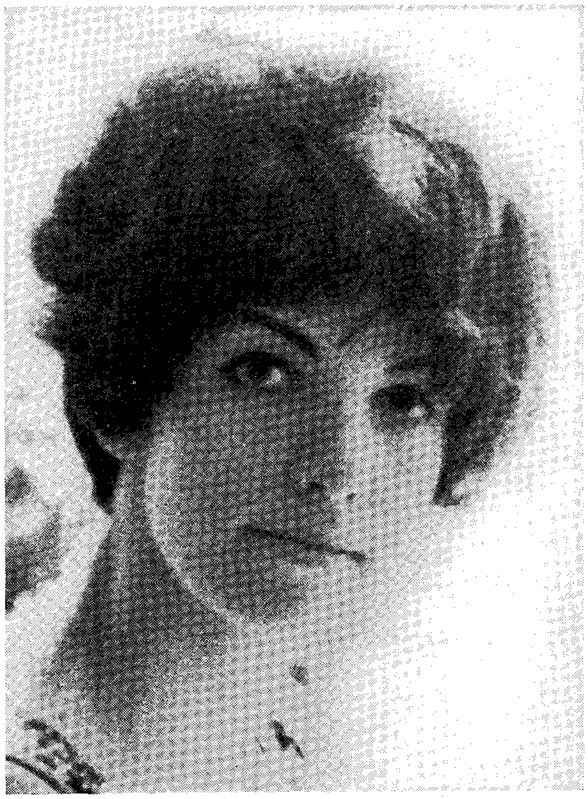

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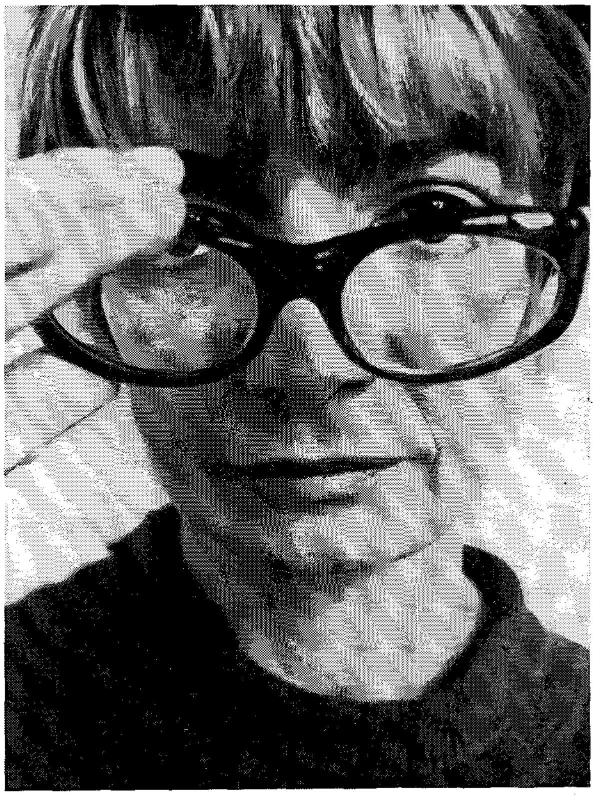

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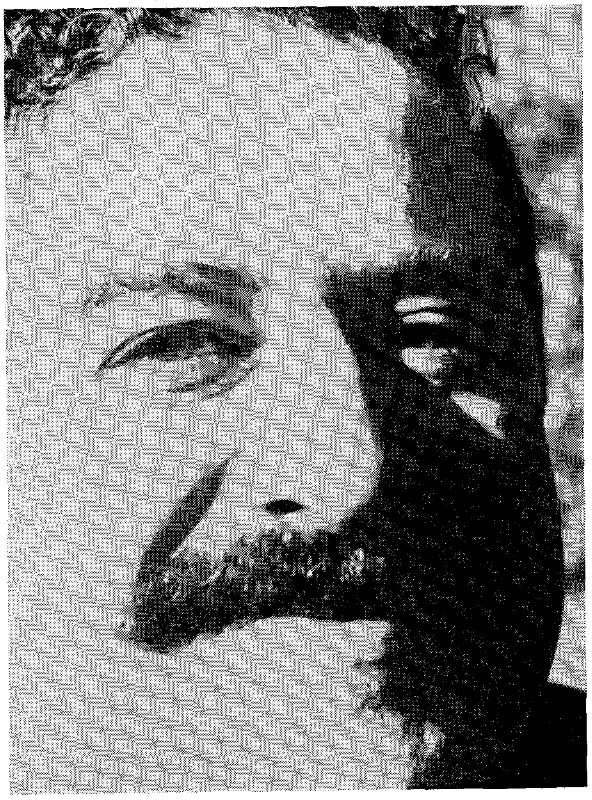

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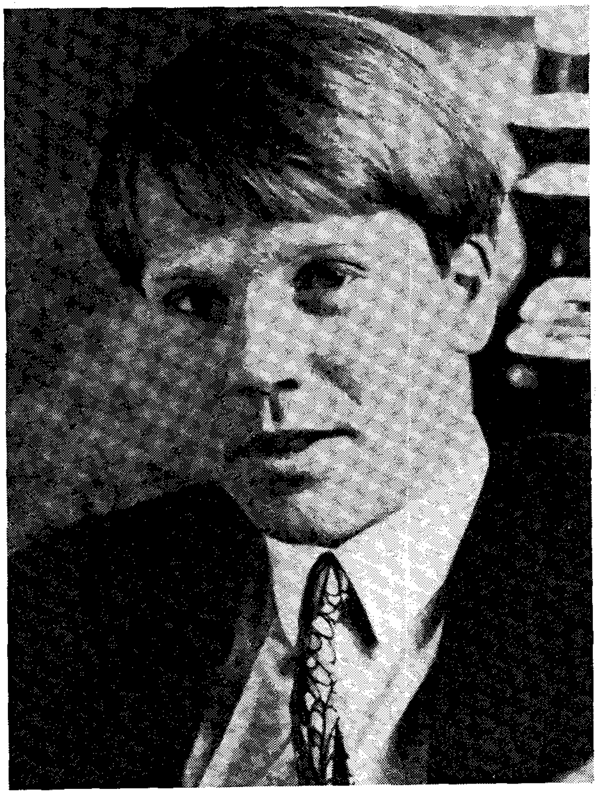

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3.

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7.

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Someday soon you'll be able to name these seven novelists without any help from us. But until that happy day, here are their names and the names of their books.

(1) ANNE RICHARDSON, Digging Out $4.50.
(2) JUNE ARNOLD, Applesauce $4.95.
(3) DOUGLAS MOON, The King Diaries $4.95.
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(4) WILLIAM HERRICK, The Itinerant $4.95.
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Orkney Islands. He gives us here the fruit of his search as he found it—in bar conversations, in chance meetings on the beach, at a country dance, in a crofter's kitchen—and he also tells us something about the men and women, and even children, from whom he heard the stories. "I would find it difficult, and insulting, to compare this book to any other," Mr. Maxwell notes in his foreword. "Rather, it recalls some splendid cave drawing, telling as much of man as of beast, and leaving us in awe of each." It would be hard to find a more precise analogy.

ROME ON THE EUPHRATES: THE STORY OF A FRONTIER, by Freya Stark (Harcourt, Brace & World). This book opens with the Battle of Magnesia (189 B.C.), at which Rome defeated the Syrian King Antiochus III. Ever after—as republic and empire—Rome found herself embroiled in the Near East, winning fortunes, losing armies, and, at the end, leaving to Byzantium and (eventually) to Islam a battered, reduced inheritance. Miss Stark enticingly describes an area that produced some of the world's earliest civilizations, all more or less Hellenized by the successors of Alexander the Great—an affluent, lively collection of societies that traded across deserts to China and enjoyed Greek plays at home. She believes that, apart from the lure of plunder and the attraction of imitating Alexander's feats, the Romans were drawn into distant battles because they wanted weak nations on their borders; unfortunately, whenever Rome defeated one neighbor, a vigorous newcomer took its place and war began again. Miss Stark leads the reader through modern Turkey, Iran, Syria, Iraq, pointing out cities, ruins, and battle sites, and disentangling and explaining the various cultural strands that have been interweaving themselves over the last four thousand years. And, though she feels that Rome's intervention was regrettable, the bright side she shows is how much the West learned from it; one sees the Crusades as, so to speak, a rerun of ancient history. Her writing is delightful: entertainingly digressive and soberly majestic—a cross between Sterne and Gibbon.

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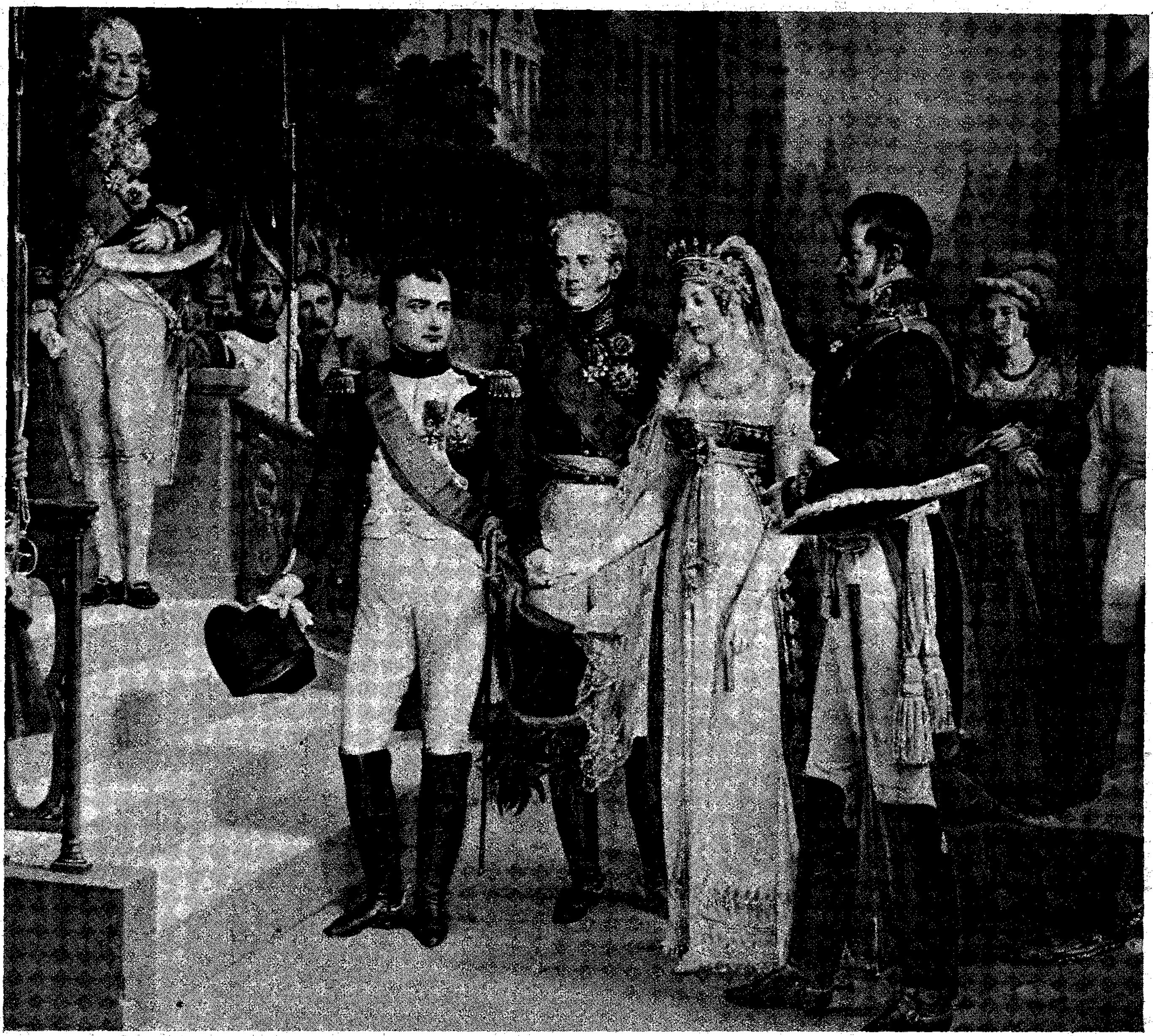

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